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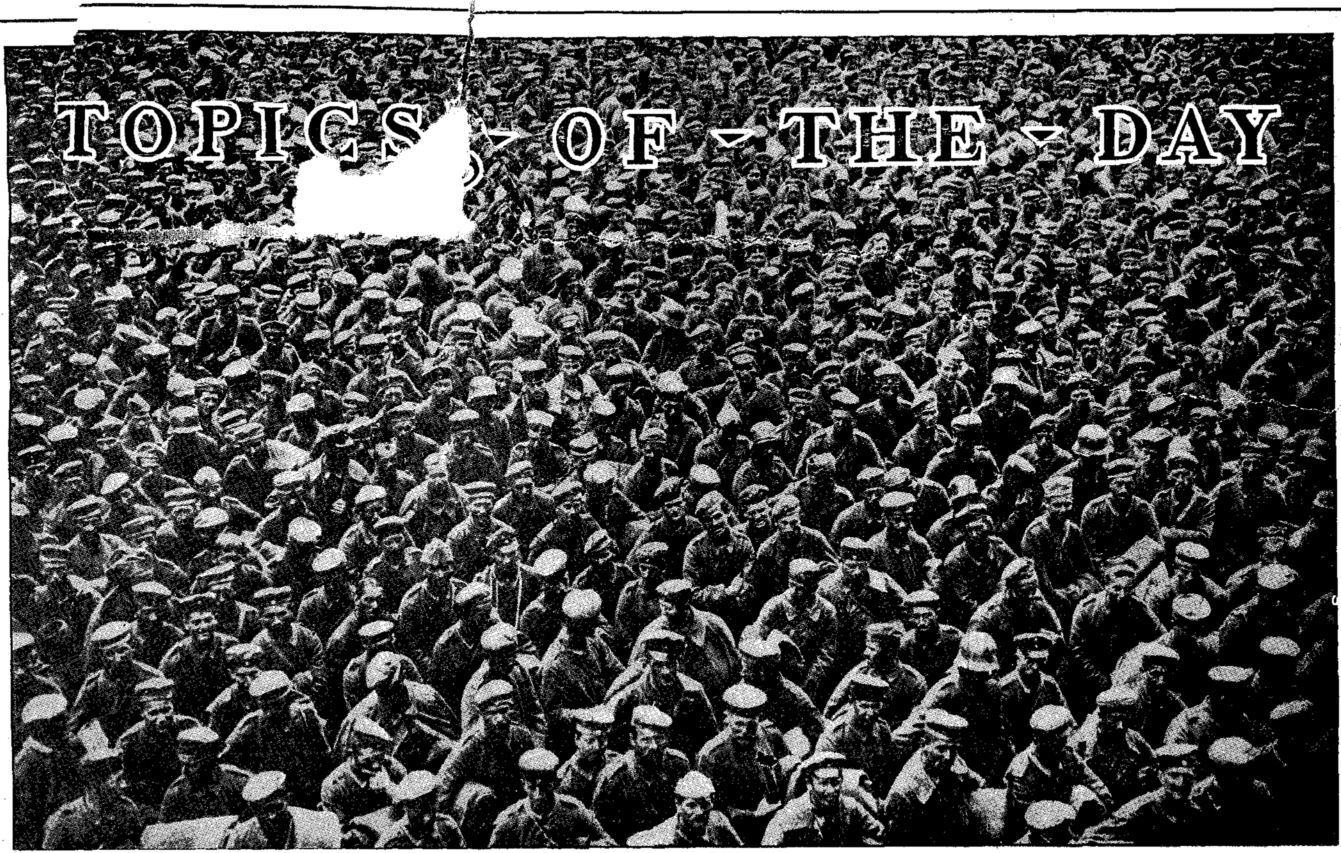
TOPICS OF THE DAY



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A FEW OF THE 250,000 PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE ALLIES IN JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER.

"THE BEGINNING OF THE END"

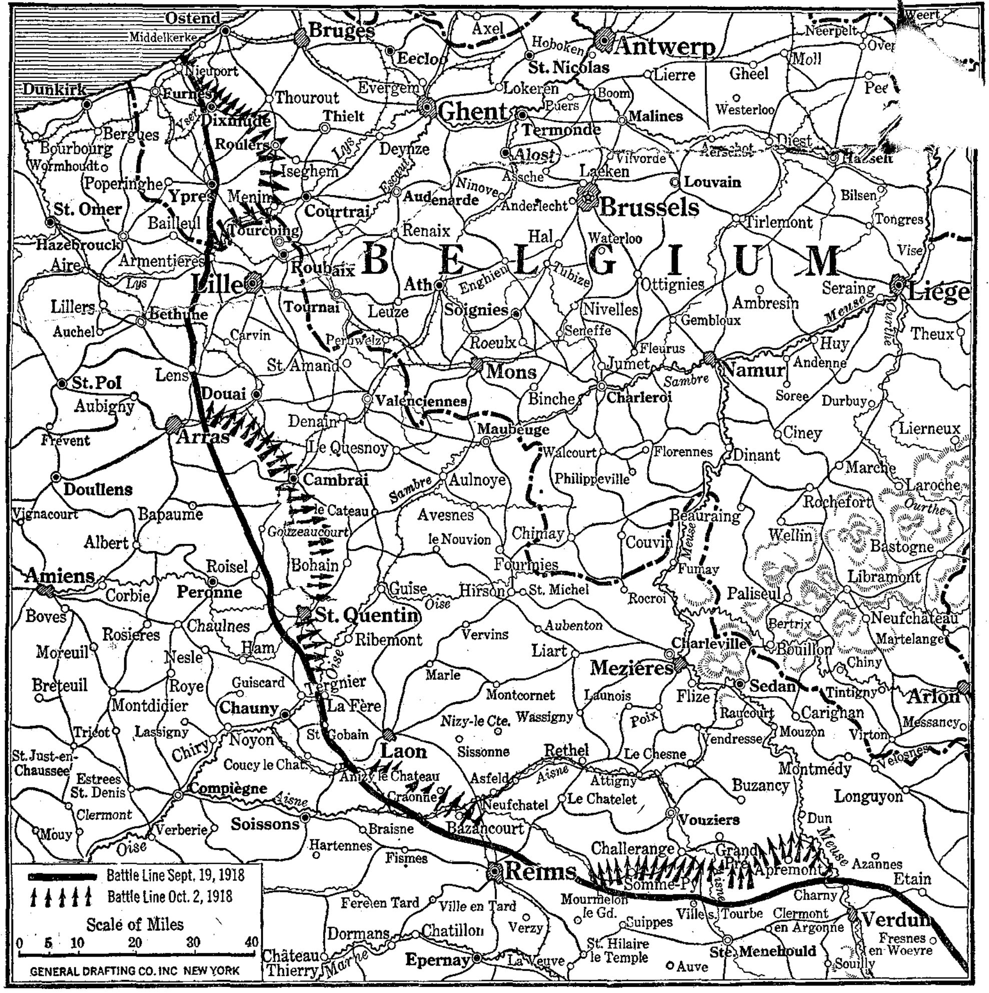
THE MOST CHEERFUL WORD Wilhelm seems to have for his people just now is his "confident hope" that "in these most serious times" they will "resolutely gather around me and give their blood and wealth until the last breath"—much like the late Czar's defiant proclamation that he would "fight to his last muzhik"—and some think that when the German people "gather around," as requested, a fate such as befell the one ruler may await the other. Wilhelm's shattered mental state appears even more clearly when he announces he will fight this "defensive war" to a "victorious end." More sanity is evidenced in the German press, which admit in thinly veiled comment that the other allies will follow Bulgaria, leaving Germany alone to meet the "furious" foe, or they admit the existence of "an awful strain" on those "defenses" of the Fatherland in conquered France and Belgium, where "the whole German front is gradually crumbling away under the Allied attack." "Germans, be hard," adjures Hindenburg of the wooden effigies, while others hasten to throw out hints that Germany is now quite willing to make a "soft" peace.

For us, on the other hand, this is hailed as the dawn of victory, in one American correspondent's phrase, "only just beginning to glow after a very long night." These victories in France and Flanders and Macedonia and Syria, says the Premier of France, "are only the first sheaves of the fruitful harvest." "It is the beginning of the end," declares the Prime Minister of Great Britain, with whom the press in all Allied lands agree, tho mindful that it is not the end—only the beginning thereof. We can all agree with the King of the Belgians, who told the troops advancing to the reconquest of their polluted native land, that "This is the decisive hour"; we can likewise agree, say editors, with the Berlin writer who has noted the striking of the "fateful hour" for his Empire. At last, points out the New York *World*, "we can say confidently and certainly that the war is being won—not that it is going to be won, but that the actual, tangible victory progresses from day to day, and that the end is in sight, whatever the intervening difficulties may be." For, continues *The World*, "with Bulgaria out of the conflict, Turkey can not last long, for the physical link with Germany is definitely broken." Austria may or may not last through another winter, but this matters little, since her military power has "ceased to be formidable." The war then, as this editor and other observers see it, has now resolved itself into a question not of wearing Germany out, but of beating Germany in the field, on the front nearest Germany, in the strong positions of her own choosing, "and thus destroying the prestige of Prussian militarism at home." Here is the way that practical fighting man who commands the Allied armies described the situation a few days ago:

> "The enemy is shaken up and shaken down, but is still holding out. You must not think that we shall get to the Rhine immediately. We have passed over the crest and are now going downhill. If we gather impetus as we go, like a rolling ball, so much the better."

Note that "you must not think we shall get to the Rhine immediately," say our editors to those Americans who are now talking of seeing "the boys back by Christmas," as they hear daily of the fall of German "key-positions" and "switch-lines" and "*massifs.*" All Pershing has promised, the Atlanta *Journal* points out, is: "Send us men, guns, and supplies quickly, and we'll win in 1919." The news of victory must make us "speed up," not slacken, continues *The Journal*, for "all hopes of crushing the enemy by the beginning of 1920 are based upon gigantic performances by the United States." Experienced and unemotional financiers in London believe, according to the New York *Evening Post* correspondence, "that the war will continue another year, the presumption being that only the actual conquest of Germany can produce the results necessary to insure a democratic government in Germany and a lasting peace." Mr. Charles Edward Russell, who has been learning the thoughts rather of the toilers of England and France than of the money-changers, sees at least nine months more ahead of us. "Nine more months of vigorous and relentless warfare against Germany on the field will find her completely defeated, a suppliant for peace, and in a position where the Allies can fix such terms as will make a democratic and lasting peace possible." Thoughtful people in Paris, according to a cabled dispatch to the New York *Times*, admit the bare possibility of Germany collapsing suddenly through a wholesale mutiny or wide-spread revolt, but they argue that Prussian militarism will fight for its existence to the last gasp, even tho erecting in the meantime a camouflage of political democratization. In spite of the capitulation of Bulgaria and the possible defection of Turkey and Austria, say these Frenchmen, whose ancestors fought Germans before Columbus discovered America, "Germany herself is unfettered," and "a decisive, crushing defeat of Germany in the field and occupation of German territory on a large scale remain as ever the only possible means of ending the war." Germany, *The Wall Street Journal* reminds us, is still "fighting in conquered territory, with German soil inviolate." German armies may evacuate Belgium, may be forced to retreat through Luxemburg to the Rhine, "but Germany within her own borders will be defending a narrow front, and, pitiful as the spirit of her people seems in that adversity which only strengthened the French and British, it may well stimulate another and better patriotism." The Kaiser is on his way to defeat, but "he has still in his armies men who will not run," and "bravery is a quality confined to no nation."

Which is perhaps enough to keep us from undue exuberance as we consider what really has happened. It was less than three months ago, we are reminded, that the tradition of German might was still casting a heavy blight upon the [illegible] and souls of men. At the beginning of the Allied counter-offensive in July, the Providence *Journal* recalls, "Germany regarded herself as invincible. She had been checked in drive after drive, but she still held the bulk of the territory taken from the Entente in these savage advances." But now we see her driven back from all the area she overran, yielding up the supposedly impregnable Hindenburg line and preparing to retreat from Flanders.



THE CRUMBLING GERMAN LINE: TWO WEEKS' ADVANCE.

For the first time in the history of the war Germany has no "margin of safety," writes Mr. H. Sidebotham from London to the New York *Sun*. For the first time "the West and East fronts are crumbling simultaneously." Germany can draw no troops from one front to bolster up the other. Of late "she has been relying on the East to compensate her for prospective losses in the West; now the East is slipping rapidly away and failure looms in the West." Germany, says this British military critic, may be able to send ten or twelve divisions to punish Bulgaria or to keep her hold on Austria; "the thing can be done, but at a price that will be the wholesale evacuation of France and Belgium west of the Meuse." To-day Germany finds herself, as the New York *Evening Post* graphically puts it, "a prisoner of the Pit and the Pendulum within a double set of contracting walls."

> "One set of walls embraces Europe. The situation of the first years of the war is being reestablished. The Allied wall in the Balkans is to be shoved up to the Danube and the Save. What will happen in the far from impossible case of Turkey's defection can only be conjectured. But with an Allied fleet passing through the Dardanelles and into the Black Sea, the German treaties with Roumania and the Ukraine begin to totter. The Bolsheviki of Great Russia may stand aside, tho there is no assurance of what the Bolshevik *Realpolitiker* may do in the moment of Germany's decline. But among the border peoples handed over by the Bolsheviki to Germany—in the Ukraine, in Lithuania, in the Baltic lands where the population chafes under the reimposed rule of the German barons—a people's war in conjunction with the Allies may flare up. If the Bulgarian masses in their war-weariness have decided that the way out is by passing to the side of the Allies, all the more reason why the Russian nationalities now under the German yoke should rise.
>
> "In the West is the second set of Allied walls closing in on the Germans. It is contracting at the rate of miles a day. Several miles a day on any one front would be menace enough, but the progress is from all directions. The Belgians push forward five miles to the east; the Americans push forward ten miles to the

northwest; the British thrust goes east and south; General Mangin pushes north and east. Along the entire front the German front is yielding in spite of furious resistance, and only in the region southwest of Douai does this morning's news bring the first report in days of a successful German counter-thrust. There can be no question now of Ludendorff's switching his reserves along the interior lines, or if such movements are under way they must be swift, desperate parries which may at any moment reveal the open guard through which Foch will thrust the fatal blow. Never on the Western Front has the enemy been so hard beset at so many vital points. Half a dozen centers of communication are being simultaneously threatened—Roulers, Cambrai, St. Quentin, La Fère, Laon, Grand Pré. The famous Hindenburg line has been filed thin in half a dozen places. A tragic repetition of the One-Hoss Shay threatens the Germans."

The Germans' one hope now, continues this writer, is in the very magnitude of the Allied effort; "what Ludendorff is playing for is a repetition of the Somme battle of 1916, with the Allies left spent for a half-year to come by their vast exertions." But we may trust in Foch, he continues, and "can take it for granted that the man who bided his time during the anxious days of last spring, who would not let the enemy force him into action where means were not perfectly adjusted to the end in view, is not the man to plunge forward for a decision recklessly." And the New York *Times* observes that "if Germany entertains the hope that Marshal Foch may overreach himself and expose one of his armies to a successful counter-attack, it is a forlorn hope, because it is evident that in the American troops behind his lines which have not yet been sent into action he has reserves ready to deal with any drive the enemy may attempt." The Foch strategy is the marvel and admiration of humble editors and self-confident war-experts alike. As it develops from day to day, says the Columbia *State*, it "unfolds as beautifully as the opening of the petals of a flower." The New York *World* calls it "a process of attrition on a grand scale." Foch's conception, writes William L. McPherson in the New York *Tribune*, "is pressure, pressure, pressure—on both flanks and on the center of the long German line from the North Sea to Switzerland." This strategy "shines by contrast with the lumbering German method of concentrated mass blows at long intervals on widely separated sectors." What the Marshal is delivering is not, says Mr. McPherson, "a series of isolated battles, but one great continuous battle into which all the various operations are perfectly dovetailed." In the same New York newspaper, Mr. Frank H. Simonds compares the military situation in France to the "break-up of the ice in a river when spring comes." Here are half a dozen coordinated offensives like the old battles of Ypres, Cambrai, the Aisne, and the Champagne being refought simultaneously. It seems certain to this careful watcher of military movements that

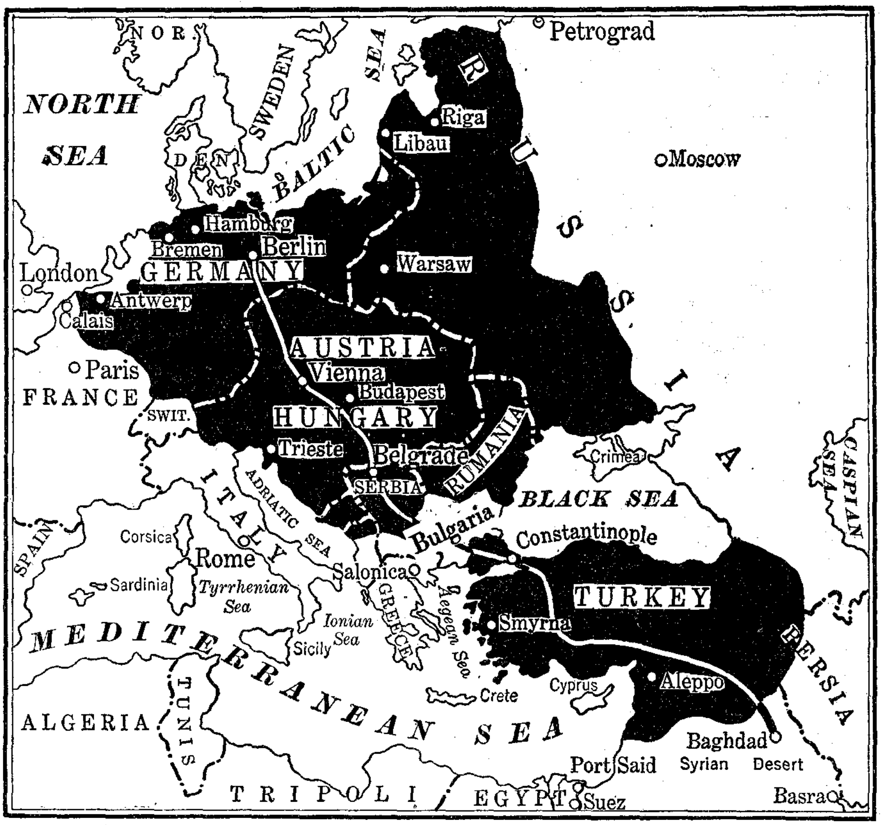
"one of the many blows will achieve the first objective, to compel a general German retreat out of France, away from the Hindenburg line. And the second objective is to crush the retiring armies, to turn the withdrawal into a rout, to break the military power of Germany, to do it this year, and in the present battle this is the single purpose."

The Indianapolis *News* recalls E. C. Stedman's line, "You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line." There, says the New York *Globe*, "the whole Western Front is aflame." Everywhere it sees the German line breaking, the capture of guns, supplies, and prisoners, terrific losses in futile counter-attacks. We are witnessing "the last wrigglings of the dying German snake just before the sun goes down." Not only does *The Globe* see German morale weakening and German man-power running low, but it expects soon to see "evidence of a lack of artillery, shells, and other indispensable supplies." For one thing—

"Germany did not build tanks in numbers because she could not. Similarly her weakness in the air is attributable to shortage of machines. She spent her surplus manufacturing power on the submarines, which failed her."

In the meantime, continues *The Globe*,

"This country, taking no chances, presses forward in the creation of a war-machine not yet one-quarter completed. Sixteen ordnance plants, each as large as Krupps, are but beginning to produce. The promise of 20,000 planes in Europe will be fulfilled. By June our effective Army will be 3,000,000 instead of 1,000,000. Germany has no chance, and she at last knows it."

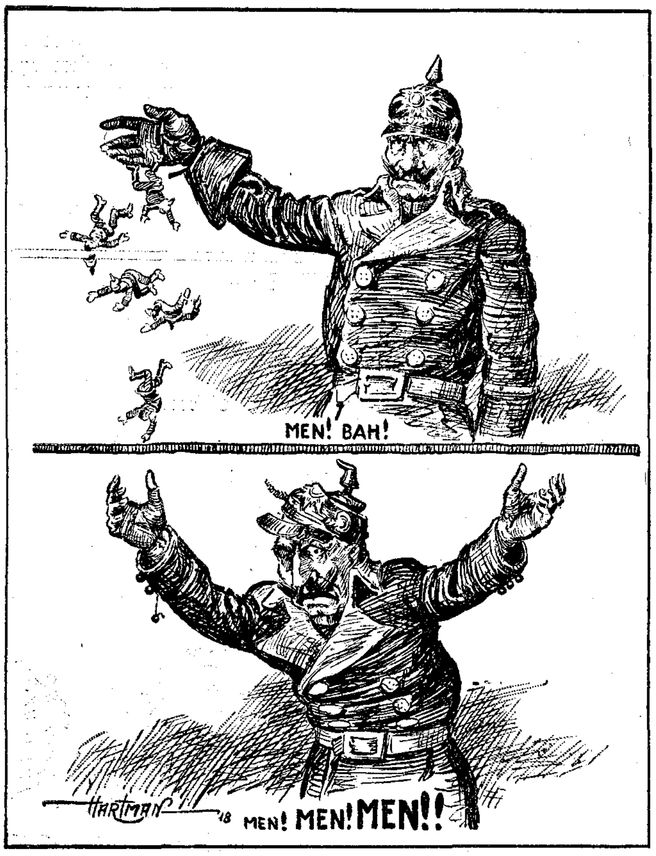


After a map in the New York "Tribune." By courtesy of Mr. Frank H. Simonds.

HOW THE "WASHOUT ON THE BERLIN-BAGDAD ROAD" SPLITS *MITTELEUROPA*.

Constantinople is now cut off from rail connection with Germany, while General Allenby, having taken Jerusalem, Nazareth, Haifa, and Damascus, is rapidly approaching Aleppo and the rail route between Bagdad and the Turkish capital.

Up to the 26th of September, Foch's marvelous victories, as the Birmingham *Age Herald* notes, had "in each case simply wiped out salients and annihilated offensive gains made by the Germans and straightened the battle-line in northern France." But on that date the Marshal made his first incursion into "what might be termed real enemy territory" by the Franco-American attack in the Champagne just west of the Meuse, apparently intended to outflank the Hindenburg line from the south. On the first day the American troops pushed ahead five miles, capturing twelve towns and 5,000 prisoners. On the 27th, while the Champagne offensive proceeded vigorously Haig crossed the Canal du Nord before Cambrai, piercing the Hindenburg line. On the 28th the Belgians began an attempt to repeat what the Servians had done, for, in the words of the Buffalo *Express*, they were "given the lead in a campaign for the recovery of Belgium as the Servians were given the lead in the campaign to recover their country." They drove forward on the Ypres-Dixmude line under personal command of their King, passing the Passchendaele Ridge, and, with the help of British forces on their right, cutting the railroads around Roulers and imperilling the German hold on Lens, Armentières, and La Bassée. During these same final days of September, Haig was encircling Cambrai and with the French driving the Germans from St. Quentin. Farther south the French under Mangin took Fort Malmaison and part of the Chemin des Dames position. To the right of Mangin other French forces pushed north from Reims, and on the second of October the Germans were apparently losing the entire Hindenburg line in the Cambrai-St. Quentin region and were about to evacuate most of their important positions in Artois and in Flanders.


MEN! BAH!
HARTMAN '18
MEN! MEN! MEN!!

SPRING AND FALL.

—Hartman in the St. Louis *Times*.

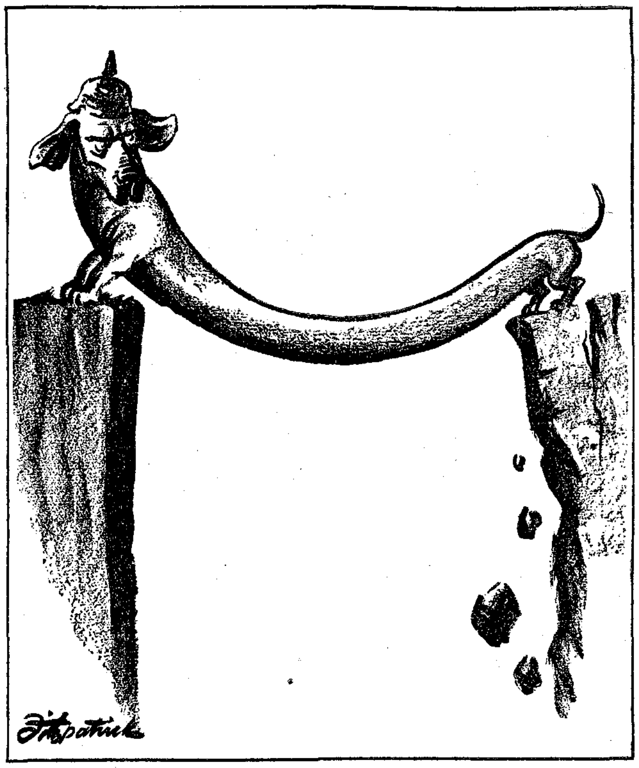
During September alone the Allies took 123,036 German prisoners in France and Belgium, with 1,600 cannon and 10,000 machine guns. From July 15 to September 30 the total of prisoners was 248,494 men and 5,515 officers, with 3,669 cannon and 23,000 machine guns. Total German casualties have been estimated at upward of 600,000.

This new multiple offensive is looked upon by war-experts as a successful attempt to drive the Germans from the Hindenburg positions by combining an attack at the center—Cambrai and St. Quentin—with turning movements in Flanders and Champagne. They all expect to see a German retreat to a shorter line and an attempt at prolonged defensive effort. But, as one Washington correspondent points out, the actual penetrations of the German line have furnished Marshal Foch "with the means to embarrass a German retreat always with the possibility of precipitating a veritable rout." At worst, we are told, a German offensive is no longer possible and we are once and for all on the way to Berlin. A London correspondent of the New York *World* calls attention to the significant fact that "the farther back Germany goes in the West the more vulnerable her cities become to the operations of airplane-bombers, whose work has played such an immense part in producing the dejection and hopelessness now prevalent throughout the Empire."

While these events were developing in the West the Allies scored a complete success in the conclusion of the campaign in Servia by the signing of the armistice by Bulgaria on September 30, which put that nation entirely out of the war and gave the Allies military control over her territory. Here, says the Newark *News*, "Germany has lost her one real victory of the war, which was the conquest of her allies." In Germany *Vorwärts* has called attention to the possibility of Austria and Turkey following Bulgaria. That, says the Socialist daily, "means that our arm to the southeast no longer stretches beyond Bodenbach (on the Elbe, just over the Bohemian frontier), and that we lose all influence over those parts of Poland and the Ukraine which Austria occupies." Germany, our Washington correspondents think, is likely to send troops from Roumania to defend the Danube, and Allied progress may be slow through northern Servia. But the use of Bulgarian railroads and ports ought to be able to carry the Allies very soon to Adrianople and the Tchataldja lines, and then to Constantinople itself. Besides the opening of the way to the elimination of Turkey and the construction of a new East Front threatening Austria from Bulgaria and Servia, the submission of Bulgaria may, according to Mr. Charles Michelson, of the New York *World*, result in—

> "A renewed offensive by Italy when Austria is compelled to weaken her forces in the West by the Balkan advance.
>
> "The opening of the Black Sea to the Allies and the release of the food-supply of that section.
>
> "The return of the Ukraine to the fighting ranks, as it is demonstrated that Germany can not prevail, and through the Ukraine the influencing of Russia generally away from the Bolsehvik-German alliance.
>
> "The deliverance of Roumania and the nullification of the treaty of Bucharest."

Altho Bulgaria is now out of the war, a number of our editors feel with the Syracuse *Post-Standard* that she will not come back into good standing with the family of nations "until she has shown her repentance of an unholy alliance in a substantial way." These same editors, as they note rumors of peace offers from Turkey, declare that no peace should be made with the Sultan which does not take from him the rule over such non-Turkish peoples as have not already been liberated by the advancing Allied armies in Syria and Mesopotamia.

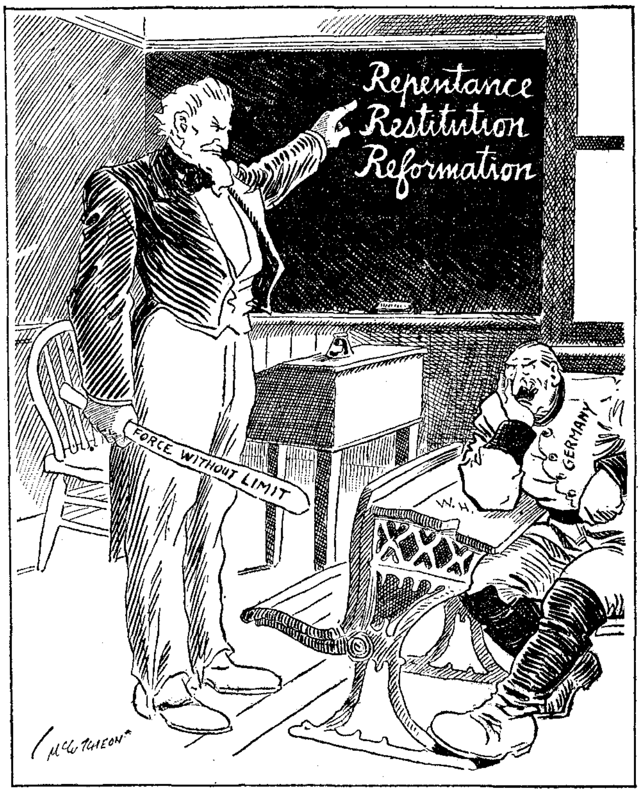


MITTELEUROPA.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

SHALL THE PEACE LEAGUE INCLUDE GERMANY?

NEARLY EVERYBODY in the Allied lands, and even a few in darkest Germany, have made their pet plans for a "league of nations" after the end of the present international *mêlée*, but that very fact has, some think, hindered rather than helped the idea. It has been "smothered with praise" by its advocates. It remained for President Wilson, in his speech opening the Liberty Loan campaign, to bring the dream of a league of nations into the realm of practical politics, as many of our editors now point out. And since that date the critics and upholders of his views have been led to add to his suggestions so that the phrase is at last capable of more or less precise definition in the new lexicons of international politics. The service thus rendered by the President is acknowledged not only by our own press, but by the dailies in London, in Paris, Madrid, and the South-American capitals. Writing from Washington to the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. David Lawrence has called this speech by far the most important the President has made on the political and diplomatic side of the war. The Raleigh *News and Observer* has now not the slightest doubt that "the fundamental principles of the league of nations which is going to come out of the world-war will be pretty much as Mr. Wilson stated them in New York." President Wilson, as the New York *Times* notes, believes that the constitution of a league of nations must be a part of the peace settlement itself. And that, it declares, "would mark the beginning of a new era in the history of the world, a wonderful reversal of the intents and policies that led to the formation of the Holy Alliance." By this speech, declares the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, President Wilson "has made permanent peace possible." He did not simply reassert the necessity for such a union of peoples, but proceeded to propose a practical plan for forming the union, or in the words of the Philadelphia daily:



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THE THREE "RS."

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

> "He took the league of nations out of the toy-shop of speculative statecraft and presented it to us as a workable tool and weapon with which the police power of organized civilization can be put squarely behind the informed, impartial, and just judgment of civilization. He sees that to make peace without making simultaneously a league of nations to protect it would be like driving a band of bandits out of a village they were looting, without providing any police law or armed force to keep them from coming back again. He is no impractical visionary fondly fancying that the world can be ruled as yet without force. His slogan is 'force, force to the utmost,' when force is needed. But he does believe—and this is where he leads the best thought of the world at this moment—that force can be recruited into the unselfish service of law, order, and justice, and employed to protect a peace based in every nation—even the weakest—on the content of the peaceful."

President Wilson pointed out how the war has brought into existence its own issues, which are now facts, not the mere statements of any group of men. These issues, he says, are:

> "Shall the military power of any nation, or group of nations, be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?
>
> "Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?
>
> "Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?
>
> "Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?
>
> "Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?"

Since these are the issues of the conflict, no peace can be obtained by bargain or compromise, because the Governments opposed to us have shown at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest that "they are without honor" and "do not intend justice." For the nations associated against Germany the price of a lasting peace is "impartial justice in every item of the settlement." This means the creation of the "indispensable instrumentality" assuring that the agreements of the peace will be honored and fulfilled, "a league of nations formed under covenants that will be efficacious." Therefore, as the President sees it,

> "The constitution of that league of nations and the clear definition of its objects must be a part—is in a sense the most essential part—of the peace settlement itself. It can not be formed now. If formed now, it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy. It is not likely that it could be formed after the settlement. It is necessary to guarantee the peace; and the peace can not be guaranteed as an afterthought."

The President then proceeds to give some details to make his terms "sound less like a thesis and more like a practical program":

> "(1) The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned.
>
> "(2) No special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all.
>
> "(3) There can be no league or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the league of nations.
>
> "(4) There can be no special selfish economic combinations within the league and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the league of nations itself as a means of discipline and control.
>
> "(5) All international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world."

President Wilson did not make these suggestions, he explains, because of any doubt "whether the leaders of the great nations and peoples with whom we are associated were of the same mind and entertained like purpose, but because the air every now and again gets darkened by mists and groundless doubtings and mischievous perversions of counsel." The President exprest his hope that the leaders of the Allied governments "will feel free to say whether they think that I am in any degree mistaken in my interpretation of the issues involved or in my purpose with regard to the means by which a satisfactory settlement of those issues may be obtained."

This speech finally "establishes the creation of a league of nations to enforce peace as the official program of the free Allied nations, a program, however, based upon the necessity of victory," says Mr. Herbert S. Houston, of the League to Enforce Peace. High praise comes from such important London papers as *The Morning Post*, *Times*, and *Daily News*, tho they naturally select different passages for a special consideration. *The Times* notes with approval the ruling out of "the economic boycott, or 'war after the war,' except for the purpose of punishment, awarded in common or of enforcing the will of the league." In our own country, the San Francisco *Chronicle* thinks that thoughtful people will enthusiastically indorse the paragraphs in the President's address declaring against economic boycotts.

While the President's declaration for "complete victory" was enthusiastically and unanimously hailed by our press, the details of his peace program "will not be accepted unanimously," the Philadelphia *Press* thinks. This paper reminds us that there are many among our allies who believe they are fighting to secure not only political but economic independence of Germany. *Le Temps*, of Paris, is not convinced that there will not be need for special alliances after the war. The Boston *Transcript*, the Rochester *Post-Express*, and Lowell *Courier-Citizen* are three American papers which, while they are thoroughly in sympathy with a league of nations, are not certain that it is entirely practicable. *The Transcript* thinks the very universality of it would split the league into hostile groups, and the other Massachusetts daily sees no guaranty that there might not be an alinement, in case of future difference, not of twenty members of the league against one, but of "ten against eleven, or some such fairly even division, insufficient in its disparities to prevent a resort to arms." Ex-President Roosevelt pointed out in his Lafayette day speech in New York that a league of nations would have to include Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Russia, and he asks: "What earthly use is it to pretend the safety of the world would be secured by a league in which these four nations under the Hohenzollerns or the Hapsburgs, under the Sultan and the Bolsheviki, would be among the nine leading partners." Continues the Colonel:

> "Long years must pass before we can again trust any promises these four nations make. . . . Therefore, unless our folly is such that it will not depart from us until we are brayed in a mortar, let us remember that any such treaty will be worthless unless our own prepared strength renders it unsafe to break it. . . .
>
> "Let us support any reasonable plan whether in the form of a league of nations or in any other shape which bids fair to lessen the probable number of future wars and to limit their scope. . . . Support any such plan which is honest and reasonable. But support it as an addition to, and never as a substitute for, the policy of preparing our own strength for our own defense?"

Here the Colonel is quite right, the Minneapolis *Tribune* thinks. The Wichita *Beacon* wonders whether any international court or police force would "be any more of a restraining influence upon international outlaws than were the combined armies and navies of England, France, and Russia in 1914." The trouble, as the New York *Tribune* sees it, is that "if you form a league of nations with the Teutonic and Allied Powers left out, you appear to have turned the earth into two great hostile camps, and if you admit them to the league of nations its security will rest upon the word of criminal members who have no faith to pledge." Since Germany can not be trusted, *The Tribune* continues, she must be "first defeated on her own soil and disarmed," made to surrender unconditionally. The Allies, *The Tribune* suggests, might "guarantee her the status of a permanent neutral, unarmed, and therefore immune from attack." And as far as the economic boycott is concerned, this daily remarks that if we would resolve "to exclude Germany from all intercourse whatever—that is, to ostracize her utterly for a period of years—no economic boycott would be necessary." But, commenting on the Wilson speech, *The Tribune* makes a suggestion which implies that the price of peace demanded by the President from Germany might meet even the doubters of the practicability of a league of nations including Germany, for "the first indispensable instalment on it is the extinction of the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, with all that other locust blood of kinglets and princelets which has fattened on German servility and has maintained itself in power by debauching German morals and conscience."

WOMAN'S CAUSE HALTED BY TWO MEN

A HEARTACHE IS FELT by one of the woman-suffrage leaders at the Senate's adverse vote on the woman-suffrage amendment, but the sorrow is not for herself or her sisters; it is for the Senate, which has "shamed our nation before the world." Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the author of this remark, even exprest satisfaction that the vote was taken, since, as she is quoted in the New York *Tribune*, "we know now exactly how to place our work," and the same journal quotes Dr. Anna Howard Shaw as saying, "we are stronger to-day than we have ever been before, and we renew our struggle for the reign of law based on the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." Miss Paul, head of the National Woman's party, is quoted by the New York *World* as follows: "This defeat is a temporary defeat. The vote of the United States Senate, we are convinced, will be reversed before this Congress ends. Our efforts to secure that reversal will begin at once and will continue until our victory in the House is confirmed in the Senate." From Washington dispatches we learn that the total number of votes cast was only 84, owing to the absence of twelve Senators on the Liberty Loan campaign and other business. The absent Senators were all paired, and, counting the absentees, the vote stood at 62 to 34, lacking two votes necessary for passing under the two-thirds rule. Some observers consider as not the least surprizing feature of the Senate's stand the fact that it was taken in despite of the President's personal appeal to support the amendment as a war-measure. Altho the New York *World* disagrees with the President's judgment on this point, it does confess that it "can find no evidence of either consistency or of principle in the action of the Senate," and, recalling the Senate's attitude toward the Prohibition Amendment, this daily remarks that it is evident that the adverse vote on suffrage represented "personal prejudice rather than adherence to any known theory of government." Reflection upon the status of suffrage in England, in Canada, in every English-speaking country save America, observes the New York *Tribune*, can not fail to turn the dwindling minority of opposition in the Senate from its error. The President's declaration that suffrage is a war-measure "in its nature can not have specific and material demonstration," *The Tribune* goes on to say, but "the larger truth lay unquestionably with Mr. Wilson's plea, and the coming weeks and months are certain to establish that truth." The voters of the nation, men and women alike, it adds, can be counted on to attend to these Senators in due course, for the United States of America "will not long support a Senate that insists upon being more reactionary and less progressive than the British House of Lords." The Wheeling *Intelligencer*, too, has not the least doubt that woman suffrage will finally prevail in this country, for "this great reform has progressed too far to be turned back now." A Washington correspondent of the New York *World* calls attention to the fact that the chief hope of the suffrage advocates lies in the elections held November 5, and tells us further:

> "Eight Senators voted who are serving by appointment. Their terms will expire immediately after successors appear. It is barely possible the additional two votes may be obtained through the election of Senators to succeed the present appointees.
>
> "The eight appointive Senators were evenly divided. Guion, of Louisiana; Baird, of New Jersey; Drew, of New Hampshire, and Benet, of South Carolina, voted against the resolution. Wilfley, of Missouri; Martin, of Kentucky; Nugent, of Idaho, and Henderson, of Nevada, voted for the resolution. Politicians from the States indicated believe the alinement will remain unchanged, thus leaving the suffragists still two votes short after November 5.
>
> "Some reliance is placed in the possible conversion of sufficient Senators to remedy the situation. It is believed by suffrage advocates that now the President will systematically take up the work of laboring with the obdurate ones."

In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) we read that the defeat of woman suffrage in the Senate is looked upon as somewhat of a disaster to the Democratic party and as a blow at President Wilson's power as a party leader, and we are told that—

> "The fact that so many Senators from Southern States sacrificed their loyalty to the President to their Bourbonism will, it is believed, convince independent voters of progressive tendencies that there is no hope for their aspirations in the Democratic party, and that to-day's vote brands the party as too heavily loaded with reactionaries. Republican leaders count upon large gains from this element as well as from those who will determine their future political alinement solely upon the suffrage question. It is true that ten Republicans voted against suffrage, but, altho the minority party, it delivered more votes for suffrage than the Democrats. In the Western States the suffragists now purpose frankly to oppose Democratic nominees for the Senate, and it is considered possible that, as a direct consequence of their failure to-day to respond to their leader's call, the Democrats may lose control of the Senate and also of the House."

In the New York *Globe* Mr. Judson C. Welliver writes from Washington that the question has now been made something of a sectional issue:

> "The suffragists fear that while the President has been able to make his own position perfectly plain as their supporter, he may have done it in a way that is calculated to solidify the only opposition that can possibly postpone for long the victory of the Federal amendment. There will be no serious Democratic split over suffrage, because, after all, the mainstay of Democracy is Southern, and the South has said No. But there is concern about the danger of making suffrage more distinctly a sectional question than it has ever been before."

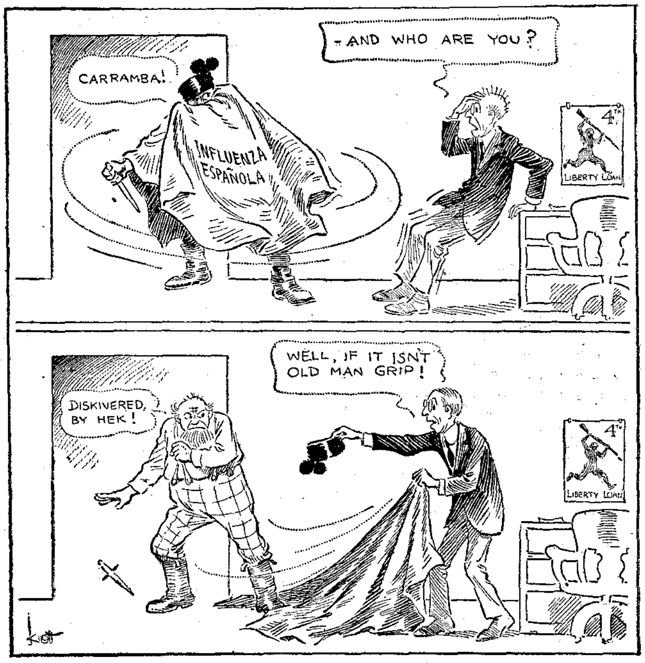
By voting down their own party leader for the first time in his Presidential career, writes Mr. David Lawrence in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, the Southern faction in the Democratic party not only weakened his prestige, but tied the hands of the Democratic campaigners in the North, and we read:

> "Republicans are chuckling over the situation produced by the coalition of their own opposition to suffrage and the much larger opposition inside the Democratic party. The Southern Democrats are undismayed. The Northern and Western Democrats are worried. It is truly an extraordinary situation, and woman is at the bottom of it all."

HOW TO FIGHT SPANISH INFLUENZA

AN OLD ENEMY is with us again, altho under a new name, say various editorial observers in noting the epidemic of Spanish influenza and recalling at the same time the "grippe" that was new a generation ago. Whether it was brought over in German submarines or not is lightly considered compared to the more practical interest of the press in spreading information from the State and city health departments throughout the country as to means of combating the disease. In nearly all sections of the United States this so-called Spanish influenza is prevalent, we learn from Washington dispatches which relate that twenty-three States, from New England in the East to California in the West and from Florida in the Southeast to Washington in the Northwest, are experiencing the mysterious malady. It is especially severe along the Atlantic seaboard and in military and naval camps. More than fourteen thousand new cases in the camps were reported to the office of the Surgeon-General within one period of twenty-four hours, and deaths since the epidemic began have numbered thousands. Despite the alarming increase in influenza cases, we are told, the penumonia rate continues low, and reports show that pneumonia has developed in only one of every thirteen cases. The pneumonia is said to appear in a most treacherous way, when the patient is apparently recovering and ambitiously leaves his bed too early, thus giving the germ his deadly opportunity. The less ambition, therefore, the better the chances for longevity. Furthermore, the Boston *Globe* and other journals point out "fear is our first enemy," and "whether he fights a German or a germ, the man who worries is already half beaten." There is no excuse for panic about this epidemic if we all do our share to help stop it, and we are reminded that "from battle to disease the cool fighter wins." The way to handle this influenza situation, according to the Hartford *Courant*, is to "think of something else," and because you have a cold do not at once conclude that you are on the road to pneumonia, but "conclude the opposite and the chances are that you will win out." Similarly the New York *Morning Telegraph* warns us not to be excited because of the presence of Spanish influenza "in our midst or in our nostrils," and the Cleveland *News* reminds us that if we keep our system in good condition and avoid fear or apprehension of contagion, we shall be reasonably certain to escape it. Surgeon-General Gorgas, of the United States Army, has issued the following recommendations for the avoidance of contagion:

> "1. Avoid needless crowding; influenza is a crowd disease.
>
> "2. Smother your coughs and sneezes; others do not want the germs which you would throw away.
>
> "3. Your nose, not your mouth, was made to breathe through. Get the habit.
>
> "4. Remember the three Cs — a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean clothes.
>
> "5. Try to keep cool when you walk and warm when you ride and sleep.
>
> "6. Open the windows always at home at night; at the office when practicable.
>
> "7. Food will win the war if you give it a chance; help by choosing and chewing your food well.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

"8. Your fate may be in your own hands; wash your hands before eating."

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health of New York City, points out in a statement to the press that influenza and pneumonia are infectious diseases caused by germs carried in the matter spit, sneezed, or coughed by sick persons or sometimes by persons who, while carrying the disease germs in their mouth and throat, show no signs of illness. He advises avoidance of "contact with matter which is spit, sneezed, or coughed up," of dirt of every kind, of fatigue, and of overeating.

A writer in the New York *Times* recalls that the last pandemic of influenza occurred more than twenty-five years ago, and consequently physicians who began to practise medicine since 1892 have not had personal experience in handling such a disease. For their benefit, Surgeon-General Rupert Blue has issued a special bulletin setting forth the facts concerning influenza which physicians must keep in mind. It contains the following points:

"*Infectious Agent*—The bacillus influenza of Pfeiffer.

"*Sources of Infection*—The secretions from the nose, throat, and respiratory passages of cases or of carriers.

"*Incubation Period*—One to four days, generally two.

"*Mode of Transmission*—By direct contact or indirect contact through the use of handkerchiefs, common towels, cups, mess gear, or other objects contaminated with fresh secretions. Droplet injection plays an important part.

"*Period of Communicability*—As long as the person harbors the causative organism in the respiratory tract.

"*Methods of Control*—(*a*) The infected individual and the environment.

"*Recognition of the Disease*—By clinical manifestations and bacteriological findings.

"*Isolation*—Bed isolation of infected individuals during the course of the disease. Screens placed between beds are to be recommended.

"*Immunization*—Vaccines are used with only partial success.

"*Quarantine*—None; impracticable.

"*Concurrent Disinfection*—The discharges of the mouth, throat, nose, and other respiratory passages.

"*Terminal Disinfection*—Through cleanings, airing, and sunning. The causative is short-lived outside of the host.

"(*b*) *General Measures*—The attendant of the case should wear a gauze mask. During epidemics persons should avoid crowded assemblages, street-cars, and the like. Education as regards the danger of promiscuous coughing and spitting. Patients, because of the tendency to development of bronchopneumonia, should be treated in well-ventilated, warm rooms."

Of immediate remedial purpose is the suggestion of the Rochester *Post-Express* that physicians and nurses should be grouped into central units and that the public be educated to look to those units for medical care. This journal adds:

"A districting of the nation under medical supervision after the plan adopted in Great Britain and France three years ago must be had if we are not to run into danger. This danger is equal to our people and to the Government's ability to depend on them for war-work. All parties to the controversies now current over the best use to be made of doctors and nurses should immediately lay aside personal opinion in effort to devise a plan under which a working medical machine shall be set up throughout the country."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

War is also more to do and fewer to do it.—*Boston Herald.*

There is a Russian born every minute.—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Hun has been forced to drop the goose-step for the Foch's trot.—*London Opinion.*

The German peasant asks for bread and the Kaiser gives him a tombstone.—*Kansas City Star.*

The belief grows that the Crown Prince has a face which only the Kaiser could love.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Instead of boiling the city water, why not compress it into bricks and use it for fuel this winter?—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

The Swiss hotel-keepers are in favor of opening peace negotiations at once in some neutral country.—*New York Evening Post.*

Whether President Wilson means there will be no peace without laws, or with outlaws, it means the same thing.—*Newark News.*

If you have money saved up, buy a Liberty bond. If you haven't, buy a Liberty bond and save some money.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The way war-taxes have hit the rich there's really more money in being poor.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

The Kaiser has just made a visit to Lorraine. He had better visit it while he can.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

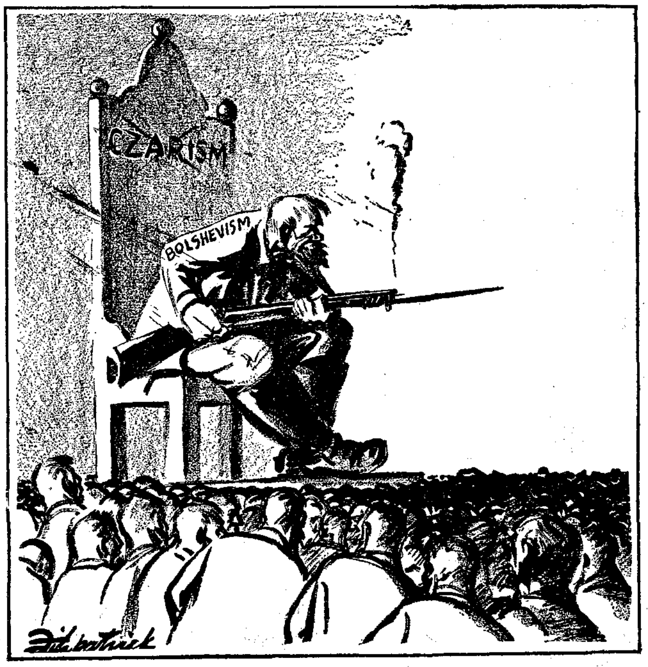
Recent events have demonstrated that it was quite unnecessary for the United States to declare war on Turkey and Bulgaria.—*Des Moines Register.*

Ford's Michigan friends declare that they'll "have him out of politics by Christmas." Intimating, I presume, that he has been in politics.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Regarding the end of the war, an Iola boy writes home from France that "it will take one year to whip the Huns and thirty-nine more to wind up the barbed wire."—*Kansas City Star.*

Probably the reason that the girl who attacked Lenine was less successful than Charlotte Corday is that she could never catch the Russian Bolshevik in a bath-tub.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

The Digest in "The Movies."—While you are reading this copy of The Literary Digest, you may be interested to know that millions of other men and women are reading with keen enjoyment "Topics in Brief" and other selections from The Digest on the screens in leading motion-picture theaters throughout the country from Maine to California.



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

The next time the Junkers start a war they will have the stopper within reach.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Speaking of non-essential jobs, how about that of Germany's "Colonial Secretary"?—*Pittsburg Post.*

Archangel Revolt Was Quickly Ended—*Head-line.* Sounds like Milton.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Austria's recent appeal didn't bring peace, but it brought her a lot of good tips on how to get peace.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

With prohibition in California there will be fewer guides in the mountain country who look like deer.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Recent German luck has given the iron-cross manufacturers an opportunity to catch up with their orders.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One ray of sunshine in the midst of Germania's troubles. Her statues are being melted down into ammunition.—*New York Evening Post.*

"We do not understand Foch's strategy," says a German military critic. If a Hun understood it, it wouldn't be strategy.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Russia needs neither another czar nor a president. She needs an alienist.—*Long Island City Star.*

The saloon business must be in a desperate plight when the brewers begin to go into the newspaper business.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

It is gravely announced that Marshal Foch smokes two-cent cigars, but this can not account entirely for the German retreat.—*New York Sun.*

After this war is over, we predict that Germany will be the peace-lovingest nation on the face of the earth for a hundred years to come.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

German Secretary of State for Colonies is hustling desperately to hold on to what's left of his job. If he fails, he's in danger of being appointed Chancellor.—*Anaconda Standard.*

General von Sanders's brilliant escape from Palestine reminds us of the time the combination auditorium and fire-house at Bryan, Texas, was burned down. The fire-engine was saved.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Secretary Daniels doesn't want any conscientious objectors on his ships. Don't be stubborn, Mr. Secretary. Let the fellows take a ride on the boats until they reach the middle of the pond and then—you know.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

SAVE PAPER AND SAVE SOLDIERS' LIVES

IN THESE MOMENTOUS DAYS when every ounce of our energy, when every cent of our money, when every life if need be, is dedicated to the defeat of the Teutonic Powers, there is no single act of a private individual so unimportant as not to have a bearing on the outcome of the great enterprise that we have undertaken.

This is a war not merely of fighting men; it is a war of whole peoples. We are mobilizing not armies only, we are mobilizing our capital and our industries, our churches and our schools, our entire and intricate social system. The second line of defense enters our very homes: it extends to our pantries and to our coal-bins; it crosses every avenue of our domestic life.

Civilization demands the utter destruction of the German idea, and with this purpose in mind we cheerfully accept any new sacrifice asked by our Government, whether it be the saving of coal or gasoline, or doing without sugar or wheat or any other commodity needed by our nation or by our armies.

We make these sacrifices the more willingly because the requests are wisely made and because the departments making them are wisely administered. It must, indeed, have been an inspired moment in which our great leader, President Wilson, chose Herbert Hoover as Food Administrator. Mr. Hoover had already proved his great-heartedness and his executive genius by creating and administering that most merciful of organizations, the Belgian Relief Commission. He has carried this genius into his present high office and has made himself beloved by all peoples in all Allied lands. With the same sure wisdom the President chose Dr. Harry A. Garfield, that great son of a great father, for Fuel Administrator. The nation gladly follows such leadership as these men typify.

A NEW REQUEST TO SAVE—So closely are all peoples in all Allied lands bound together, so complete has the organization of our resources become, that we are scarcely surprized now to have our Government tell us that we must save paper, and that by saving paper we can help save the lives of our boys at the front.

The paper industry is enormous. This industry alone requires hundreds of millions in capital and needs the services of scores of thousands of laborers for its maintenance. There is a demand in this industry for nearly twenty-five million tons of freight, that must be moved annually in and out of the mills. Translated into other terms, this means a million car-loads yearly. Ten million tons of coal are used in the manufacture of this commodity. Again, the manufacture of paper means the use of chemicals precious in the making of munitions. Therefore by so much as we save paper, by just so much we release the chemicals, coal, capital, cars, and labor for more essential, more pressing war-necessities.

WHY YOU SHOULD SAVE PAPER—Let us get down to direct cases.

Do you know that every time you use a sheet of paper unnecessarily you are depriving the Government of caustic soda, sulfur, and potash—chemicals sorely needed in the manufacture of "T.N.T.," the most powerful explosive used in the war?

Do you know that every time you waste white paper you are wasting the chlorin needed for the poison-gas that protects our boys—the poison-gas that is beating Germany at her own fiendish game?

Do you know that when you destroy a pile of paper you are destroying the equivalent of several pounds of coal—for it takes from one to three pounds of coal to produce a pound of paper?

No, you probably do not know these things—none of us did until the Government told us. Now, however, the War Industries Board has placed the facts before the people and has requested the nation to save paper. It requests the people of America to save not merely in a casual and superficial way, but to save systematically, intensively, religiously, with the sure knowledge that every scrap of paper so saved is a direct act of service to our Army.

HOW TO SAVE PAPER IN THE HOME—Innumerable ways will suggest themselves to you. Of course the simplest rule is "use as little of it as you possibly can." Write on both sides of a sheet instead of on only one. Save the blank sheets of letters and circulars and use them in place of pads. Instead of throwing away or burning up your empty oatmeal-box or your sugar-, coffee-, or cornstarch-boxes, save them together with your old newspapers and worn-out paper bags and dispose of them to the Salvation Army or to the junkman or to any one else who will send them back to the paper-mills to be remade into paper or paper products.

Above and beyond all, don't burn your waste paper. It is little less than treason to do this when paper is so scarce. And do not light a bonfire in which there are wood, old rags, or paper in any form. Waste paper and rags are two of the most important elements in the manufacture of new paper.

Housewives can further help by using baskets when marketing and not having their purchases wrapt except when necessary for the protecting of the goods. A paper bag saved is a paper bag made. Use your bags again and again. If every shopper saved a bag a day it would be equivalent to an output of twenty million bags a day. Twenty million bags produced and not a tree cut down, not a pound of coal mined or consumed, not an ounce of chemical used or a hand turned over to produce them.

The Government needs this cooperation on the part of the housewives. It needs all paper—every scrap—for remanufacture into shell wrappings, for packing for soldiers' food and clothing, for questionnaires, for correspondence, for soldiers' letters.

THE SCHOOLS CAN HELP—The Government has acknowledged in many ways the indebtedness it owes to the schools—teachers and pupils alike—for the aid and practical cooperation they have given to the Government in every war-enterprise.

Now again this vast school army can help the Government in its new and pressing problem. The children can assist in placing the facts concerning paper before their parents. They can organize "paper-saving squads," and they can carry out the saving in their own homes. They can watch the waste-baskets; they can save wrapping-paper and strings; they can see to it that both at home and at school the old scribbling habit is stopt and that the slate is substituted for the pad. Those who bring their lunches to school should be sure that they are never done up in paper.

We wish to make this appeal especially to the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who will study The Literary Digest this year and to the ten thousand high schools where this magazine is used as a text in the classroom.

HOW TO SAVE PAPER IN THE OFFICE—Placards urging economy on the part of employees can be prepared, or can be obtained on request from the War Industries Board, and then can be put in conspicuous places around the offices or the plant.

Blank sheets, and even envelops, can be methodically saved from the daily mail. Yellow paper can be substituted for white paper for all ordinary uses. The War Industries Board is asking for more chlorin than can be manufactured. Chlorin is the "white" in white paper. As we have war-bread, so must we have war-paper. Use your paper in its natural state, unbleached by chlorin and untinted by coloring materials which are made from a basis of intermediates necessary in the manufacture of munitions and war-chemicals.

These are but a few random hints. The initiative of each employer will suggest scores of other ways in which saving can be accomplished.

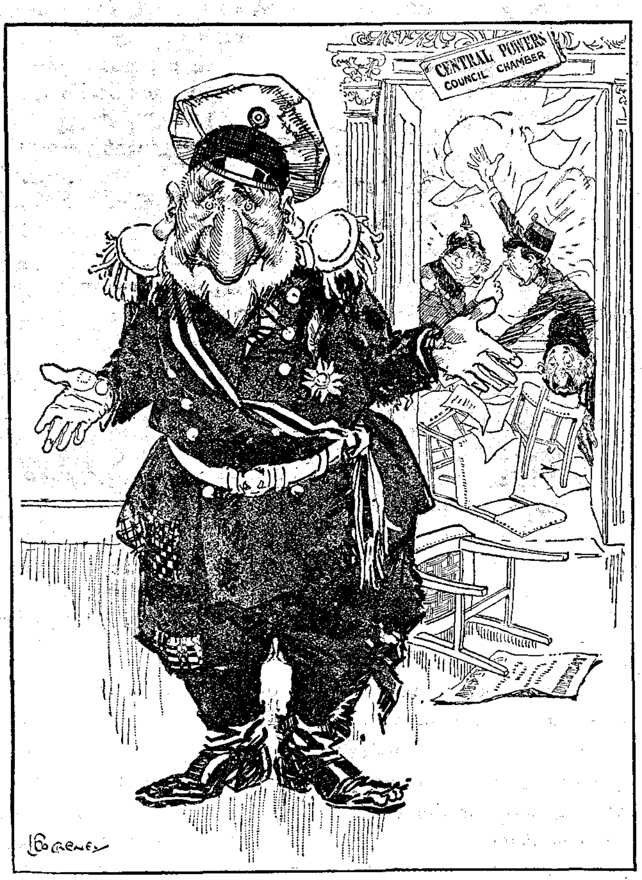
THE NATION WILL RESPOND—When the Fuel Administration requested that automobiles should not be driven on Sunday the compliance of the entire nation was as complete as tho this single simple request had been backed by the armed force of a Prussian Military Autocracy. We can conceive of no greater tribute than this to the patriotism of the American people, no more convincing proof than this of the efficiency and the irresistible might of democracy. We know, we are confident, that this new request by the Administration will secure the same unanimous and instantaneous response.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMANS SCENTING DEFEAT

WHEN THE RATS LEAVE, the ship is sinking, and nowhere is this realized more than in Germany. Bulgaria's desertion to the Entente has been a hard blow, and the German papers see the handwriting on the wall. "Germany's most serious hour has struck," says the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, and it warns the Government that there is great risk in hiding the gravity of the situation from the people. "On the contrary," it remarks, "we must confront the situation with a clear vision. Germans must accustom themselves to the greatness of the danger; with a consciousness of the great seriousness of these terrible times they must steel themselves for the task with which the Fatherland is confronted." So, too, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* recognizes that the Fatherland is in a position of no little peril, "more from within than from without." Writing before Bulgaria's armistice was granted, it said:

> "It is useless to gloss over this news, and we are not quite sure whether it would not be useful to attach considerable importance to the semiofficial attempts to veil the threatening secession of Bulgaria or raise any hopes. . . . . .
>
> "If Bulgaria deserts, then our position will become still more serious, but there is no more ground for anxiety than there has been for the last fourteen months. The seriousness of the situation, however, demands that our people unite more than ever for national defense, and to draw up their political demands. If this succeeds, and we do not doubt it, then we shall have mastered this danger, as we have mastered so many others."



THE SLUMP IN MITTELEUROPA STOCK!

FERDY OF BULGARIA—"War is still business, but *dat* lot don't declare no dividend. I vonder if the Entente vould like to buy a nice ally?"

—*Passing Show* (London).

There can be little doubt that the political situation in Germany is fraught with much anxiety to those in power, an anxiety that must be considerably increased by the news from Bulgaria. Georg Bernhard, the editor of the staid and moderate Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, warns the Government that political safety can only be attained by quick reform. He says:

> "The point is that the necessities of the time force us without delay to undertake a change in our whole system of government, and this change must come quickly. Of course the German Empire could possibly endure six months of further struggling on in the old way, but what will happen after that no one can tell to-day."

While no one can tell what will happen, many signs show that the Junkers fear something in the nature of a revolution. *The Westminster Gazette* publishes this significant army order from General Ludendorff which was found upon a captured German officer. It runs:

> "It has come to my knowledge, through a letter addrest to the Royal Prussian Ministry of War, that men on leave have spoken publicly of a revolution which is to break out after the war. A soldier, said to come from the industrial region of Rhenish Westphalia, declared in the train that in his home district men going on leave were taking weapons with them for the aforesaid object, and that it was easy to take home German or captured revolvers, as well as stick and hand-grenades separated into two parts. I desire that arrangements be made for the kit and clothing of men going on leave to be searched as test cases, when occasion offers, before their departure. It will be possible to carry out this in baths and delousing stations. Offenses detected are to be severely punished. Above all, I wish to impress upon superior officers who happen to overhear such objectionable talk, or hear it through others, that they must deal with it at once, without hesitation. The home authorities and Director of Military Railways have been requested to take corresponding measures."

Meanwhile the defection of Bulgaria shows the German people that their dreams of Empire are vanishing. As the London *Times* puts it, "the Berlin to Bagdad route is blocked." The Paris *Journal* sums up all that Germany loses thus:

> "It will mean the reconstitution of Servia, and therefore will compel the Central Powers to form another Danube front and return the territory taken from the Roumanians, which country is beginning to think of revenge on Germany. Turkey, cut off from the Central Powers, will be obliged to throw down her arms. The collapse of the whole brilliant but fragile structure raised by the Germans in the Orient is beginning. Twenty years of German effort there faces ruin."

It is the consideration of these facts that has made the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* come out with an urgent but despondent plea for peace, which incidentally reveals much of interest in the condition of the Fatherland to-day:

> "We must to-day, with all necessary courage, consider the following situations as possible if Bulgaria deserts us. Austria and Turkey will associate themselves with that step. That will mean that in the southwest our aim will no longer reach past our own border, and that we will lose all influence over that part of Poland and the Ukraine now occupied by Austria.
>
> "Then we German people will stand alone against the French, British, Italians, Americans, and their numerous allies. We are fighting with our backs to the wall and ruin before our eyes, but we must still further extend the picture of discouragement. If our soldiers on the West Front break, and the enemy streams across our borders, German towns will go up in flames. Our troops, fugitives, will roll eastward, and the penetrating armies will fill our towns and houses.
>
> "Our authorities will then be confronted with an insurmountable task and everywhere the spirit of depression will spread. If our food-supply, now low, entirely fails, and there is no more coal, and in consequence no more light and no more trains, our industries will come to a standstill and hundreds of thousands of our people will die.

> "If madness breaks out and takes possession of the survivors, and if their attempts at revolt are resisted with bloody force, instead of war outside our borders, we will have war at home, with trenches in the streets, machine guns in the houses, corpses of men, women, and children on the pavements, and with death reigning everywhere. . . . . . .
>
> "The Government must do everything possible to come to the conference table, together with its allies, as speedily as possible.
>
> "It must be a government of German democracy which goes to the conference. Guaranties are necessary that it not only be summoned in order to relieve those now in power, but that it be put there in accordance with the people's will, to watch over the permanent preservation of peace."

The news from Bulgaria seems to have stunned the German statesmen, and Chancellor von Hertling, Vice-Chancellor von Payer, together with Foreign Secretary von Hintze, have placed their resignations in the hands of the Emperor. The press seem as bewildered by the disaster as the politicians, and show a strongly hysterical note. The *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, for almost the first time in its history, entirely approves of the views of the Socialist *Vorwärts*, and remarks:

> "Our Government throughout this terrible war has sedulously avoided hinting at this and the other possibility, namely, that the war may be lost if everybody and everything are not united in the utmost effort. The Government has thus itself contributed to veiling the real gravity of our position during these four years of war. It has preferred to lead the nation in blinkers past the abyss of danger to our national life."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* begs the Government to do everything in its power "unequivocally and sincerely" to secure peace, while the *Düsseldorfer Nachrichten* bewails the fact that troops have been sent to Bulgaria from the West Front, "where they are so bitterly needed." Meanwhile, the Kaiser evidently is disturbed at the trend of events and hastens to make protests of democracy. According to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in accepting von Hertling's resignation, he writes:

> "I desire that the German people shall cooperate more effectively than hitherto in deciding the fate of the Fatherland. It is, therefore, my will that the men who have been upheld by the people's trust shall to a wide extent cooperate in the rights and duties of government."

GERMANY'S WAR-EFFORT—The Paris *Homme Libre*, the organ of Mr. Clemenceau, Premier of France, draws up a balance-sheet of the military efforts that the Kaiser has imposed on his people. The Paris organ writes:

> "With the exception of 3,000,000 Germans, who are medically unfit for service, resident abroad, or exempted for work in factories, Germany has enrolled 10,900,000 men, which is fifteen per cent. of the total population and seventy per cent. of the male population between eighteen and fifty years of age.
>
> "It may be estimated that her definite losses amount to 4,760,000; that there are 500,000 wounded undergoing medical treatment in hospitals, 200,000 of the 1920 Class in training, and about 100,000 composed of wounded who have recovered and soldiers in transit between the Eastern and Western fronts or belonging to units which have been disbanded and which are at present at various depots.
>
> "Germany has therefore left at present 5,340,000 men in all."

GREECE'S FIRST YEAR OF WAR

JUSTIFIABLE PRIDE is taken by Allied observers in the record of Greece since her official entry into the war in June, 1917. Of particular note is her naval effort, into which she has put all the forces of her Navy and her mercantile marine. At the disposal of the Allied fleets she has placed her arsenal at Salamis, her docks, workshops, and harbors, and is thus effectively assisting all operations of the Allies in the East, in Asia Minor, in Palestine, and in Egypt. This information from a "well-informed" Greek source is given in a Reuter dispatch of the Belfast *Northern Whig*, in which we read further that all important points of the Greek coast-line have been strongly armed and "a large number of skilled workmen, of shipwrights, and even seamen, are serving on board Allied ships." Also the light units of the Greek Fleet are guarding the whole Greek coast-line, thus relieving the Allied fleets in the eastern Mediterranean. The coal-problem, which concerns England as intimately as it does the United States, is eased to a degree by Greece, which formerly imported all her coal from England, but is now developing to the fullest her lignite mines. During May their production reached 18,000 tons, and the estimated production per month during the summer is 28,000 tons. As to the Greek Army, it appears that—

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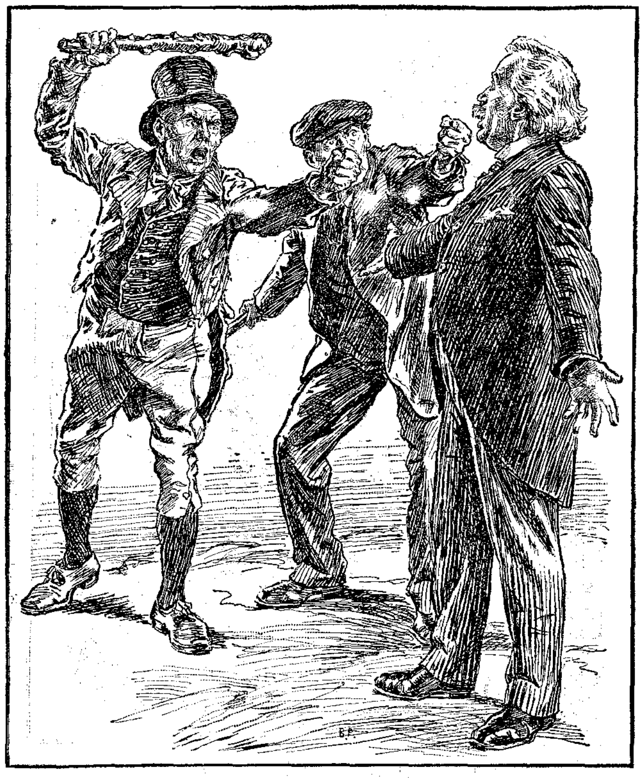
SOME OF THE BALKAN TIGERS.

General Franchet d'Esperey, the commander on the Balkan Front, reviewing the men of the 5th Regiment of Greek Infantry as they march into battle.

> "On the Macedonian front the numbers of each division of the Army of National Defense were raised from 12,000 to 17,000 men by new formations and by strengthening the artillery and the auxiliary services. In spite of the good-will of the Allies, who were prepared to furnish Greece with all the war-material necessary to bring it up to the level of the other armies which had previously entered the war, the reorganization of the Greek Army was faced in the first instance with great obstacles arising from the reduction of tonnage, the general situation in Allied countries, and the difficulties of communication in Greece itself. For all these reasons Greek mobilization could proceed but slowly. Yet by June, 1918, altho only a third part of the classes subject to conscription has been called to the colors, 200,000 men were under arms. The Greek forces in Macedonia already occupied two large sectors, and their successes at Skra-di-Legan, for which they were highly commended by the Macedonian

Chief Command, proved their good organization, their progressive adaptation to the methods of modern warfare, and the effectiveness of their work."

All stocks of food in Greece were exhausted as the result of a long blockade, we are told, and in July, 1917, the country was in a state of famine. By constant representations to the Allies, however, the Hellenic Government succeeded in increasing the tonnage allotted to secure the food-supply and by intelligent control of foodstuffs it succeeded in maintaining a supply sufficient for the needs of the population. All essential foodstuffs are under the control of the Government, maximum prices have been fixt, and a normal situation has been restored. A better harvest by 20 per cent. than last year is noted as an additional success of the Government's measures, which



THE HEAD-BREAKERS.

NATIONALIST—"No conscription!"
ULSTERMAN—"No Home Rule!"
PRIME MINISTER—"Break my head by all means, gentlemen—if only you'll break the Kaiser's first!" —*Punch* (London).

"may be in part attributed not only to the civil population's deep sense of its responsibilities, but also to the effect of certain legislative measures. Production has been intensified by the use of agricultural machinery; artificial manures have been imported from America; a military control has been formed for the collection of produce; and, finally, agricultural cooperative societies have been largely extended.

"With reference to the economic and financial situation, which was very bad indeed, the Government has been energetic and successful. New resources were created by a rational system of taxation. The most important of the new taxes is that on war-profits, reckoned from 1915, which will not fail to yield a noticeable increase of revenue. The excise duties on tobacco and wines have been raised, and increases of 7,000,000 and 20,000,000 drachmæ respectively are promised from them. The Allies have seconded the economic effort of the Hellenic Government by granting it a loan of 750 millions of francs, of which 50 were paid during 1917 and 180 up to the end of June, 1918. The tables of revenue as submitted to the International Financial Commission show that the acute crisis which the country has traversed has not affected its vital resources.

"The Government has given every attention to the normal working of communications and transport. A high control of transport has centralized everything connected with it, and in spite of the difficulties inherent in the work has obtained the most favorable results. The traffic on the railways is continually increasing. . . . The Government, further, will improve the railways by expending 36,000,000 francs."

ULSTER'S CASE AGAINST HOME RULE

THE STUBBORN DETERMINATION shown by Ulster to refuse any form of Home Rule is often somewhat of a puzzle to the American reader, whose views on Ireland are frequently derived from Nationalist sources. The American press, as a whole, has regarded Irish Home Rule very favorably, and our quotations of them in our pages have perhaps unconsciously emphasized the Nationalist side of the argument more than the other. The Ulsterman, however, is anxious that America shall understand his view-point, and the Lord Mayor of Belfast recently issued what the London *Spectator* describes as "one of the most important and significant state papers that have ever appeared in connection with the Irish problem." Some months ago, continues *The Spectator*, "the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Dillon, and his *ad hoc* coworkers, the leaders of Sinn Fein, the self-styled allies of Germany, drew up a communication to the President of the United States setting forth the Irish case against conscription and generally proclaiming the wrongs of Ireland and her right to self-determination. This Nationalist manifesto has been answered by a communication to the President by the other Irish Lord Mayor, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir Edward Carson, and the representatives of commerce and labor in Northeast Ulster." This manifesto, *The Spectator*, itself a strong Unionist organ, regards as of great weight, for—

> "If there had been no sound argument in the case set forth by Ulster, the mere existence of the protest would have been of great importance, for it shows America, and indeed the wide world, in the clearest and best possible way, the existence of the two Irelands, and so overthrows the monstrous fabric of falsehood and paradox reared by the Nationalists. America learns that if there is a Roman Catholic, anti-British, and largely pro-German organization headed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin for defeating conscription and breaking up the United Kingdom in one part of the island, there is another Lord Mayor in the other part of the island with an organization as determined to keep the Irish ship on the true course and to bear company with the good ships of Britain and America."

The Unionists of Ulster think they are as much entitled to the sympathy of America as are the Nationalists, who have so long enjoyed American support. In their manifesto they say:

> "There is, however, one matter to which reference must be made, in order to make clear the position of the Irish minority, whom we represent. The Nationalist party have based their claim to American sympathy on the historic appeal addrest to Irishmen by the British colonists who fought for independence in America a hundred and fifty years ago. By no Irishmen was that appeal received with a more lively sympathy than by the Protestants of Ulster, the ancestors of those for whom we speak to-day—a fact that was not surprizing in view of the circumstance that more than one-sixth part of the entire Colonial population in America at the time of the Declaration of Independence consisted of emigrants from Ulster.
>
> "The Ulstermen of to-day, forming as they do the chief industrial community in Ireland, are as devoted adherents of the cause of democratic freedom as were their forefathers in the eighteenth century. But the experience of a century of social and economic progress under the legislative Union with Great Britain has convinced them that under no other system of government could more complete liberty be enjoyed by the Irish people. This, however, is not the occasion for a reasoned defense of 'Unionist' policy. Our sole purpose in referring to the matter is to show, whatever be the merits of the dispute, that a very substantial volume of Irish opinion is warmly attached to the existing Constitution of the United Kingdom, and regards as wholly unwarranted the theory that our political status affords any sort of parallel to that of the 'small nations' opprest by alien rule, for whose emancipation the Allied democracies are fighting in this war."

Commenting on this paragraph, *The Spectator* asserts that

> "Instead of Ireland being politically or constitutionally neglected and opprest, the value of a vote in Ireland is almost double that of a vote in England. Whereas there is only one

member for every 75,000 Englishmen, Ireland has a member for every 45,000 of her population. Ireland sends, in fact, to Westminster, and so to govern Britain, *thirty-nine more members* than she has any right to send on the only true and sound democratic system, that of equality of representation—a principle which is recognized as the ideal throughout the United States. In order to prove that the British connection has not, as is often alleged, left Ireland a ruined, famine-stricken, and desolate island, the Ulster manifesto calls only one witness. But he is one whose testimony can not be gainsaid by the Nationalists."

This witness is the late John Redmond, who, speaking of the present condition of Ireland in a speech made on July 1, 1915, said:

"To-day the people, broadly speaking, own the soil. To-day the laborers live in decent habitations. To-day there is absolute freedom in local government and local taxation of the country. To-day we have the widest parliamentary and municipal franchise. The congested districts, the scene of some of the most awful horrors of the old famine days, have been transformed. The farms have been enlarged, decent dwellings have been provided, and a new spirit of hope and independence is to-day among the people. In towns legislation has been passed facilitating the housing of the working classes—a piece of legislation far in advance of anything obtained for the town tenants of England. We have a system of old-age pensions in Ireland whereby every old man and woman over seventy is safe from the workhouse, and free to spend their last days in comparative comfort."

The Ulster Unionists in their manifesto dot the i's and cross the t's of this statement by commenting thus:

"Such are the conditions which in the eyes of Nationalist politicians constitute a tyranny so intolerable as to justify Ireland in repudiating her fair share in the burden of war against the enemies of civilization."

The Spectator has still a point to emphasize, and says:

"All these good conditions, we may add, were worked out in the Parliament at Westminster with the hearty good-will of the British people and paid for almost entirely by the British taxpayers."

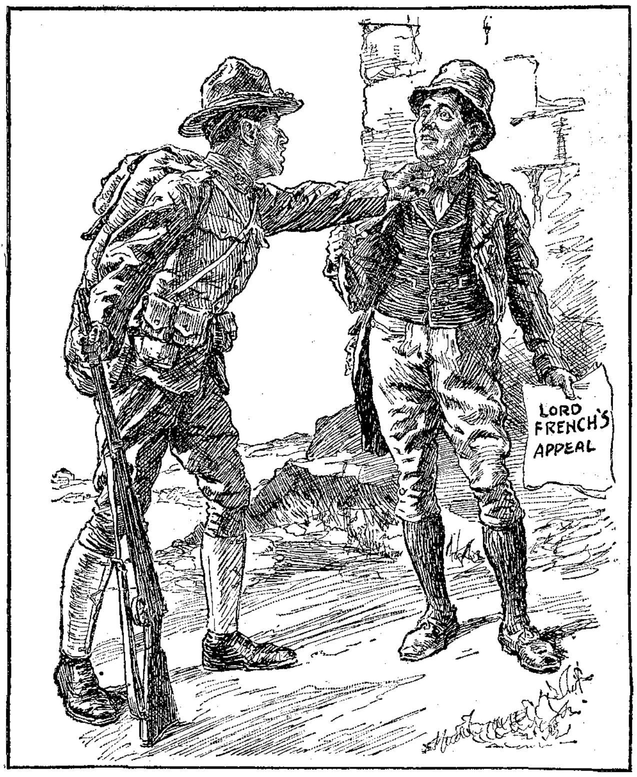
The position that Ulster takes up with regard to Home Rule is thus defined by *The Spectator:*

"The people of Northeast Ulster believe as firmly as they have ever believed that the legislative Union with Great Britain gives Ireland her best chance for developing spiritually and materially, and for securing good government. But provided that the Imperial connection is maintained, they make no attempt to dictate to or interfere with the local majority in the South and West. Let those parts of Ireland which want Home Rule have it; but let those parts which do not want it be without it. In strong contrast to this point of view is the attitude of the Nationalists. The Sinn-Feiners and their feebler Nationalist allies not only demand absolute separation, but they demand it for the whole of Ireland. They will not for one moment listen to the principle just set forth. Their claim is for dominance, not for justice. What in the Southerner is but a rational word, that in the Ulsterman is flat mutiny."

The Ulster manifesto is somewhat emphatic on this point. It says:

"The appeal which the Nationalists make to the principle of 'self-determination' strikes Ulster Protestants as singularly inappropriate. Mr. Dillon and his cosignatories have been careful not to inform your Excellency that it was their own opposition that prevented the question of Irish government being settled in accordance with that principle in 1916. The British Government were prepared at that time to bring the Home-Rule Act of 1914 into immediate operation, if the Nationalists had consented to exclude from its scope the distinctively Protestant population of the North, who desired to adhere to the Union. This compromise was rejected by the Nationalist leaders, whose policy was thus shown to be one of 'self-determination' for themselves combined with coercive domination over us.

"It is because the British Government, while prepared to concede the principle of self-determination impartially to both divisions in Ireland, has declined to drive us forcibly into such subjection that the Nationalist party conceive themselves entitled to resist the law of conscription. And the method by which this resistance has been made effective is, in our view, not less deplorable than the spirit that dictated it. The most active opponents of conscription in Ireland are men who have been twice detected during the war in treasonable traffic with the enemy, and their most powerful support has been that of ecclesiastics who have not scrupled to employ weapons of spiritual terrorism which have elsewhere in the civilized world fallen out of political use since the Middle Ages."



"IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY."

IRISH-AMERICAN (from the fighting front)—"Say, you're missing the scrap of your life."

PAT—"An' how d'ye know I'll not be in it yet, now they're makin' conscription voluntary?" —*Punch* (London).

The Spectator claims to put the Irish question into a nutshell when it writes:

"If Roman Catholic Ireland would adopt the principle adopted by Protestant Ireland and allow the will of the local majority to prevail, those parts of Ireland which ask for Home Rule would have it at once. What has killed Home Rule is the refusal of the South and West to abandon their claim to dominance, and to live up to their principles—to be honest Home-Rulers. There is the Irish question in a single sentence."

HUNGARY WANTS NO "CENTRAL EUROPE"—No great love has ever been lost between Berlin and Budapest, and now it seems quite clear that the Magyars wish the aggressive Germans at the bottom of the sea. The Budapest *Az Est*, one of the most important papers in Hungary, writes:

"Community of fronts for death and bread is no longer sufficient. The chains with which the Germans have bound our country are no longer strong enough. They now need a guaranty that the Central Europe alliance will last forever. Our armies must be made over in order to make one sole army for Central Europe. Customs frontiers must disappear, together with the state frontiers. Navigation, money, commerce, industry, and all our country's laws must be in common with those of Central Europe. Our streams, the air we breathe, our customs, perhaps even the language we speak, must be in common. We live in a world dominated by the statue of Hindenburg, so high that it seems to touch heaven. Oh, lords of Central Europe, eternal adorers of war! know that you have to do with the Hungarian nation, which wishes to act independently. We can not live without liberty, and we fight to free ourselves from Austria. Know, then, that we wish for a customs frontier, a national independent army, and the preservation of Hungarian civilization."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE RACE

IT WILL BE NEWS to many to hear that the human race needs reconstruction. From the standpoint of the nerve-specialist, Dr. Frederick Peterson, of New York, an alienist of note, assures us that there is no doubt of such a necessity. Speaking before the National Education Association at its Pittsburg meeting, on the subject that we use as our title, Dr. Peterson bids us note that the selective draft has revealed defects in an average of nearly 30 per cent. of our young men—the school-children of yesterday. When we ask what was the matter with the schools of yesterday, we find the answer, he says, in the school-children of to-day. Through them and on them our plans for the reconstruction of the race must act, and he gives us a definite program for carrying it out. Says Dr. Peterson:

HE FAVORS "COMPULSORY HEALTH."

Dr. Frederick Peterson thinks it just as important as compulsory education.

"Authorities show us that there are physical defects in 75 per cent. of the 20,000,000 school-children of to-day, most of them preventable and remediable, heart- and lung-diseases, disorders of hearing and vision, malnutrition, diseased adenoids and tonsils, flatfoot, weak spines, imperfect teeth—and among them 1 per cent. of mental defect. The children in country schools are worse off than in city schools. We are sending the best we have to foreign battle-fields. We are retaining the 30 per cent. of imperfect citizens to leaven the race of to-morrow. There is such a thing as prepotence of inferiority. It is often said that we get what we deserve in the way of government, laws, and institutions. Since it is possible in our democracy for a moron to be elected mayor of a city and an imbecile to be made governor of a vast State, it may be easily imagined how the smaller offices in our legislatures, county boards, and city councils overflow with the inferior and the unfit.

"We have spent millions of dollars on swine plague, foot-and-mouth disease of cattle, pine blister, chestnut blight, gipsy moth, chicken cholera, and we have that annual 'pork-barrel' of millions on millions of dollars devoted to all sorts of trivial and foolish exploitations of rural creeks and hamlets; but what have we spent on our greatest national asset—the health of body in our school-children? Body is the foundation on which mental structure must rise. It is of the first importance that the physical foundation be made and kept sound and strong. The mental structure is secondary to that. We are spending enormous sums on medical care of our insane and other defectives in institutions all over the country, and rightly so, to do what we can to repair our broken adults. This is relief work; but what we spend on preventive measures, on health education for our growing children, is, indeed, small by comparison. . . . . .

"Compulsory education we have—compulsory feeding and training of the mind. Compulsory health we must have—compulsory feeding and training of the body.

"In the war against ignorance we have conscripted the school-children. They are the vast draft army of our second line of defense. But in what sort of cantonments do we house them? What physical drill do we give them, what medical inspection and care, what sanitation, what remedial steps do we take to restore them quickly to the ranks when they are ill?

"But enough of destructive criticism. Let us turn to the idea of reconstruction of the race. Let us read the old books with a new comprehension. It is almost a hundred generations ago that a teacher (Mencius) wrote: 'The root of the empire is in the state. The root of the state is in the family. The root of the family is in the individual. So for the people—encourage them; lead them on; rectify them, straighten them; help them; give them wings!'

"We must set up a standard. It might be that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'to begin the education of the child a hundred years before it is born.' That can be attained in a few generations. To accomplish it, we must coordinate all the organizations now at work for the conservation of our citizenry—the maternity classes, the baby-saving societies, the mothers' committees, the kindergartens, the child welfare and physical training bodies, the seaside and countryside and sunshine associations, all that have to do with preschool welfare, the public and private schools, the Child Labor Committee, the Mental Hygiene Association, the boards of education, and the boards of health. The presidents of boards of education should be *ex-officio* members of these coordinated boards. This is a great undertaking, but we can begin by breaking into the curriculum of the public schools and establishing education in health, especially in food-knowledge and food-habits as a vital and essential part of the teaching. From the schools the health instruction will be carried home to the parents and younger children, and soon the whole movement of reconstruction will permeate the state."

Dr. Peterson next outlines his program for reconstruction, which is a large one, with several requirements as follows:

"1. The teachers themselves should be given better sanitary conditions for their own health and fuller instruction in all that has to do with the laws of health.

"2. Every city and country school should be made sanitary and kept so, and the school and its grounds should be as beautiful as possible, not only for the benefit of the teachers and the pupils, but as an example to all other citizens who are beginning to use the school more and more as a community center.

"3. Every child should be regularly weighed, measured, and examined and a health record kept, which should accompany him throughout his school-life. It should be the duty of the authorities to see that the defects of our young citizens are corrected and disorders of growth and nutrition remedied. As malnutrition is one of the most serious conditions, a hot luncheon should be made available for every child and every teacher. The health examination should include dental inspection and treatment.

"4. Each school should have an adequate provision for physical training, gymnasiums, athletic-fields, playgrounds, gardens, and shops, together with specially qualified instructors in physical training and other vocational fields.

"5. Finally, with the foregoing foundations there should be a thorough system of instruction in all matters pertaining to health with special emphasis on health problems rather than on disease, in physical and mental habits, in personal hygiene, in public health and sanitation, in methods to avoid communicable diseases, in the responsibilities of parenthood, and in all that relates to nutrition and growth, including foods and food-values.

"This is a large program, too large for the inequalities of consciousness of our multitudinous States. It might be carried out in a few States soon and in others only after generations.

"This is a scheme for the reconstruction of the whole people. It is a Federal program. It is an emergency program. It should have the immediate attention of our foremost teacher in the Presidential chair. We need a Hoover for the children—a children's health administration.

"With all this in view and after months of careful planning, the National Child Health Organization has been formed, whose literature is being now distributed. Do the first practical thing for a beginning. The teachers can place scales and a measuring-rod at once in every school and with the height and weight and age charts that will be sent on request, the campaign can be immediately started against one of the chief evils, namely, malnutrition. The Child Health Organization has some of the best teachers and educators in the country as members and counts on its board the foremost medical specialists on children and public health. Its publications will be supplied on request to all who desire them."

GERMAN ARMY ENGINEERS INFERIOR

SO MANY PEOPLE seem to think the Germans excel in these features of modern warfare that depend on engineering skill that it is interesting to find that the Germans themselves regard the French as their superiors in this respect. The German officer, we are told, is a military leader, pure and simple; he leaves technical matters to civilians. Civilians build the big guns; civilians also, it is to be presumed, have developed the details of such weapons of offense as gas-generators and flame-throwers. Military men operate them, but they simply follow instructions. One can not help wondering whether this may not explain the fact that neither gas nor flame has yet won a battle for the Teutons. The point of view noted above is quoted by *The Electrical Review* (London), from a report in *Le Génie Civil* (Paris), of a speech delivered in Germany by Dr. von Rieppel, president of the German Society of Engineers. The editor of *The Review* believes that English army engineers are also suffering from some of the faults here set forth. Discussing Dr. von Rieppel's address, the writer says:

"The speaker said that Germany did not foresee that the war would become an economic and technical war; the military schools were designed solely to produce men fitted to command and familiar with the art of war, and economic and technical questions were practically ignored by them. He had been struck by the difference between their own ideas on this subject and those of the French when he visited the Universal Exposition of 1900; as a member of the jury on civil engineering works, he had several times had to judge splendid buildings of which the architect was a French officer, and he was surprized to learn that a large number of French officers received a very comprehensive training, and at the end of their studies had to pass examinations in engineering. These young officers often acted as engineers, especially in the colonies, where they were able to make use of their general knowledge and render valuable service in connection with economic and technical matters. There was nothing of this kind in Germany, and this deficiency had led to serious results. During recent years the technology of the arms of war had made unprecedented progress; industry had provided the officer with greatly improved, but complicated, weapons, the mechanism of which he did not clearly understand. The German officer was accustomed to receive with material instructions for its use, and did not seek to become better acquainted with it, looking upon industrial technology as a thing apart, with which he need not trouble himself, and this false idea led him to underestimate the value of industry with regard to the art of war. Modern weapons had to be served by specialists who must possess not only the usual qualities of the soldier, but, above all, technical experience and professional skill; the German officers were not fitted to control such men, for in their case the purely military point of view was a secondary consideration. In future the training of their officers must be regarded from a totally different aspect."

In suggesting that the British Royal Engineers may be suffering from this same malady, the editorial writer mentions particularly those branches of engineering which fall outside military operations, such as the use of electric light and power, water-supply, the industrial development of large areas of country, etc. He proceeds:

"It is quite a common thing to find behind our lines several little petrol-electric sets at work within a few yards of each other, each supplying a different department, and all, of course, devouring petrol, as well as capital outlay, and working under uneconomical conditions of loading, where a single properly planned installation would have served the lot at less than half the cost and twice the efficiency. Even where a local supply of electric power has been available independent sets have been put down. Wholly unsuitable plant has been requisitioned from home owing to the lack of technical knowledge on the part of the local engineer officer in command. Petrol has been employed where coal would have been preferable, because the latter can be supplied by small vessels making short voyages, whereas petrol comes from far overseas in large and costly oil-ships, which are a special object of Hunnish hate.

"Such questions as these demand broad views and wide knowledge, which can only be gained in the school of experience. Their correct solution is of immense importance, not only to the efficient conduct of the war, but also to our finances and to the prosperity of the peoples concerned after the war. They may seem to be far-fetched; they are not. Narrow views on the scope of an engineer officer's duties and responsibilities are out of date, and must go. It may be thought that the problem can be solved by commissioning as officers men who in civil life are engaged in such work, and this is perfectly true, but only on one condition—that they are invested with full powers to carry out their plans without interference. This, we believe, has not been the case, and if such wide powers can not be entrusted to engineer officers who are not professional soldiers, then the latter must be provided with such an adequate and catholic training in the sciences of engineering economics and industry as will enable them to carry out the work themselves."

THE GOOD OLD TABLE D'HÔTE

ALTHO OUR ANCESTORS did not know the *table d'hôte* by name, they had it and enjoyed it. The cheap boarding-house and the lavish farm alike flourished upon it. And it would seem that Mr. Hoover, who erstwhile frowned upon it, has changed his mind. He apparently now believes that it will encourage saving instead of waste. This is also the opinion of Paul Pierce, who writes the department of "Comments" in *Table Talk* (Cooperstown, N. Y., September). Mr. Pierce counts it among the blessings of war, that, at least until peace and plenty descend again upon us, we shall be served in public restaurants with simple, home-cooked meals. He says:

"The Food Administration in its quest of finding the most economical way to dine seems to favor the *à la carte* method where a variety of dishes are listed and the diner makes his own selection as to soup, meat, vegetable, and dessert. This is the way we have always had it, except that the size of the menu-card has been gradually shrinking. Gone are the enormous sheets, as large as a newspaper, which restaurants, especially German ones, used to delight in laying before patrons, but the choice of foods is still amazingly large.

"But the hotel and restaurant men favor the good old-fashioned *table d'hôte*. Not the kind associated with small-town hotels and exploiting the three P's—pork, potatoes, and pie; but a carefully selected, well-balanced ration, chosen by *chefs* who know food-values and food-combinations and what's good for people.

"Hotel men claim it will save enormously, since left-overs can be utilized in planning other meals, just as the housewife makes last night's roast into this night's hash, and the odds and ends of vegetables into a tempting salad.

"Psychology enters largely into this suggestion. If food is put before people they'll eat it and like it. Men go to elaborate banquets which are nothing more or less than *table d'hôte* meals, and know nothing of what they are to eat—till they arrive. They accept each course as it comes, there is no waste nor any loss of food. Fancy a banquet of a thousand covers with each diner ordering what he wanted!

"So it will be with the *table d'hôte* plan of the large hotels and restaurants. So much food will be ordered and stocked and prepared, smaller portions served, thus eliminating waste of food left on plates; more courses will be served than are ordinarily ordered, so that the average diner gets greater variety than he would if he had chosen *à la carte;* and if a course is not wanted it needn't be served. Hotels and restaurants will run their tables just as the housewife does hers, and the result will be a reasonable and sane way of eating, just as in the 'old days' that patriarchs are so fond of holding up to our eyes."

CHEMICALS AFTER THE WAR

IF WE ARE GOING TO TABU GERMAN GOODS after the war, would it not be well to see that we have facilities for producing, in our own country, all the things that we formerly bought from Germany? Among these things were all sorts of higher synthetic chemical products used for research. German firms, we are told by Prof. Ross A. Gortner, of the division of agricultural biochemistry, University of Minnesota, used to make and sell these products at less than cost, charging up the loss to the advertising campaign for *Kultur*. The fact that such compounds were to be obtained only in Germany helped to create the impression that only Germans knew how to make them. We can make them perfectly well, but not as a commercial enterprise. As a matter of fact, we are not making them; and when the war is over we shall have to go back to Germany for them or stop our researches in the chemical industries. We quote parts of a letter from Professor Gortner, printed in *Science* (New York). He writes:

"It is well enough to say that we will not use German-made goods, but there would appear to be only one alternative, *i.e.*, the cessation, or at least the slowing up, of research in organic chemistry if these essential starting materials are not available, or if they are available at relatively enormous prices.

"The question, therefore, arises in my mind: 'Why can not some man of wealth make his named blessed by endowing a laboratory which shall prepare these rarer organic chemicals against the needs of research work?' Undoubtedly the German supply-houses sold many of these products at a loss before the war, counting the loss as a necessary part of their advertising propaganda, which was meant to build up the idea that Germany was the great chemical center of the world. Our commercial firms, unfortunately, usually refuse to follow paths where a sure and handsome profit does not lead them.

"If some man of wealth can not be found to whom this suggestion would appeal, what is there to prevent one of our research foundations from supplying the need? How could research and discovery be better furthered in this particular field of science than by furnishing the essential basic materials to a host of research-workers in our colleges and universities? If such a plan as is herein proposed were adopted the United States would without doubt secure and retain first rank in the field of organic research. The initial cost would be comparatively small as measured by the scientific results, for the investigators' salaries would be borne by the colleges and universities, and where now a research foundation is giving to scientific investigation the services of one man, the same sum would assist a score or more of investigators.

"In my own laboratories approximately half of the time of the investigators' laboratory work must of necessity be devoted to the preparation of essential starting materials, pure amino acids, proteins, organic compounds, etc., in order later to use these for investigational purposes. These compounds are not available on the market except at exorbitant prices, tyrosin, for example, being quoted at $5 a gram (when obtainable), a price utterly out of proportion with the cost of preparation."

Limited funds for research apparatus and chemicals in our colleges and the excessive cost of these materials are responsible for the small quantity of research work; the surprizing thing, Professor Gortner says, is that so much is done. The chemistry budget for our smaller colleges is usually from $350 to $600 per year, and will probably not exceed $3,000 in many of our larger institutions. This sum must first equip the student with his apparatus and chemicals, and if any funds remain research chemicals or apparatus are secured. Unfortunately in many instances no funds remain. The time of the instructor is taken up by teaching, and his aspirations toward real scientific investigation have no soil upon which to grow. The writer goes on:

"The question may arise: 'Why does not such a man prepare his basic materials even if his time is limited?' In the first place, there is no glamour in such work. In the second place, there are often eight or ten synthetic steps from raw products to finished material, and the necessary chemicals and apparatus for certain of these steps are not available.

"Such an endowed laboratory as I have in mind would be in charge of an organic research chemist and would prepare and keep in stock all sorts of organic compounds for research-workers. If an investigator desired a certain compound he could obtain this without cost or for a nominal cost, providing that he first convinced the director of the laboratory that there was an actual need for the compound and that it would be used in *bona-fide* research work, acknowledgment of such a grant to be appropriately made in the published results. If, on the other hand, an industrial demand for the chemical should arise (such as that which did arise due to the depleted supplies of dimethylglyoxim after the war began), the laboratory should charge a fee at least large enough to cover the cost of preparation. This would prevent the possibility of exploitation, and in any event it should be definitely specified that there should be no resale of the article in question, and any supply remaining after the completion of the approved research should revert to the endowed laboratory.

"The above plan is probably not perfect, but I feel that there is in it at least a suggestion worthy of the serious thought of our scientific men or scientific societies, and I only hope that in some manner it may bear fruit. We must not again be dependent upon Germany for our research needs, and unless some such endowed laboratory is brought into existence I can see no other alternative."

ARE THE GERMAN GUNS WEARING OUT?

GERMAN PRISONERS have complained lately that their front line was being exposed to their own gun-fire. This leads *The Scientific American* (New York, September 14) to the conclusion that German fire is deteriorating, particularly in accuracy. Loss of accuracy is proportional to the wear of the rifling, or erosion—probably the most serious of all the causes of diminished effectiveness. According to a General recently from the Western Front, wastage due to wear completely overshadows that caused by accident and by the enemy's fire. Says the journal named above:

"We have always known about erosion, which ever since the introduction of nitroglycerin powder has been the *bête noire* of the artillerist. It has taken the present war, with its enormous increase of the use of artillery, to prove how serious may become the wear of guns. Under modern conditions their life is very limited. In fact, experience on the Western Front has shown that, at the end of a single battle, some of the guns may be so worn as to have entirely lost their accuracy. Erosion, which has been serious even under normal conditions where the firing was more or less intermittent, has become extremely serious under present conditions, where field-guns, such as the French 75, can fire as many as fifteen to twenty shots a minute, and in cases of emergency may be called on to keep up that rate of fire for long stretches of time. Sustained rapid fire with full charges results in the guns becoming excessively heated. This is being met by the use of reduced charges and the enforcement of strict rules calling for pauses, after a certain number of rounds, of sufficient duration to give the guns a chance to cool. Another palliative has been found in the greasing of the bore with specially prepared substances.

"Now, for the Germans the peril of this wearing out of the bore lies in the fact that they are extremely short of the raw materials for gun-manufacture and particularly for the manufacture of liners or inner tubes. The supply of manganese is becoming a serious problem for the German gun manufacturers, and it is at least reasonable to suppose that the notable decrease in the volume and accuracy of German gun-fire is due to the fact that their guns are wearing out faster than they can replace them. If this be so, the German High Command stands face to face with a stupendous problem: for the long-range shelling of back areas, particularly of shell-dumps, cross-roads, and concentration points; the silencing of batteries; and, above all, the exact placing and controlling of a creeping barrage, or, for that matter, of any kind of barrage, all demand that the sights of the guns shall correspond with mathematical accuracy to the ranges actually covered by the shells. This loss of accuracy keeps pace with the wear of the rifling of the gun and with the enlargement of the bore. Loss of accuracy is due both to the escape of gases past the base of the shell and to the failure of the worn rifling to impart the necessary speed of rotation to the projectile. The rapid wearing out of German guns is one among many contributory causes, which are slowly but very surely bringing the once seemingly omnipotent German Army to its knees."

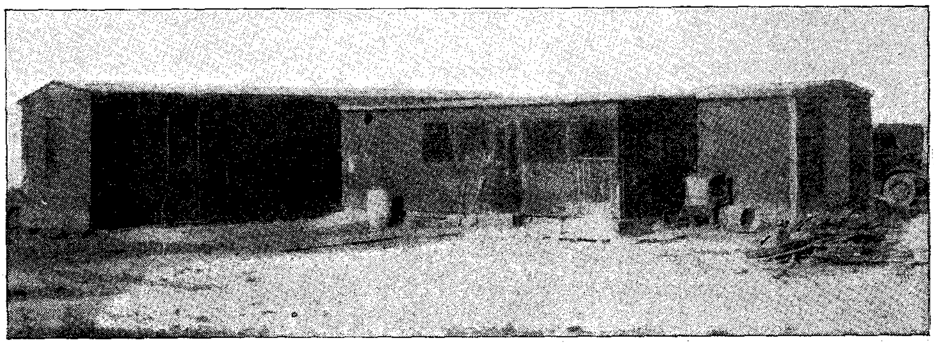
FORCING COAL-ECONOMY

BY AN ORDER of the United States Fuel Administration, the "skip-stop" plan is to be adopted shortly by all the street-railways in the United States, thus saving, it is estimated, 10 per cent. of all the coal used by these roads, or 1,600,000 tons a year. A writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, September 4) suggests that it might be a good thing if the Federal Government, in peace as well as war, might eventually assume the function of forcing individuals and corporations to use economic methods and machines. The adoption of undoubted economies like the skip-stop is usually blocked by petty local opposition. The Federal Administration, having a broader outlook, cares naught for these. It is working now, of course, to win the war, but the writer is of the opinion that peace-time, as well as war-time, would benefit by these persuasive governmental influences. He says:

"Conceive, if you can, what could be accomplished in America in the way of increased productivity and economy if our Federal Government had the authority to make every individual and every company adopt any method or device that had been proved to be economic. No engineer acquainted with the application of the principles of the science of management can doubt that if the universal adoption of those principles could be forced upon producers in general, this nation could increase its productivity fully 25 per cent. That would alone add more than twelve billion dollars annually to the national income. But that is not all. The application of the principles of the science of management is only a fraction of the total enginery at our disposal. We have literally countless labor- and material-saving machines and appliances that are scarcely used, altho many of them are generations old. Does this sound incredible? Certainly not to any engineer who has a wide acquaintance with the literature of engineering.

"Take so simple a thing as the heat-insulator for steam-pipes and boilers. It has been known to engineers for nearly a century that by encasing boilers and pipes with magnesia or other suitable insulators, practically all heat radiation and conduction losses could be stopt. Furthermore, it has been known to engineers that the saving in fuel thus effected would pay an annual interest of 20 per cent. on the cost of the heat-insulator. But go into the basements of steam-heated residences if you want to get a conception of how rarely this knowledge is applied. The landlord may know that heat-insulators would earn a big return on their cost, but since they would earn it for the tenant and not for himself, he does not cover the boiler and pipes adequately, if at all. The tenant, even if he knows the economics of heat insulating, will not spend the money for insulators whose use he may not enjoy for more than a year or two before he moves out. For similar reasons very few houses have double windows, altho double windows will save fully 15 per cent. of the fuel required to heat the average house. On these matters the Fuel Administration has power to act, and it should act.

"In our issue of March 27 we published directions for house-heating prepared by the Engineering Group of the Denver Civic and Commercial Association. The engineers estimated that by following those directions fully 20 per cent. of the fuel commonly used in heating buildings can be saved. Of the 600,000,000 tons of coal annually produced, about one-sixth is used in households and other buildings. Hence if one-fifth of this 100,000,000 tons can be saved, it would amount to 20,000,000 tons annually. Experienced mechanical engineers estimate that of the 500,000,000 tons used for steam-power purposes fully 10 per cent. can be readily saved by utilizing methods that have been well known to engineers for twenty years. In short, by the universal application of long-known methods of fuel-saving it would be possible to save fully 70,000,000 tons of coal every year, and this with a comparatively slight outlay of capital for new apparatus, etc."

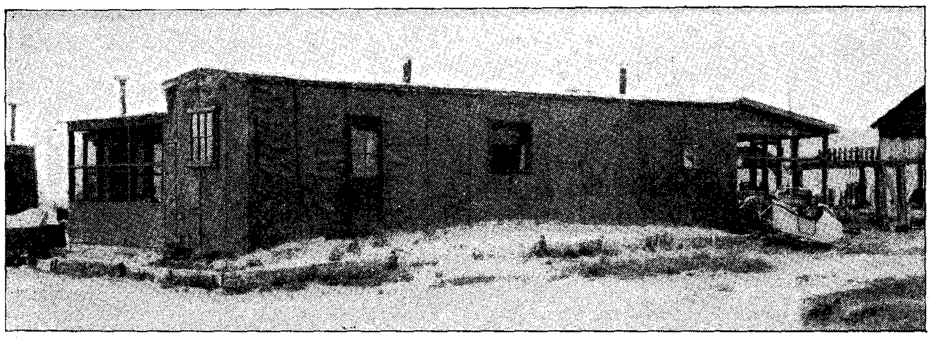


Illustrations by courtesy of "The Railway Review," Chicago.

"SIDE-DOOR PULLMANS" MADE INTO A HOME: BOX CARS AS A RESIDENCE.

THE BOX CAR AS A RESIDENCE—Altho the utilization of old box-car bodies for the housing of railroad employees has been under criticism during recent years, the objections found usually arise, we are told by *The Railway Review* (Chicago), from the use of equipment in such dilapidated shape that it is not practicable to keep it in sanitary condition. Says this paper:

"With proper attention to this matter, however, it is possible to put old car bodies in such repair as to make them neat and comfortable. One railroad has adopted the plan of placing two of the old bodies side by side, building a roof over the two in common and siding up the gables, so that the real character of the premises is somewhat disguised. At a number of its division points in the West the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad has found it necessary to furnish living quarters for shop and roundhouse employees and trainmen, owing to lack of residences available for renting in these localities. Rather extensive use has been made of old box cars, grouped together and fitted over inside and provided with screened porches. The old bodies are floored, sided inside and ceiled with one-by-six-inch flooring, and cased windows are placed in the sides and ends. The ordinary car-door is reduced in size to two feet eight inches, the remaining open space being neatly sided and cased. At Greybull, Wyo., there is a 'village' of such residences, and all of the rooms are lighted by electricity. As a usual thing two or three of the bodies are joined together, to afford four or more rooms. In some instances two of the bodies are placed 'T' shape, in others 'L' shape, and in still other cases a lean-to is built on in the rear. Prepared roofing is generally placed over all the bodies in each group to make the covering unbroken. There is no trouble in keeping the rooms clean and sanitary, and the screening in front of the porches is particularly appreciated by the occupants."



NO FRILLS, BUT HAPPIER THAN THE KAISER'S PALACE.

LETTERS - AND - ART

FRENCH GIRLS HERE FOR EDUCATION

THE GERMAN SCHEME of educational exchange which failed so utterly to make the world love the Kaiser will be imitated for a better purpose and on a large scale by ourselves and our allies, and as an earnest of the scheme sixty-six French girls lately landed on our shores to take up their studies in American colleges. The emphasis is put upon "American" by one New York paper, which feels that the real American qualities will be assured our visitors by their going to inland or Western colleges. They come on scholarships founded through the efforts of Dr. Robert P. Kelly, of Chicago, executive secretary of the American Association of Colleges, working in cooperation with the American Council of Education and French institutions. The purpose of bringing these French students to America was explained by Dr. Kelly at a meeting in the assembly-room of the National Training School of the Y. M. C. A., where they were gathered to receive their first words of public welcome. The New York *Evening Sun* thus reports the address:

FRENCH GIRLS TO LEARN YANKEE WAYS.

This group of French college students are distributed through Western institutions to complete their education as guests of American colleges. They were received on arrival by Mrs. Stocks Miller and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler. These two ladies occupy chairs in the center of the group.

> "It is the first chapter of a large program of educational reciprocity between the United States and the Allies and involves the exchange of students, both men and women, and also of faculty members, with the view of a close spiritual alinement of the various peoples of the Allied nations.
>
> "The two hundred and thirty scholarships which have been awarded will cover the tuition, living-expenses, and fees of the students during their courses. One hundred and twenty-eight girls of the two hundred and fifty who applied for scholarships have been chosen by Dean Mary Benton, of Carlton College, Northfield, Minn., and Mrs. Stocks Miller, of Denver, who were appointed to go to France and visit towns and villages, choosing from among the applicants with the aid of the Department of Education of the French Government and various professors who are or have been teaching in universities in this country. The French Government appropriated 75,000 francs for the traveling expenses in this country and for personal expenses of the girls who could not afford them."

With a high sense of local disloyalty the New York *Tribune* felicitates the young ladies on the fact that they are "not going to any alien spots like Radcliffe or Barnard or Vassar or Bryn Mawr," but "straight to headquarters, to the University of Iowa, the University of Wisconsin, and so on, where education is corn-fed and Americanism is not diluted by any imported, transatlantic accent." It turns the matter this way and that:

> "This is quite as it should be. We like our East and are proud of it. But it is only a small part of America and not representative at all of much that is most American. If visitors from Europe could skip hurriedly over Beacon Street and Fifth Avenue and spend most of their time west of Pittsburg and much of it west of the Mississippi, they would not misunderstand us as much as they do. They might even then comprehend New York, which, despite surface appearances, is much nearer to Kansas City than it is to Paris—or even Kief.
>
> "It is genuine understanding between nations that should be gained from such transfusions as this very interesting educational venture. And understanding can come only from gripping essentials. Henry James is an American essential, yes. But there ought surely to be Spoon River to supplement him, and it is just this intimate touch with an American West that these French girls can gain from life in our Western colleges.
>
> "A young Roumanian once did just this and wrote of it with rare frankness. His name is M. E. Ravage and his book bears the title, 'An American in the Making.' You can be irritated at his point of view or not, depending upon the stiffness of your American collar. But there is no questioning the clear look at America which life in a Western college, the University of Missouri, gave him. East, or rather the Old West, met the New West there with a will. Democracy, coeducation, our whole social system, were flashed on the screen with a vividness impossible to parallel in any other American community. Mr. Ravage was fairly scornful of our culture by comparison with East Side standards. He was warmly appreciative of much else.
>
> "So will our visitors from France be imprest, we suspect. It is a long jump from a French village, with its deliciously worn and mellowed beauty, to a raw Kansas town. Yet the war has made the Kansas soldier utterly welcome and thoroughly at home in any French village. We have surely not less faith in a *poilu's* sister equipped with the rarest of tact and the clearest of eyes."

The Baltimore *Sun* does not take the flippant view implied in the New York *Sun's* characterization of "half a hundred packages of international cement":

> "After the war is over there will be millions of Americans coming home from France. What they will have learned of that land will be disseminated through their family circles, and perhaps beyond that; but it will be, to all but those who have been in France themselves, second-hand information. Likewise, it will consist of observations made through masculine

eyes; and while the American woman will not distrust, perhaps, the opinions of the other sex concerning the women of France, she would undoubtedly prefer to form her own conclusions from personal observation. . . . . . .

"These young Frenchwomen are coming to live here; they will see many phases of American life which are not apparent to the casual visitor; and those who go back to France will take with them a knowledge of America which no millions of Americans in France could convey. The experiment is an admirable one; it savors distinctly of a broader internationalism to come."

The Evening Sun was successful in gathering some personal facts about our new visitors:

"Madelene Letessier exprest great interest in the submarine question on this side of the Atlantic and inquired anxiously whether the American coast had been gassed. All of the girls spoke excellent English, and many expect to teach English in French colleges after their graduation, others to teach French in English colleges.

"Mlle. Edmée Hitzel, of Paris, had studied English for some years with a view to teaching it when this scholarship offer came. Now she is to attend the University of Colorado. She says: 'France is quite animated now that the American soldiers are there. . . . . . .

"Mme. Marcelle Bloucher, of Paris, a slight, dark-haired girl who is the widow of a French soldier who was gassed two years ago, will go to the State College for Women, Denton, Texas.

"Four students have scholarships to the Carnegie Foundation. They are Mlle. Fernande Helie, of Paris, who attended the University of Rennes for two years and also a school for girls in Sheffield, England, for one year; and Mlle. Paule Bureau, who studied in the University of Bordeaux for three years and has been in England the last year. Both will go to the University of Wisconsin.

"Mlle. Mouly and Mlle. Preivet will study at the University of California. Mlle. Helie told of the French universities. 'Our universities have few men in them. At Rennes we had but two rooms for the lectures. Now the wounded men discharged as unfit for further service are coming back to study. There were men of the Foreign Legion on our boat coming over for the Liberty Loan drive. We heard, too, of your war-work drive. It is splendid, so many organizations representing such different interests and religions going together in one big drive. It helps us French so!'

"The drive referred to was the United War Work Campaign set for the week of November 11, when the seven organizations—the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., War Camp Community Service, American Library Association, National Catholic War Council (K. of C.), Jewish Welfare Board, and Salvation Army—will combine to raise $170,500,000 for war-work."

WAR'S SHOT AT "LA GUERRE"—The mystic may find comfort in the symbolic accident of battle about Amiens and see the shot that tore a fresco by Puvis de Chavannes as war's detestation of war. The added fact that the shot may have been guided in vengeance for the wide-spread ruin suffered by art itself may give the mystic a firmer basis for his faith in the future peace of the world. The London *Evening Standard* prints from a correspondent the following account of a rather remarkable coincidence:

"Such descriptions of the havoc wrought by the German bombardment of Amiens as I have read from the pens of the special correspondents who attended the impressive thanksgiving service in the cathedral make no mention of one of the most remarkable feats of salvage accomplished during the war. I refer to the rescue from the partly demolished Picardy Museum of the world-famous mural paintings by Puvis de Chavannes.

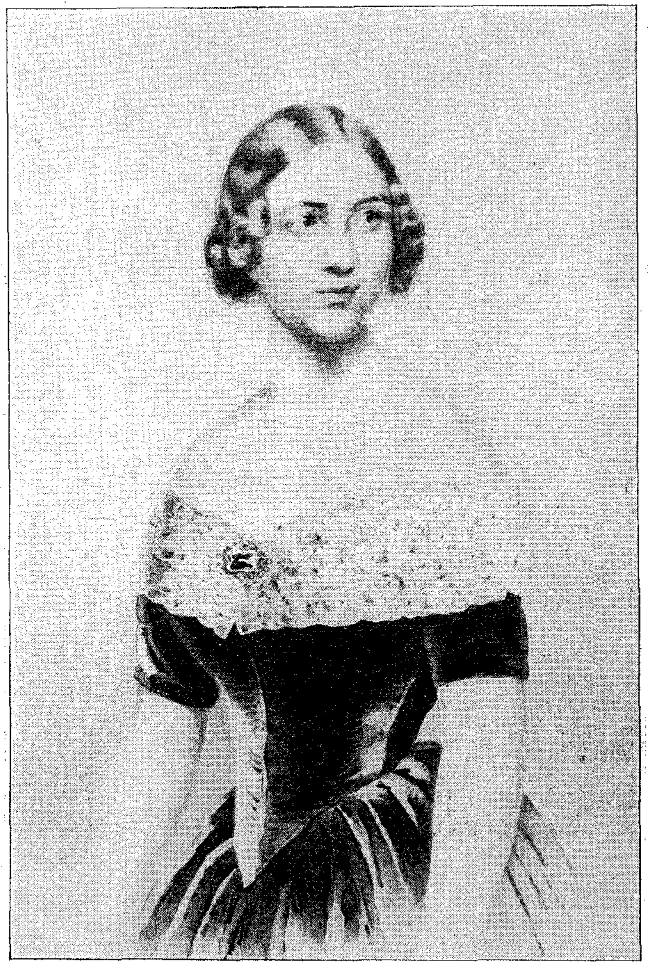
"The work was accomplished in May, under an intense bombardment, by Mr. Felix Boutreux, a leading art-expert, assisted by four sappers of the 'camouflage section,' under the supervision of the Military Governor, Colonel du Teil de Havelt.

"Altogether well over 200 square yards of canvas had to be detached, inch by inch, from its foundation, and rolled on cylinders for removal to a place of safety. Despite the continuous and deadly peril of the working party, every one of the masterpieces, including the great panels, 'Pro Patria Ludus' and 'Ave Picardia Nutrix,' was got away undamaged, with the exception of the panel, 'La Guerre,' the canvas of which was slightly torn by a shell-splinter."

P. T. BARNUM DRAMATIZED

BARNUM'S CIRCUS keeps alive the name of the great American showman; but Mr. Tom Wise, the actor, has off and on been devoting himself to the task of revivifying his personality to a generation that knows him only by tradition. "The rich humanity of the showman has gript Wise's imagination," says Rebecca Drucker, in the New York *Tribune*, who represents the actor as convinced that Barnum's "irresistible humanity is a part of the permanent American spirit." From Mr. Wise's presentment of the character, *The Tribune's* critic thinks that if theater audiences never know anything else about "P. T." they will "always believe his country did well to have loved him." The play built around the actor, tho it presents Jenny Lind, Lavinia Warren, and Gen. Tom Thumb, does not fare so well at the New York critics' hands. Their complaint is that the real aroma of the circus is not given. Upon this point Mr. Wise wonders what New York knows about a circus anyway? When asked by Miss Drucker if he was disappointed at New York's greeting, he replies: "No. I have the fun of doing it. Besides, New York isn't a circus town. It doesn't know what it is to get up at five o'clock in the morning to see the circus come into town—and to have every one knock off work on circus day—or the feel of being under circus canvas. It only knows the Garden. New York doesn't get much thrill out of a circus." The play, which was concocted by Mr. Wise himself, assisted by Harrison Rhodes, has an interesting history:

"The idea first came to him almost ten years ago, while he was playing 'The Gentleman from Mississippi.' For years people



JENNY LIND.

From a contemporary lithograph.

Her appearance under P. T. Barnum's management on September 11, 1850, at Castle Garden, thrilled our forefathers as never before. It is shown on a following page as the play represents the event.

had been casually remarking 'How much you look like Barnum!' Then one day he chanced upon the 'Recollections,' and the naive self-revealment of the Connecticut Yankee fascinated Wise. He began to dig—into the newspapers and periodicals of the time, in the anecdotes extant of him and in the biographies of him—and found a mine of character. A thousand stories of him illustrate the man's audacity, and yet his essential simplicity; his highly-personal code of honesty, coupled with a fundamental morality; his love for bigness and his small-town kindness—the contradictions that make a personality. But the task of digging a play out of all this material was too much for Wise. He called in Harrison Rhodes, and together they began the laborious work of elimination. When all had been eliminated that they thought they could spare they found they had material for four plays. They wrote them all. For years, in off seasons and in obscure places, Thomas Wise has been producing one or another of these versions—testing, cutting, combining, discarding—until he thought the present play worthy to bring to New York. In the discarded versions was one that showed Barnum at the zenith of his career, when as proprietor of the 'greatest show on earth' he was astonishing the world with his three-ring circus, his menageries, and the splendor of his shows. But this Barnum was an institution that it was difficult to galvanize to life—so they went back to the time when as proprietor of the All-American Show of Freaks he floated up and down the Mississippi.

White Studio, New York.

BARNUM, TOM THUMB, AND LAVINIA WARREN.

Mr. Wise, in an off-stage moment, shows his conception of Barnum as a man of "rich humanity."

"Wise mourns the stories of him they could not put in—one can see that. There was an advertising exploit in which Barnum promised to show a horse with a head where his tail should be, and when the reporters came they found a horse turned about wrong side before in the stall. He did not know or care about music, but he undertook the tour of Jenny Lind at what was then considered a fabulous risk. She accepted his management because on the letterhead on which he proposed negotiations there was printed an ornate picture of his house. She was sure that a man who had such a fine house must be a very substantial person. Not many people now recall how he enriched his native city of Bridgeport, Conn."

The critic of the New York *Sun* shows that he himself could respond to the allure, perhaps because he is less of a New-Yorker than the others who refuse to be pleased. He writes:

"If Phineas T. Barnum had returned to the flesh last night on the stage of the Criterion Theater he could scarcely have filled his skin better than it was done by Thomas A. Wise. There was not a wrinkle to deplore. He might have been somewhat surprized at the aptness of circumstance and the immediateness of cause and effect, but doubtless he would have raised no great ructions at any slight improvement contrived by the dramatic biographer.

"Numerous attempts have been made to shadow forth the glamour of circus life on the stage, but it remained for Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise to conceive the bright idea of making it but the nimbus of glory surrounding America's greatest showman. When to these factors are added the appeal of such illustrious characters as *Jenny Lind* and *Gen. Tom Thumb*, it would seem strange that it took five years to get a production after the play was written, but the death of Charles Frohman put the plans out of joint until Charles Dillingham became interested.

"Nothing short of four acts would have been adequate to the essential phases of the subject. Besides the personality of the Yankee showman, his geniality and shrewdness, there was a whole gallery of portraits to introduce, from that of the Swedish nightingale down to the living skeleton, the prize fat woman, the snake-charmer, and the woman midget. The complete cast numbers twenty-five. The dramatic turn of the plot grows out of *Barnum's* land speculation in Bridgeport, which came near breaking him and smashing the tour of *Jenny Lind* under his management.

THE GREAT AND ONLY BARNUM,

Whom an actor of our day, Mr. Tom Wise, so strongly resembles as to make his appearance as the great showman a foregone conclusion.

"The first act was in the office tent of the circus at Eutawville, Tenn., where all the characters were introduced with considerable comedy, and *Barnum* adopted a French girl who had run away from a drunken father. How she was transformed from the hoodoo of the company into its idol, how *Tom Thumb* wooed

Lavinia Warren, and how *Barnum* rose superior to bankruptcy and launched *Jenny Lind* on her successful career at Castle Garden in New York, were the principal elements of the play. The costumes of 1850 helped to create an interesting atmosphere."

MORE CONDEMNED BOOKS

THE ARMY "INDEX" has had some notable names added to its list. To swell the number of books which we gave in our issue of September 16, more have been indicated by the Department of Military Censorship as undesirable for our soldiers to read while training for war. So the camp librarians must comb them out. On the new list may be seen the name of an ex-Mayor of New York, one who was outspoken in his defense of Germany in the early days of the European conflict, but who now holds a commission in the American Army. Then we find a college president, a late college professor, and an editor under indictment for violation of the Espionage Act. That a man may repent and abjure his shortcomings is proved by the fact that the list also includes the book whose introduction was written by the head of the Committee on Public Information, and published at the instance of a notable review. The New York *Tribune's* dispatch from Washington goes over the list in fuller detail:

"In the new list, which makes a total of seventy-two books placed under the ban, is 'Two Thousand Questions and Answers About the War,' edited by J. W. Mueller, American representative of *The Stars and Stripes*, and containing a foreword written by George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information.

"Other books barred because of containing pro-German utterances, or found to be salacious or morbid and thus 'unfit for American soldiers,' were written by Bernhard Dernburg, chief propagandist of the Hun in America; Edward Lyell Fox, writer of laudatory articles of the Central Empire; David Starr Jordan, pacifist and antiwar spokesman, and George B. McClellan.

"'The books were barred from every army camp and from every post where American soldiers are located because their influence tended to make the soldier who read them a less effective fighter against the Hun,' it was explained when publication of the complete list was authorized. . . . . .

"The inclusion of the Mueller-Creel book in the list of volumes blacklisted was due to the many passages in the publication that military censors declared were Simon-pure German propaganda, ranking alongside the Dernburg volume carrying the telltale title, 'Germany and the War,' and Edward Lyell Fox's boastful work with the apparently undisguised title, 'Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany.'

"'War and Waste,' written by David Starr Jordan, was characterized as another one of those 'vicious pacifist books intended to emphasize the wastefulness of war and subordinate the real purposes of the United States in the war.'

"In the list also are numerous religious publications opposing war and emphasizing the views of pacifists. Other publications were barred because they were unfit from a moral standpoint."

The sixteen new undesirables are:

"Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany," Edward Lyell Fox.
"Book of Truth and Facts," Fritz von Frantzius.
"Disgrace of Democracy," Kelly Miller.
"German Empire's Hour of Destiny," Col. H. Frobenius.
"German World Politics," Paul Rohrbach.
"Germany and the War," Bernhard Dernburg.
"Germany's Just Cause," J. O'D. Bennett and others.
"Heel of War," George B. McClellan.
"Jesus is Coming," Anonymous.
"Outlook for Religion," W. E. Orchard.
"Short Rations," Madeline Z. Doty.
"The Searchlight," Lawrence Mott.
"The War and America," Hugo Münsterberg.
"Two Thousand Questions and Answers About the War," Anonymous.
"Understanding Germany," Max Eastman.
"War and Waste," David Starr Jordan.

The special objections urged against the "Two Thousand Questions and Answers About the War" were made by Dr. Claude H. Van Tyne, of the University of Michigan, editorial director of the bureau of education of the National Security League. The New York *Evening Sun* quotes him as saying:

"It is a masterpiece of German propaganda. The German Government could not have devised anything more insidious, more calculated to destroy our faith in our allies and to insinuate into the American mind excuses for Germany."

White Studio, New York.

JENNY LIND RECEIVING THE PLAUDITS OF THE HOUSE,

While *Barnum*, with *Tom Thumb*, *Lavinia Warren*, the *Living Skeleton*, and the *Fat Lady*, stand entranced in the wings. The scene as depicted in Mr. Wise's play.

Some "strikingly propagandist paragraphs" quoted from the work in the League's report are these:

"*Q.* How did Prussia become militaristic? *A.* As a result of being licked too often. . . . Whenever France wanted to fight Russia or Austria the road led through Wurttemberg, Bavaria, or Prussia. . . . At last the Prussians determined grimly to fight for themselves, and it was under the inspiration of a burning zeal and love for home and country that the seeds of militarism were sown.

"*Q.* Has war ever produced so much hatred as this one? *A.* Always much the same kind of attacks as now on the Germans.

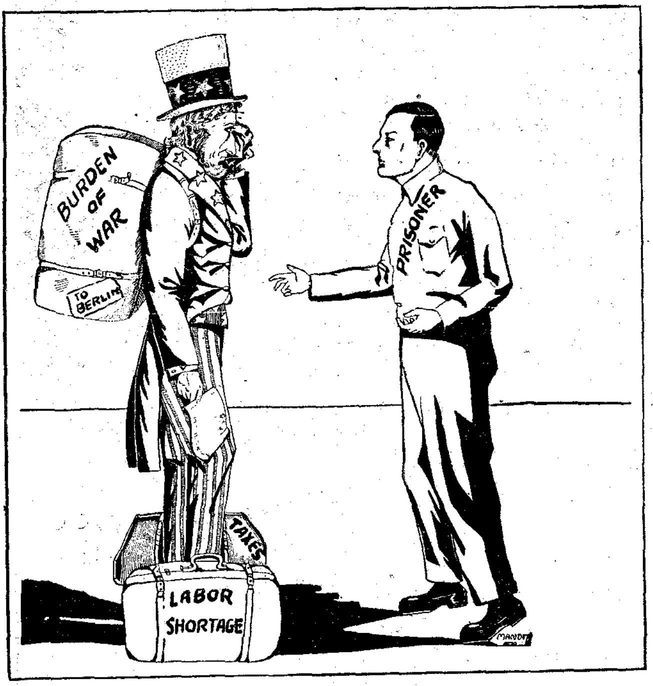
"*Q.* Were German soldiers worse than others in the march on Peking? *A.* According to revelations made by correspondents who managed to get through to Peking, and by officers after the trouble was over, there seems to have been very little to choose between the troops. . . . Of all, the Japanese emerged with the cleanest record and the Tonkinese troops of the French with the worst.

"*Q.* What is the German people's attitude toward the Kaiser? *A.* With the exception of the Radical Socialists, the German people hold the Kaiser in the highest esteem."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE ARMY TO REDEEM THE CONVICT

OBJECTIONS made by officers of the National Army to the utilization of convicts in the Army furnish a "good example," says Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Mott Osborne, "of the way the average mind ceases to function when it meets the word 'criminal.'" The officers in question had stated that "the National Army is composed of the best of the nation and is not a refuge for criminals." Apply common sense to the issue, says Mr. Osborne, in a letter to various leading newspapers of the country, and "we should see at once the absurdity of taking our best out of their honest employments and sending them across the seas to danger and death, while we carefully keep at home the burglar and the pickpocket." Mr. Osborne, whose reputation was made in the humane reform of prison methods, exclaims in amazement at the relegation of these men to Class 5 as "morally unfit":



THE PRISONER WILL LEND A HAND.

—Mandey in the Sing Sing Prison *Star-Bulletin*.

"Consider for one moment. Morally unfit to fight the Huns!

"'The National Army is composed of the best of the nation.' That is obviously not true. The National Army is composed of all men fit to bear arms and fight—good, bad, and indifferent. Our National Army is now the nation itself engaged in the serious task of saving the basic principles upon which our nation exists; it is not a gentleman's club composed of the socially select, excluding such persons as are not agreeable to its members.

"By keeping out of the Army men who have served time in prison we shut out many who would make the very best soldiers—bold, active, and accustomed to discipline. As for patriotism, you will find no more loyal Americans than the crooks. Why not? One man can love the country in which he burgles as much as another who banks. There is no reason why the pickpocket should not feel as keenly the blessings of a free country as the plumber or the lawyer. 'Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief'—we are all in the same boat, and it is our common country that is concerned.

"As a matter of fact, there have always been thousands of ex-prisoners in our Army; and there are now more than ever. I get letters almost daily from one or another. The latest one says: 'I have passed all examinations here and am now a full-fledged soldier. You can't imagine how many of your friends or boys are here, and, like myself, as no questions were asked of our past, we got through; and some day the people outside will know how we did our bit when we could very easily manage to be rejected. . . . It is great to be in a uniform, and altho I am just a private I know I will always do my bit and carry out any orders cheerfully that are given me, as I realize only too well that I must walk the chalk-line more than any one who has not been in stir.'

"Another writes: 'We expect to go over in October. Well, as for me we can not go across too soon. I have a rap to square in X——, so I am going to try and make a record in case I do come back. But I don't think I will come back alive. If I get killed it will be the best thing I ever did in my life, and it will go to square some of the bad things I did.'"

The friend of the prisoner asks if this is not the stuff out of which good soldiers can be made? On the other hand:

"Our present policy lets some of the crooks get into the Army, but they can only do so by deceit and concealment of the truth; we encourage hypocrisy and falsehood. How much better to have an ex-convict contingent where these men could look after and help each other. By putting them in a separate division there would be given them the highest stimulus to 'make good,' for each man would be working not only for his own rehabilitation but also for a great cause—the cause of the prisoner the world over. Thus both sides would gain. The country would gain a large number of soldiers who would prove themselves among the best fighters in the war, and the prisoners would gain the opportunity to prove that the problems of crime can be solved—if they are approached in the right spirit.

"May I call attention in passing to the fact that this prison has contributed to the Navy within the last year over a thousand men now doing useful duty, who except for Secretary Daniels's enlightened policy would have been thrown out from the service with dishonorable discharge? The same policy should open up the ranks of the National Army and make it not 'a refuge for criminals' but a service where even the criminal may have a chance to do his duty to his country in its hour of need."

A move in the direction of Lieutenant-Commander Osborne's recommendations is being made in New Jersey, where a plan for the military training of the prisoners confined in the jails of this country to prepare them to do work essential in the conduct of the war is now in its experimental stage. The purpose is to enable prisoners to earn the privilege of fighting for their country. Mr. Burdette G. Lewis, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of the State of New Jersey, gives to the New York *Evening Post* a statement of what is undertaken:

"I am gratified to say that New Jersey has again taken the lead as the first State in the Union in beginning to-day to utilize the man-power of its correctional institutions in work essential to the conduct of the war, and has arranged, after conferring with the War Department, to assign prisoners to do essential war-work in the State of New Jersey. This work will consist of building roads, railroads, digging canals, ditching, drainage, and agricultural labor. They will be trained by institutional officers under the supervision of United States Army officers. The prisoner should be given a chance to do his bit in that class of service for which the army and State authorities decide that he is best fitted.

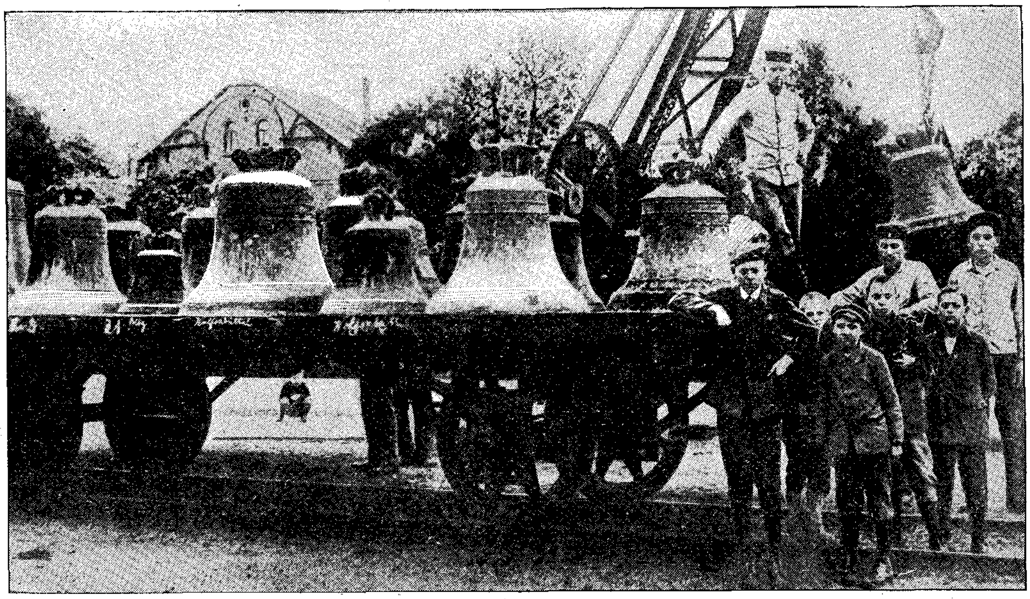
"The plan will at once eliminate the objections of certain army officers to the placement of felons or misdemeanants together with the other United States troops, inasmuch as it provides for the segregation of such prisoners in separate army divisions under regular army officers. Further, it will eliminate the obvious injustice of the situation, which calls for the entire effort and sacrifice of our best and noblest men, and carefully shields and protects our offending classes.

"I have received the approval of the War Department in Washington to make a test of my plan in the State of New Jersey, which eventually will provide, if it is extended to the other States, for the utilization of the man-power of more than 400,000 prisoners in the United States. To this end I have called a meeting to-day of the wardens and superintendents of the correctional institutions in this State, and of my medical advisory board on classification, and have directed that the plan be put into immediate operation, thus placing the man-power in the prisons and reformatories of New Jersey at the disposal of the United States Army."

If these plans are found feasible they may be adopted throughout the nation.

HOW GERMANY GETS CHURCH BELLS

GERMANY'S APPETITE FOR CHURCH BELLS only seems to grow by what it feeds on. Where copper and tin can be extracted the sacred association of their booty affects them no whit. We recall the outcry of Cardinal Mercier over the looting of the *carillons* of Belgium; we hear daily of the stripping of the churches of eastern France, particularly of their bells; we know now that Russia has given her tribute even to the great bell of the Kremlin in Moscow. "The mad Reds of Russia have outlawed religious faith and for months have been carrying on a general religious persecution which centers on the Orthodox Russian Church, but embraces all religious bodies." This statement is given by the New York *Tribune* on the authority of the clerics of the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas in New York. Their chief informant is the Rev. Alexander Philoposky, pastor of a church in Sitka, Alaska, who recently returned from Russia. Items of news brought by him show how the Germans profit by the disorder created by the Bolsheviki, if indeed the Bolsheviki do not create this disorder especially for the profit of the German:



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FRENCH CHURCH BELLS AT WOLFENBÜTTEL.

This photograph, taken from a German prisoner, confirms the story of the Kaiser's wholesale loot of church bells, and tells the tale of underfeeding in the weedy group of young boys who are onlookers here.

"Churches have been plundered and their congregations shelled by artillery and shot down with rifle-fire. Church treasures, such as are to be found only in Holy Russia, have been carried away into Germany and German motor-trucks are rapidly stripping the land of its myriad bells. Even 'Czar Kolokol,' 'king of the bells,' the greatest bell in the world, which long had been used as a chapel in the Kremlin, Moscow, has been taken by the Germans, according to Mr. Philoposky, for the sake of its nearly two hundred tons of copper and tin.

"While the Bolsheviki, obsessed with the notion that the one indelible characteristic of the *bourgeoisie* was their faith in God, proceeded to the wholesale slaughter and pillage of those professing such faith, the Germans, the Russian priest said, were taking advantage of the panic conditions to seize upon the business and resources of the country.

"A decree had been passed by the Bolshevik Government, he said, asserting that the churches were 'the inheritance of the people,' and the Reds lost no time in asserting their claims. Some of the most famous and sumptuous churches in the land, he declared, now mere shells, were used as communal homes by followers of the Bolsheviki. Smoke from their cooking-fires trickled through the shattered windows, the air that had been heavy with incense reeked of boiling cabbage, altars became lavatories, and wings were used as stables.

"While priests were carrying icons through the Chudow Monastery in the Kremlin, Moscow, the singing of the choir penetrated to the Bolshevik mob who realized at the sound that a part of their 'inheritance' was still uncollected. Surrounding the building with armed guards, the Reds demanded of the hundreds worshiping in the church if they believed in the Czar, in God, or in whom they did believe.

"The response was instant and came from scores of exalted worshipers. They believed in God, they cried. Others, whom even the atmosphere of the sacred building could not blind to the significance of the rifles with which the intruders were armed, added vociferously that they did not believe in the Czar. The congregation, said to number nearly one thousand, was massacred on the spot.

"Religious teaching of any kind was banned. A priest who ventured to teach the Ten Commandments to a pupil was liable to corporal punishment."

CRACKBRAIN RELIGIOUS OUTBREAKS IN GERMANY—Outbursts of religious mania are reported from many parts of the German Empire, and to an Amsterdam correspondent of the New York *World* they appear very "weird." Pan-Germans are said to have "given way to a kind of heathenish mysticism," and "openly propagate a revival of the pagan worship of the ancient Teutons, including offerings to Wotan." Other forms are even stranger:

"The commander of the 19th Army Corps at Leipzig has found it necessary to prohibit meetings of a sect known as the 'Little Flock,' which originated at Meerane.

"Its head is a weaver named Hain, whom his adherents address as 'Holy Father.' He poses as the Messiah and pronounces 'sentences' from his 'judgment-seat,' from which he 'separates the sheep from the goats.'

"The new 'Messiah' has achieved some measure of popularity by his attacks on the established clergy on the ground that they draw stipends which, he says, the Apostle Paul never did; neither does he himself. The 'Little Flock' craze, it seems, has spread to such an extent in Saxony, especially among impressionable young people, that the authorities have had to interfere.

"A more modern offshoot of this queer movement is headed by one Ludwig Neuner, who definitely renounces Christianity on the superfluous plea that it is 'foreign to the German ideal.' Family life is out of date, says Neuner, and all children should be charges of the state. For prayer, Neuner proposes the following substitute, which the Roman Catholic *Germania* appropriately calls a 'prayer *ersatz*,' or substitute:

"Bodily and mental 'uplift' movements every morning, baths, deep breathing, song and dance, reading of valuable poetry, contemplation of truly artistic objects of art, training of will power by autosuggestion, etc. The Roman Catholic Bavarian *Courier* suggests an additional movement—tapping of the forehead morning, noon, and night."

THE NEW KIND OF CONSCIENCE

"FOUR YEARS AGO one would have considered it a compliment to be called a pacifist. To-day he would resort to violent means to resent the charge." If this statement of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago) is not one of universal application, at least the exceptions are so non-spoken as to make the writer here unaware of their existence. In marveling at the change of feeling which induces this condition, *The Northwestern* is equally imprest by the absence of "conscientious objectors." No one to-day at least, it is averred, "can apply that term to himself with honor." Instead, "the popular term is conscientious fighter." These facts, says this journal, emphasize "how completely revolutionized is the thought of us all as it relates to the application of the principles of Jesus Christ to the present world-emergency." *The Northwestern*, in its amazement, confesses it "had no idea such unanimity of sentiment could have been secured favoring a full surrender of our nation to a state of war." Whatever opposition there is is surely non-vocal. England, however, is not so fortunate. Recent correspondence on the subject in the columns of *The Westminster Gazette* (London) shows that at the end of August "over five hundred conscientious objectors . . . had suffered two years' imprisonment with hard labor as the result of successive sentences imposed upon them by courts martial." To one of these writers, Margaret Morgan Jones, "their continued imprisonment is a proof to the world of the failure of England to appreciate the fact that conscription can not operate in the realm of reason and conscience." The writer in *The Northwestern* is moved to his reflections by a book recently published called "The Record of a Quaker Conscience." We read:

> "It consists of a running diary of Private Cyrus Pringle, a young Quaker who was drafted into the Federal Army at the outset of the Civil War, but whose conscience was so sensitive on the matter of taking up arms against his fellow men that he refused to serve. In company with a companion of like scruples, he endured all manner of trials. He was even threatened with death if he did not comply with the regulations of the Army and carry arms. He was at last placed in hospital service with the hope on the part of his nonplused officers that he might be induced to serve in that humanitarian fashion. But his conscience still balked, and nothing could bend him. All the while he referred his attitude to a Christian virtue. He felt that he was being persecuted in a measure commensurate with that of the martyrs of old.
>
> "The most interesting feature of the story was the fact that he at last won out. For some time he had attempted to get his case before President Lincoln, and at last succeeded, with the result given in the following excerpt in the closing chapter of the book. It is pertinent to remark that his sickness mentioned in the last paragraph was induced by his persistent refusal to drill, march, or work:
>
> "'6th.—Last evening E. W. H. saw I. N. particularly on my behalf, I suppose. He left at once for the President. This morning he called to inform us of his interview at the White House. The President was moved to sympathy in my behalf, when I. N. gave him a letter from one of our Friends in New York. After its perusal he exclaimed to our friend: "I want you to go and tell Stanton that it is my wish all those young men be sent home at once." He was on his way to the Secretary this morning as he called.
>
> "'Later. I. N. has just called again, informing us in joy that we are free. At the War Office he was urging the Secretary to consent to our paroles, when the President entered. "It is my urgent wish," he said. The Secretary yielded; the order was given, and we were released. What we had waited for so many weeks was accomplished in a few moments by a providential ordering of circumstances.
>
> "'7th.—I. N. came again last evening bringing our paroles. The preliminary arrangements are being made, and we are to start this afternoon for New York.
>
> "'NOTE.—Rising from my sick bed to undertake this journey, which lasted through the night, its fatigues overcame me, and upon my arrival in New York I was seized with delirium, from which I only recovered after many weeks, through the mercy and favor of him who in all this trial had been our guide and strength and comfort.'"

The conscientious objector is more conspicuous to-day than in the time of the Civil War; and *The Northwestern* is moved to question whether the brand is quite so "conscientious" as in former times:

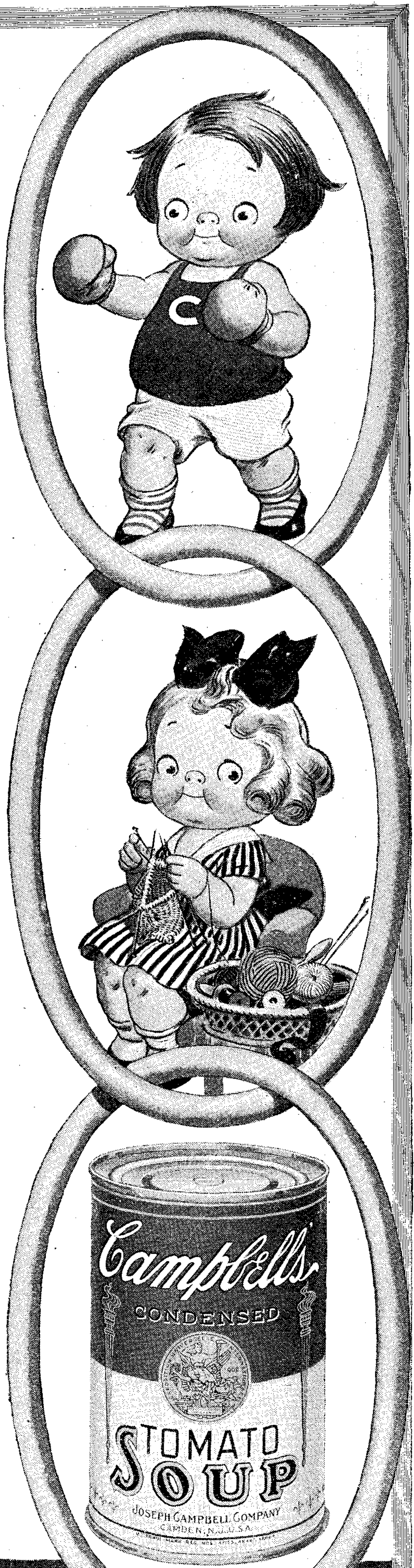
> "The Quaker Church has itself had some slight additional revelation on the subject and is throwing itself into auxiliary service with earnestness; and few, if any, of its members absolutely refuse to submit to the draft in the performance of some constructive work.
>
> "A modern army campaign is so complicated an affair, with scores of directions into which endeavor can be cast, that all can be suited. Not only has there been a change in the attitude of the Quaker Church in the matter of war, but our own Government considers the subject from a changed standpoint. Pressure of strong character has been brought time and time again to relieve conscientious objectors from any part in the conduct of the present war, but without avail. This is due doubtless to the issues at stake. Never in the history of America has she gone to the front with so clear a conscience. Never were the issues in hand so defined. To turn practically the entire nation into a solid phalanx against the Central Powers, and that without any uprising or exhibition of rebellious spirit, is one of the most remarkable accomplishments of modern times, particularly in view of our great distance from the scene of conflict and the fact that we had been living for generations under the spell of the Monroe Doctrine. But when Europe called, America responded, and to-day she is fast becoming the decisive factor to humble the brutal enemy and bring to pass the supremacy of justice. It is this clear-cut issue that has given the Government persistence in dealing with conscientious objectors, and has forced them to do their part toward the accomplishment of the desired end."

RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THE PEACE LEAGUE—Speaking for the Christian folk of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury in a letter to the London *Times* hails the address of President Wilson in New York at the opening of the Loan Drive as a document in righteousness. He is confident that the President's words will be approved by tens of thousands of Christian men and women. From such a source these assurances carry weight to the conviction that the President has issued a new "Magna Carta," as a recent writer to the daily press has put it, but one whose purview is beyond the limits of the mere rule of states. The Archbishop's words are printed in a cable dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "With the straightness and force which we have learned to expect from him, President Wilson in his speech of yesterday describes the character and vastness of the issues which are at stake. He appeals to the Governments of the Allied nations to say plainly whether or no, in the plan now being shaped for the league of nations, their vision and their purpose correspond with his. I can speak for no government, but I am convinced that the mass of thoughtful Christian folk in England feel with an earnestness beyond words the force of his contention that for reasons not of policy, but of principle, not of national interest, but of righteousness and justice and enduring peace, we want a league of nations on the very lines he has drawn.
>
> "Details there may be in his description which need elucidation or development, but his outline has our unhesitating support. We are not afraid of such items of self-surrender as may here and there be involved for this nation or that. The issues are world-wide. Our vision and our purpose must be world-wide, too.
>
> "Let Mr. Wilson rest assured of the vivid and eager response which his appeal awakens in the minds of tens of thousands of Christian men and women, upon whose will, in the long run, the effective decision must turn. The churches in our land have spoken with no uncertain voice. The responsible vote of our Bishops, given eight months ago, was deliberate and unanimous. We not merely welcomed, in the name of the Prince of Peace, the idea of such a league, but we desired that provision for it should be included in the conditions of settlement when it comes. Other churches agreed or followed suit. We have not spoken lightly or without assurance of the width and warmth of support on which we count. We give no mere lip adherence to a great ideal. We mean that the thing shall come to pass."

By an error the article on "Impulse for Daily Work" in our issue for August 31 was credited to the Missouri Council of Defense instead of to the Conference Committee on National Preparedness, Inc.

"For work or in training or play,
This soup makes me clever and gay—
A feast so beguiling I have to keep smiling,
And trouble just bubbles away."



Good health, good work, good courage—

They are linked together

You cannot succeed at your daily task—no matter what it is—if you are handicapped by a weak frame and undernourished nerves. You cannot bear your share of the Nation's burden unless you are well fed and well nourished. You cannot be courageous and cheerful without a good appetite and good digestion. This is right where you feel the benefit of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is an appetizing nourisher in itself and it so strengthens and regulates digestion that all your food gives you more nourishment—and more enjoyment, too.

We make it from choice fresh-picked tomatoes prepared and blended with other wholesome materials by the improved Campbell method. This gives you all the delightful flavor and valuable tonic qualities of the perfect ripe tomato—and even more tempting than nature made them.

The contents of each can gives you two cans of pure rich nourishing soup. And it is more economical for you than would be possible if made in any home kitchen.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it is doubly nourishing and delicious. The whole family will be healthier and happier for its regular use.

Order a dozen at a time. Enjoy it often and keep in good condition.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EDUCATION-IN-AMERICANISM

Lessons in Patriotism prepared especially for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by*
the UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION

COLUMBUS DAY

IT IS A GOOD THING to keep holidays and anniversaries, because they make us remember. And memory is in a sense the greatest and most necessary of all the powers of man because it is the root of all the rest. Civilization is memory — the memory of what men have learned before us, that we may learn more. Honor is memory—the memory of a pledge. Religion is memory. All the beauty and profit of our future grow out of the past as flowers and fruit grow out of the ground. And we go forward only by looking back. When a man is suddenly struck with loss of memory, he becomes helpless, like a child. And when a nation loses its memory, we know what becomes of it. We are fighting against such a nation.

WHAT COLUMBUS SOUGHT AND FOUND—Every schoolchild remembers that Columbus discovered America. Columbus was an Italian. And Columbus day, which is the anniversary of his landing, has become especially the festival of the many Americans who are of Italian origin. But in order to find the full meaning of the day, it is interesting to remember more. Columbus did not come here from Italy, but from Spain. He came seeking, not a new continent where a new nation might make its home, but a short way to India. To the end of his life, he never doubted that this was what he had done. That his discoveries would result in the growth of a great free republic, the hope and the home of millions from all the corners of the earth, he never imagined for a moment. And yet that was what came of his work.

ITALIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

There were 2,151,422 Italians in the United States in 1910. Of these 1,365,110 were born in Italy.

Three States—New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—have altogether over a million Italian residents.

New York City alone had 549,444 Italian residents in 1910—7,000 more than Rome, Italy.

Italian-born males of voting age in the United States numbered 712,812 in 1910. Of these 126,523, or 17.7 per cent., were naturalized, and 55,522, or 7.8 per cent., had filed their declaration of intention.

Between 1910 and 1917 the United States received 1,281,218 immigrants from Italy, while 600,793 returned to Italy in the same period.

WE ARE ALL IMMIGRANTS—Every American who is foreign-born has passed through the adventure of Columbus in his own life. They have all discovered America. They came here not for the sake of that new country which they had never known, but very naturally and properly for their own sake, for opportunity or advantage. But they have discovered more than they knew, and more than they came to find. For they came seeking a strange land, and they have found a flag and a nation of their own; they came as travelers and they have become citizens. And that is all part of a greater thing which goes on always and in many ways. For men are forever seeking their own gain, and when it is won, learning that they have something to value and care for and defend. A man buys or builds a house, and finds that he has a home. A man marries a woman and finds that he has a wife and children. A man prays for what he wants, and finds that he has a God and a religion. And it is that experience which has been the making of America, because we are a nation of immigrants. Other nationalities are born, but Americans are made. We all came here, ourselves or our fathers or our forefathers; and the difference of a few years or a few generations in the time of our coming does not matter much. What does matter is that we remember why we came and what we have found, and care for it properly. And caring for it means two things: it means realizing its worth; and it means guarding it from harm.

AMERICA A TREASURY OF TRADITIONS—We talk of America as a country of the future, a land without tradition. But, in a truer sense, America is the new home of many a great past, and a preserver of traditions from the four corners of the world. The immigrants who made this country, from the first Spanish and French and English colonists to the last newcomer from Russia or the Mediterranean, did not come here to find something new. They came to preserve something old and dear to them. The Puritans came to preserve their religion. The Revolutionary War was fought by Englishmen—under the leadership of George Washington—to preserve those English foundations of liberty which were assailed by the German king, George III.; and it is upon those foundations—made secure by Washington forever—that the American Republic stands to-day. So did the Huguenots and the Christian Armenians and the persecuted Jews. Others came to preserve their personal and political freedom, which is the oldest of the possessions of man. Others again came for the opportunity to do their own work and exert their own talents freely. And all of them, in one way or another, came here for the chance to keep what they valued and to do well what they had it in them to do. America is the place to which for four hundred years people have brought those traditions of theirs which were threatened or assailed in their old homes, and in which they have been able freely to preserve them. We are a new nation; but the blood of the older races runs mingled in our veins. We are a treasury of traditions; and it is fitting that we defend that treasure against the new enemy of all good old things.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS—No American needs to be reminded now of the part Italy and the Italians are playing in preserving the traditions of world-civilization and world-freedom. The armies of Italy have arisen from the depths of the disaster of 1917 to the triumphs of the Piave. The Italians in the United States are serving no less the cause of America and the world. Second in numbers only to Americans of German birth and parentage, the Italians in the United States have more than borne their share of the burdens of the war, and the casualty lists from Pershing's Army in France bear eloquent testimony to the fact that the American soldier of Italian birth is making the supreme sacrifice for the traditions of his people and of the new people of which he is a part in America.

QUESTIONS

1. In what States is Columbus day a holiday?

2. What special significance do you see in the celebration of Columbus day this year, by proclamation of the President, as Liberty day?

3. Name any other famous Italians you have heard of besides Columbus.

4. What prominent figures in affairs of the present day are of Italian birth?

5. How many residents of your immediate town or neighborhood are of Italian birth or parentage?

6. What proportion of the Italians in your vicinity are American citizens? Compare with the figures for the entire United States as given above.

7. How do you account for the large numbers of Italians returning to Europe in recent years?

Are you one of the thousands of men and women who know the immeasurable satisfaction that comes with each succeeding purchase of

Buy
W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Help to
Win the War

True Shape
HOSIERY

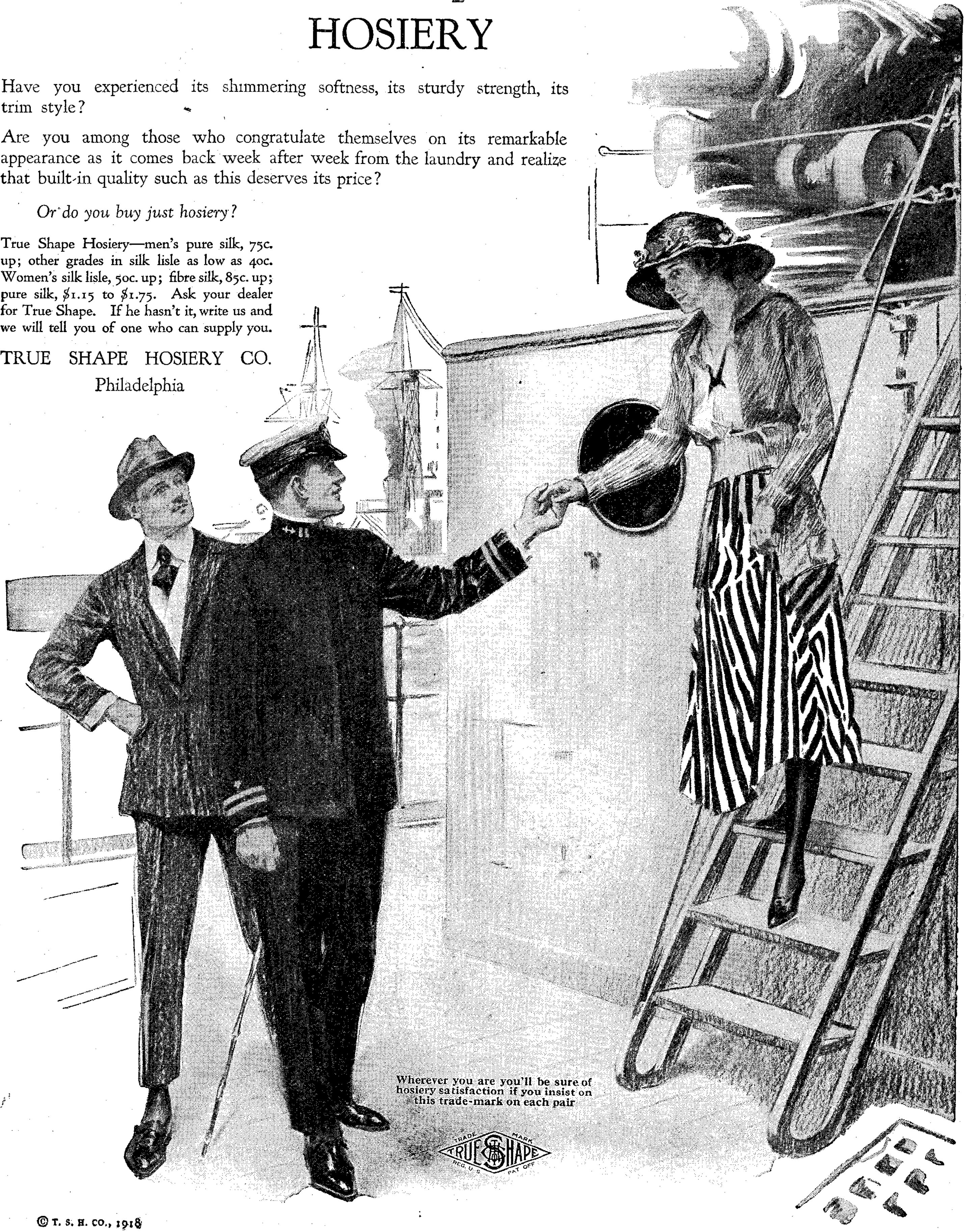
Have you experienced its shimmering softness, its sturdy strength, its trim style?

Are you among those who congratulate themselves on its remarkable appearance as it comes back week after week from the laundry and realize that built-in quality such as this deserves its price?

Or do you buy just hosiery?

True Shape Hosiery—men's pure silk, 75c. up; other grades in silk lisle as low as 40c. Women's silk lisle, 50c. up; fibre silk, 85c. up; pure silk, $1.15 to $1.75. Ask your dealer for True Shape. If he hasn't it, write us and we will tell you of one who can supply you.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.
Philadelphia



Wherever you are you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on this trade-mark on each pair

TRADE MARK TRUE SHAPE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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STYLE HEADQUARTERS
Where Society Brand Clothes are sold

THIS sign identifies the "Style Headquarters" in your town. It's the store to go to for the smart things in men's wear.

© A. D. & C.

Society Brand Clothes

THE commanding place in the clothing trade of nearly every city is held by one store by virtue of the class of goods in which it deals. This store is rated by the best dressed men as "Style Headquarters." It is the first place they think of going to.

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CURRENT POETRY

THE soldier-poet in his songs from the trenches usually avoids any theme that savors of "shop." One reason for this, we are told, is because the soldier seeks relief in verse from the wearing monotony of war, a monotony broken only by the brief burst of battle. Here, however, are a sheaf of poems direct from the trenches which deal with war, and war as the soldier sees it. We quote a reflection of war's monotony as it appears to a British private, from *The Westminster Gazette.*

HOMESICK

By S. J. Schofield

You sit and twiddle bits of straw
  To ease your heart from hating things;
And all behind you, all before,
  Is clouded with the vulture's wings.

So homesick that you strive to frown
  On thoughts of lovely things remote,
And yet you can not fight them down
  Before they're rising in your throat.

Friend, 'tis a sickness in our bones,
  And how it comes we can not say.
But talking here with Private Jones
  I felt the evil ebb away.

From the New York *Sun* we take this vivid picture by an Irish, but not a Neo-Celtic, poet:

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

By Rifleman Patrick MacGill

Givenchy Village is now in ruins. The village church has been repeatedly shelled and is practically leveled to the ground. One portion of a wall remains standing, however, and on this is a figure of Christ, which, in some miraculous manner, has escaped the fury of the German shell-fire.

Givenchy Village lies a wreck, Givenchy church is bare;
No more the peasant maidens come to say their vespers there.
The altar-rails are wrenched apart, with rubble littered o'er.
The sacred sanctuary lamp lies smashed upon the floor,
And mute upon the crucifix He looks upon it all,
The great White Christ, the shrapnel-scarred, upon the eastern wall.

He sees the churchyard delved by shells, the tombstones flung about,
And dead men's skulls and white, white bones the shells have shoveled out;
The trenches running line by line through meadow fields of green,
The bayonets on the parapets, the wasting flesh between—
Around Givenchy's ruined church, the levels poppy red
Are set apart for silent hosts, the legions of the dead.

And when at night on sentry-go, with danger keeping tryst,
I see upon the crucifix the blood-stained form of Christ,
Defiled and maimed, the Merciful, on vigil all the time,
Pitying His children's wrath, their passion and their crime.
Mute, mute, He hangs upon His Cross, the symbol of His pain,
And as men scourged Him long ago, they scourge Him once again—
There in the lonely war-lit night to Christ the Lord I call:
"Forgive the ones who work Thee harm. O Lord! forgive us all."

Here is a poem, written in Flanders, by an officer as he watched some of "Kitcheners Mob" marching into battle for the first time. It appeared in the New York *Times:*

THE NEW ARMY

By Lieut.-Col. J. C. Faunthorpe

A bleak northeaster chilled the blood,
The driven rain was cold as sleet,
Over the cobblestones the mud
Lay thick along the sordid street:
Under a lowering leaden sky,
Singing a music-hall refrain,
A Kitchener brigade went by
Marching through Merville in the rain.

Young men and strong, and some will die
By bullet, shrapnel, bomb, and mine,
Torn by the shreds of steel that fly
From four-point-two and five-point-nine;
The poison-gases' choking breath
Others will feel, and it may be
That some will suffer, worse than death,
Starvation in captivity.

I could not hear the words they sang,
I did not recognize the song,
But clear to any listener rang
The meaning—"Now we sha'n't be long";
At last they heard the sounds of war,
Parades and field-days now were done,
To eager ears the blizzard bore
The grumble of the German gun.

Under a brighter, warmer sky
I fancied I could hear and see
The Roman gladiators cry,
"*Salutant morituri te.*"
The new battalions marched away—
Somehow I'd like to hear again
The simple song they sang that day
Marching through Merville in the rain.

The Harpers have published a collection of poems by American soldiers in France called "Songs from the Trenches." From it comes this song of the airmen:

AVIATION

By Private Ralph Linton
Battery D, 149th Field-Artillery

We are youth's heart made visible, who rise
On gleaming wings to greet the splendid sun,
Weary of earth's slow certainties, and run
Jousts with the elements to show our pride.

Last and most chosen chivalry, we meet
In single fight to win a single fame;
Sweep on victorious, or, defeated, pass
Like the archangels, trailing robes of flame.

From the same collection we take this touching tribute to the comrade who has passed on:

THERE IS A CLOSE

By Maurice Bourgeois du Marais
Base Hospital No. 10

There is a close that overlooks the sea,
Wide to the vaulting blue, and very still
Save for the rooks' sad cawing. Here at will
Wanton the errant winds of Normandy.
Within are crosses, rear'd in ebony,
Crying to all who pass that here fulfil
Their destiny those souls time can not kill,
"Contemptibles" who died so willingly.
And here the other day we laid him down,
Sadly, yet proudly, in his verdant youth,
The first of us, the sealing of the bond.
Sweet be his rest, tho fleeting his renown
Among his kinsfolk, warriors all for truth,
Together now through battle and beyond.

This is a very different treatment of a similar theme, but it rings true, the authentic touch of the "rookie" lamenting his pal. It comes from a trade paper, the New York *Tobacco.*

NEAR NO MAN'S LAND

By Private B. A. Schak
16th U. S. Infantry

There wa'n't no bugler there a-blowin' taps;
The regimental chaplain, tho, was 'round;
An' I'm a tellin' you as how I'm feelin' blue,
'Cause they put my rookie Buddy in the ground.

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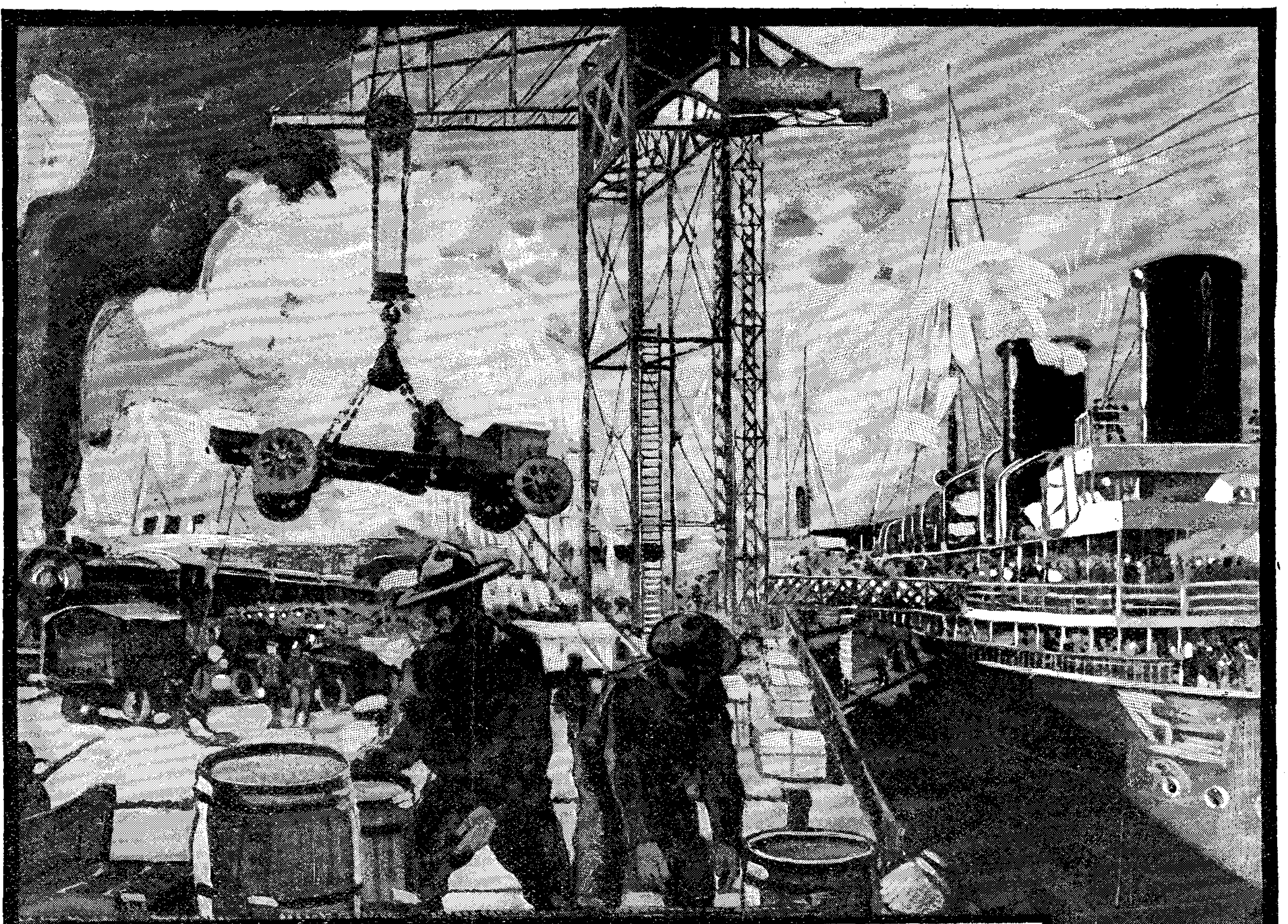

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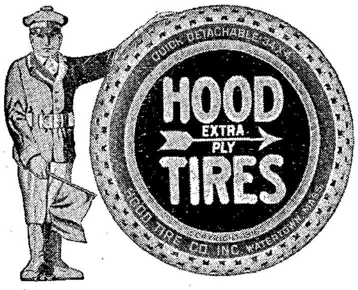

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I showed 'im how to do "right shoulder arms"
An' told him all a doughboy oughta know;
We slept together, but to-day he sleeps
Near "No Man's Land," beneath the mud an' snow.

He said 'is ma an' sister back at home
Kissed 'im a dozen times in fond good-bys,
An' when 'e talked about 'em I could see
That look o' longin' shinin' in his eyes.

I hate to think o' how 'is mother feels—
A mother's loneliness is worse 'n mine.
I'd write 'is folks a letter, only that
This writin' business ain't much in my line.

I don't know what to do when I'm off post.
My Buddy's gone; an' seems like all I know
I'd like to put a flower on 'is grave
Near "No Man's Land," beneath the mud and snow.

This from *The Westminster Gazette* is by an unknown author.

SUDDENLY ONE DAY

(Found in the pocket of Capt. T. P. C. Wilson, killed in action)

Suddenly one day
The last ill shall fall away.
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man will see God, staring back at him.

The London *Graphic* gives us these noble lines.

COMMUNION

By Geoffrey F. Fyson

You ghosts of those who fell
With hearts still flush'd with the first ecstasies,
Why do you leave your lofty citadel?
Ever your wistful, unapparent eyes
Peer thro each darken'd doorway, and your hands,
Vibrant, intangible,
Hover, and strive to touch us in the street;
Ever the soundless feet
Follow, and leave no trace upon the sands.

Tho no dim voices speak,
Foil'd by your blood and ours, Death can not seal
The spirit's ears; we know you vainly seek
The faith unfalt'ring and the primal zeal.
Breathe from your burnished lips upon our clay;
Again that dawn shall break
When Honor handed us her flame-white sword,
And we, with one accord,
Sped to the hills to greet the refulgent day.

In his "Glory of the Trenches" (John Lane Company, New York), Coningsby Dawson gives us this poem, with its sudden, unexpected climax:

IN HOSPITAL

By Lieut. Coningsby Dawson

Hushed and happy whiteness,
Miles on miles of cots,
The glad, contented brightness
Where sunlight falls in spots.

Sisters swift and saintly
Seem to tread on grass;
Like flowers stirring faintly,
Heads turn to watch them pass.

Beauty, blood, and sorrow,
Blending in a trance—
Eternity's to-morrow
In this half-way house of France.

Sounds of whispered talking,
Labored, indrawn breath;
Then, like a young girl walking,
The dear familiar Death.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"CAMPING OUT" UNDER FIRE WITH AMERICAN BOYS IN FRANCE

FROM one point of view, this war resembles a stupendous camping-out party, the most stupendous camping-expedition in history. Of course, there are differences, as the correspondent who makes the comparison hastens to point out. He writes in the Newark *Evening News:*

> You know how it is when you go camping. You look about for a place by a lake, a river, or a spring, if possible, where you can get your own water, and then you arrange so that some cozy little village is near, or at least a good farm, where you can get a chicken or a potato or an apple now and then. The idea is to locate in a country where nice open fields, woods, hills, a stream or two will offer you pleasure through the summer day, bird-song, play, and repose.
>
> Here you find your best luck in avoiding anything in the nature of water. You get as far away from its awful taint as you can. You don't wash. You drink not.
>
> The cozy village you steer shy of for *beaucoup* reasons, as our French-speaking American soldiers say. One reason is that it isn't cozy. What is cozy about little homes that have been struck amidships by the sudden shell and have spilled out into the road their beds and linen-closets and all their treasured attic junk? whose kitchens lie beneath a ton of stones and plaster and broken things? whose cellared stores of food have now become the half-eaten banquets of rats? Another reason is that the village is haunted—not by dead folks, but by the living—by two or three old women and an old man, perhaps a child, too, come back on foot, following here the ebbing tide of battle. It brings on an acute attack of blues to hear their faint scratching among the ruins, to smell their camp-fire, to see them silently camping, lonely and desolate, without food or water, or clothing or homes, on the site of where they used to live.

But the correspondent's lugubrious picture is rebuked by the retort of a Yankee private whom the writer met on the battle-field, and to whom he evidently made remarks much like those above.

"Don't you complain about my war," said the doughboy. "It's the only war I've got."

The correspondent resumes, in a somewhat chastened mood:

> No, we'll take it as it is. How is it? Two or three others and myself were following the trail up from Meaux, the general trail taken by American soldiers in their first great offensive battle in Europe beginning July 18, the battle in which they registered the quality of the American Army.
>
> Where would we rather have had them go into the fire than along the shores of the Marne? This is the little stream that has marked the stopping-place of Hun ambitions for 1,500 years, ever since 421 A.D., when Attila came to grief at the hands of the Gauls, lost 165,000 men killed in one day and retired into Germany. Some day that! With all our engines of destruction we do not kill like that now. Still that is good ground for Americans to be fighting on to-day and significant ground for

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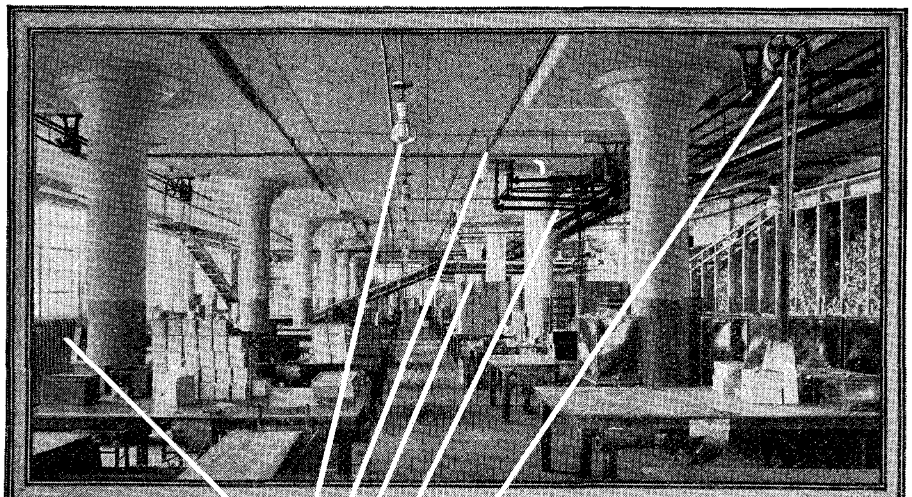

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American boys to lie in by the Marne, the old barrier between hordes and individuals.

This camping- and scouting-party of mine had its lunch on the high ramparts of the château at Château-Thierry. Our soldier-chauffeur called it "Chatto Tear-y," and that is the favorite way to say it in our Army. But don't you laugh at our boy. He speaks French with a khaki accent, but it was he who told me the history of this eleventh century château and how it was ruined in a war many decades before this one. I don't know where he browsed for his history, but he was not camping in a ruin he knew nothing about, as the rest of us were. The more hurrah for him.

The mossy, tree-grown ruins are on a height, and as we ate the only food we had been able to buy in Meaux—that is, tinned meat, a loaf of straw bread, and a bottle of aristocratic wine (an unkindly mess)—we looked down on the town and across the Marne to the south bank. It was only three and a half weeks since the *Boche* had left. So we had already gained half a week on him since Belleau.

The town below was much shelled, but still it remains a recognizable place. Dust rises out of it as we look down, and a roar of traffic. Its streets are pasted up with board signs, newly written in American. You can tell whose signs they are by the stark brevity of the directions. No words wasted. Old curbstones are down and war-wagons almost bunk against the little flowery statue of the harvest girl. She still stands there timidly in the midst of all the wreckage and dust.

The château ruins are in a depressing mess with dirty German leavings. The ancient dungeons beneath the walls made good shelters and these are full of signs of recent occupation. We struck a match in one of them and it was so damp that the poor flame swallowed hard and expired. But not before we had seen a few things. A very old and very huge stone cross loomed out of the blackness. Nothing on it but scribbled German script. There was a magnificent red-plush chair at its feet, evidently brought from some luxurious home in the town, and there was the broken neck of a violin, and some straw beds and cans and mud and junk. Oh, but this is a dirty war!

Above, among the ruins, were graves, German, and some nice furniture for sitting outdoors and enjoying the view of the town. One fine, hand-made carved chair had been rained on and the mud splashed up the legs. What does anything matter?

As the party, after gathering up their own unopened tins and bottles, "hit the trail" again, they heard an unfamiliar sound in the air. From other sources we have learned that the roar of the Liberty motor is easily distinguishable from the sound of any other aero engine at the front.

But we anticipate the joyous revelation that came to that party of correspondents and soldiers there beside the Marne:

> What was it, where was it? It was a general roar, vague, frightening. You couldn't locate it and couldn't recognize it. It was in the air. It must be up in the air. It was getting suddenly much louder.
>
> "I say, can it be a plane?"
>
> The roar filled the whole heavens. Far up between the leaves of the trees we strained our eyes and there! there were two specks. We turned and looked at each other, a dawning question in our eyes. Could it be possible? A low voice at our elbow said:

"They're Liberty planes."

"Isaiah! Our planes! They've come!"

The strange new sound grew to a climax, passed, faded, died away. It was over in three minutes, and the tender sky up toward the front had swallowed them.

Like people who had seen a vision and heard the words of the prophet on the mount, we turned and went down the path without a word. We faced the same direction and followed in the imagined shadow of our planes.

Now we were on the broad highway to the front. This is the famous route from Château-Thierry to Fère-en-Tardenois. Along this road the German masses were struggling only three weeks ago to get out of the Marne pocket. French and Americans at the left, and French, Italians, and British to the right were squeezing in ahead to cut them off. French and Americans behind were chasing after them. French and American planes were hovering overhead and bombs were splashing down from them. Every little while several of our fliers swooped down and reeled off a belt of machine-gun bullets into them. No wonder the road is still bordered with broken stuff and dotted with German crosses stuck in the ground haphazard, turned over, and tossed about at fantastic angles as tho halted in a marionette dance.

A little farther back, neglected and half-trodden harvests were being hastily gathered in by French soldiers. Up here, and from here on, nothing in the fields but shell-holes, big and little.

A few refugees mingled on the roads with troops this day, sturdy pioneers coming back to their homes. Some very few had a horse and wagon to bring them home, but that is heaped-up luxury. Most of them were walking, staggering along under a big bundle. That bundle in most cases represented all they had now to start life with again. The villages on the highroad to Fère are all badly damaged and empty except for soldiers bivouacking in the ruins. Little Vaux is a complete chaos, and the only living people in it are three old women, one old man, a cat, and a very sporty kitten who was cold-bloodedly playing with a piece of débris as I passed.

We hear so much of ruined villages that it seems as tho we get to feel that the French people must be used by now to living in them. However, it is the first experience for all of these people, and there are few harder experiences for any one to have to face. It is not as bad now, either, as it will be in a couple of months, when it turns cold and begins to rain.

Now we ran into Fère-en-Tardenois, and I, for one, shall always think of that place as the Inferno. To some people it was once home, and to the Germans only a week before it was a big base for their Paris armies. They had miles of ammunition and stores there and thereabout, and some say they had 600 cannon in active batteries in the vicinity.

We shelled them out of it, and we bombed them with terrible tornadoes of air-bombs dropt by great squadrons of planes roaring down out of the clouds. The little town is an awful jumble. The houses look as tho they had not only been hit by shells that wrecked them through to the bottom, but as tho their débris had been hit again and tossed far away, so that perhaps the junk of one house now lies in the cellar of a neighboring one.

In all the woods about the town the Germans had well-built sheds and vast stores of boxes, grenades, and shells. Our bombs stormed down among this sinister pile and up they went, and the woods with

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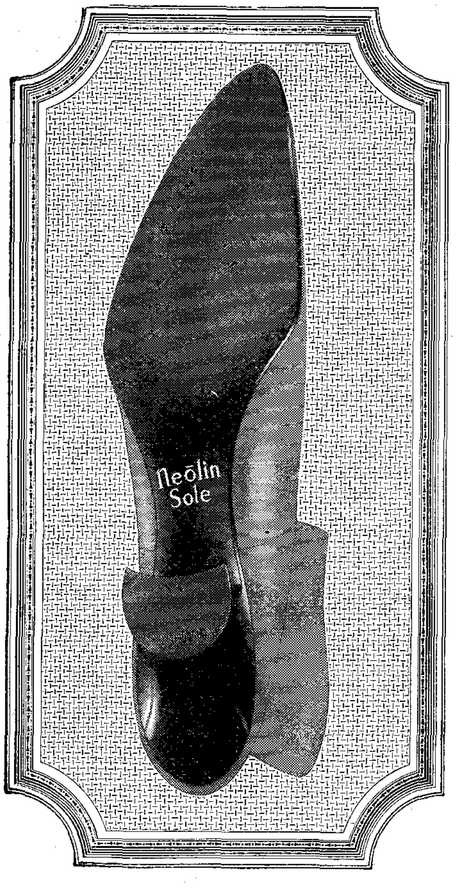

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them. Some charred pines and the black ground mark the site of this great tree-hidden store that no doubt was destined in one way or another for Paris. What our bombs did not explode, the Germans in retreating pell-mell tried to finish. But there was too much of it even for lightning destruction to engulf.

A famous American division, already celebrated in spite of its few months of action, passed along the road. The faces, seen in glimpses through the dust, were red and streaming with sweat, but they were a "contented-looking lot," notes the correspondent, and many of them were "jollying." He writes of them:

These were the boys who had led the American vanguard to the Vesle. We tossed remarks to them and they roared back good cheer.

The little streets were encumbered with fallen ruins, and hundreds of French and Americans were salving, clearing, pulling down, and piling back the rubbish. Plaster powder was flying.

Signal-corps men on ladders were leading telephone-wires through the town high along the ruined walls and across the chaotic square. Others were hammering up new signs marking directions and telling where certain quarters were. Often the American signs were beside the recent German ones, which were still there in fresh paint. And those German sign-boards were nailed over or beside the original French ones. Kaleidoscopic! We shot past the dread word "*Kommandantur*" stretching across a wreck of a building on which the faint word "*Mairie*" (town hall) was just visible.

All of this was only the furious background. The thing that riveted attention was in the foreground. It was a *camion* train that had started through the town on its way forward. It was carrying a whole division of husky young Americans up into the battle just ahead. We were going in the same direction and we tried to pass, but it was a "two-direction street," and cars and trucks were coming steadily down from the front, too. We worried our way along, shooting ahead, now darting in behind a big lorry, then on again.

The train came thundering on, and the road-bed shook with the weight of it. The *camions* were big French ones, blue, with prairie-wagon tops, each one packed with about twenty-five American boys standing or sitting, and driven by—whom do you think?—Chinese drivers. It's a strange war!

I think I spent four hours on the road with that forward-urging stream. I have but little idea what the countryside was like beyond Fère toward Fismes, because I could see nothing. It would be hard for the imagination to picture the dust that surrounds a train of two or three thousand *camions* bowling along a dry road. The first one kicks up an ordinary cloud. The following ones make that fly and add theirs to it. The next group whirls this wide of the road and thickens the air with its contribution. Soon the road is lost. You can no longer see it or anything on it. If you are on it yourself you make out near-by outlines uncertainly. The rest of the world has disappeared. You are crawling along the bottom of a dry sea which floats and swims about you. Your eyes look like burned holes, and the dust hangs like hoar-frost to skin, hair, clothing.

I shall never forget the roar of the oncoming thousands of lorries, nor the glimpses I got of those Chinese faces at the wheel, their blue helmets pushed back, their mouths and eyes twisted into uncanny grimaces as they strained forward peering into the dust. Some of them looked horrified like Peking demons, but they passed with relentless certainty of grip and with unchanging expression. They gave one an impression of sureness, faithfulness.

Our own boys, seen vaguely in this huge blur, look oddly familiar, yet strangely grotesque. In the blazing heat their faces were streaming, and on their damp cheeks and noses the yellow dust was caked like a mask.

The lowering sun was getting red and turning the whole dust sea coppery. I watched our lads' faces in that light as they glided by. They looked serious, firm. I remembered something a Frenchman had said to me a few days before: "Your boys more than any others of us keep thinking that they are fighting for an ideal." It seemed true of those grave young faces that I saw fitfully through the dust, thousands of them passing on to go into the battle.

Then later, right up near the field of action, I saw them dismount from the lorries. It was dusk. The road wound away back over the hills, and faintly in the gathering darkness you could see the train winding out like a serpent. The men formed beside the road, silently, without lights. The Red Cross companies marched away first to get their equipment set up in some concealed place. After that, the others. A curt word of command and they fell into companies; another, and they strode off, over the crest of the hill and toward the line.

There was just light enough left for us to prowl up a bare hillside to a clump of trees at the top. Up in these regions no faintest glimmer of light can be used at night. We crossed an open field cautiously, plunged into an unseen shell-hole, and finally gained the crest. We groped our way through the wood to the front facing the east, and there we commanded a wide view of the Vesle Valley about Fismes.

When we spoke to our soldier about Fismes, he looked puzzled.

"Feem?" he asked.

We spelled it.

"Oh, Fizzums," he said. Our men entered that this morning.

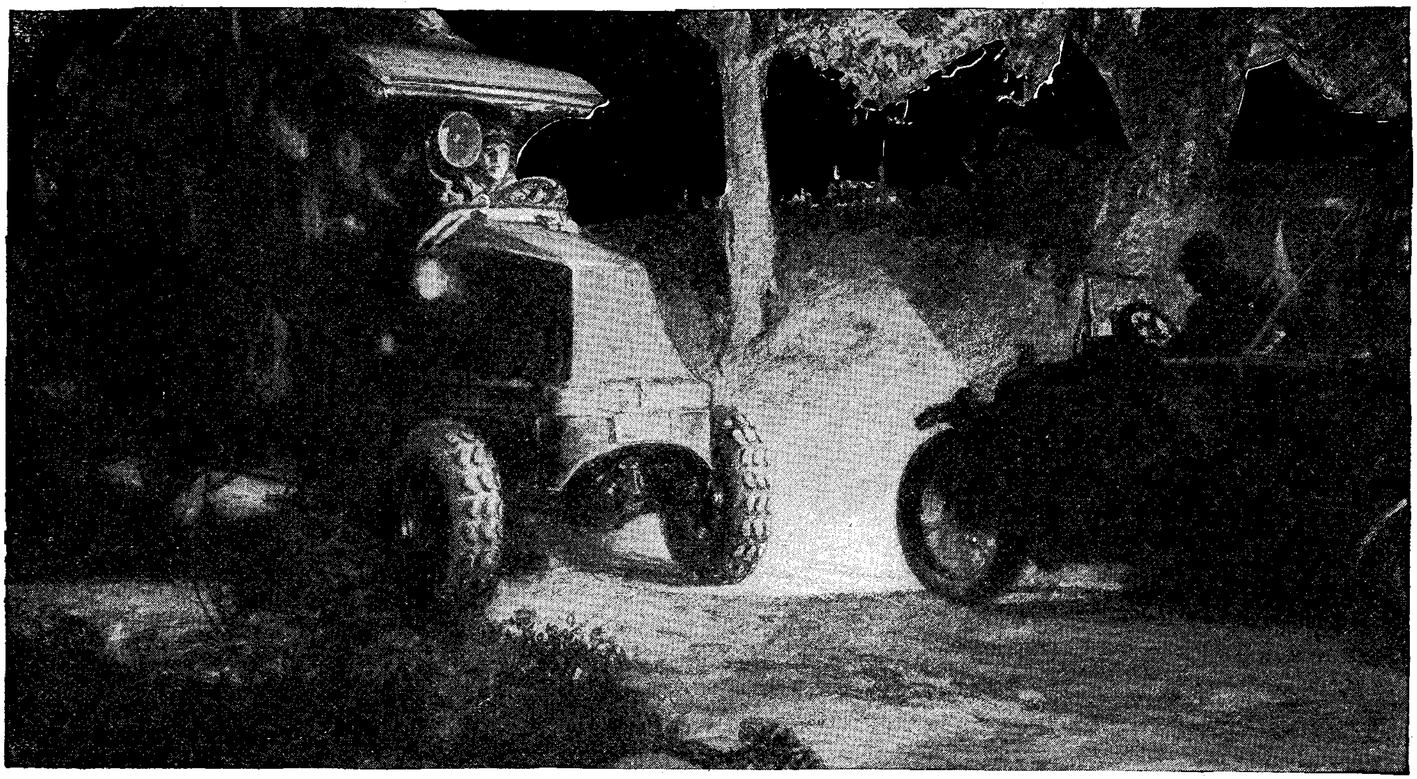
That is where we are fighting now, and that was whither our new division was hiking.

The night's gun-fire was already rumbling as we sat down in the dark around what felt like a log and had our evening feast—a feast that was entirely unseen, maneuvered only by the twin senses of feeling and taste.

What was around us? We did not know. It was only a few days since the Germans had held this ground we were on now.

All through the night we watched the barrage and followed the battle as it illumined the sky. Overhead we heard German airplanes buzzing. Down the hill in some hidden bivouac that must have been of large proportions we heard the gas-alarm and the raid-alarm given at intervals.

Like fool Americans, true to type, we listened to the gas-alarm without taking it personally. Our masks we had left in the car on the edge of the wood. Luckily for us no gas came our way, and the raiders wasted no bombs on us. We were absorbed watching the east. It flared with lights. Strings of star-shells and flash of guns between them made the night gorgeous, if hideous. We had heard of some wondrous new red light that was being used to illuminate the battle-field, and at about



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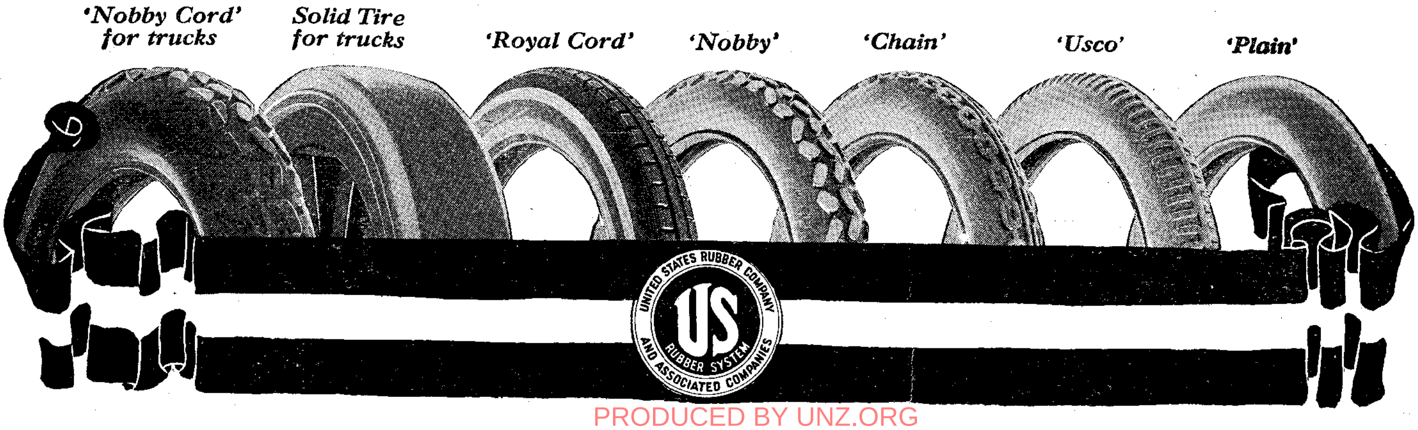
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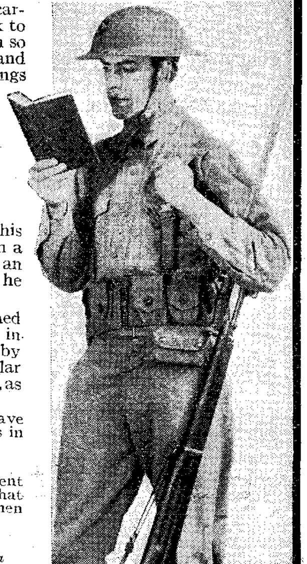

two o'clock we thought we saw it low in the eastern sky. But this marvel turned out to be Mars, burning victoriously before he set.

Before day appeared we gave over the watch, and as the dawn wind came up we dropt in huddled heaps, wrapt in the folds of army blankets.

As seen by the next morning's light, the battle-ground, or camping-ground, showed evidence of having been put to the same use by the recently departed Germans. Gray overcoats, letters, postcards—one of the latter beginning "*Lieber Heinrich*"—were scattered around.

The "camping out" side of their experiences were enriched when they went exploring for coffee, or at least for water to make some:

> We coasted along a wild road through the strange and desolate country of that front, and we saw enough things to ruin our appetite for the coffee, for which we were scouting. The fields and roads were all freshly shell-pitted, full of overturned wagon-junk of the retreating Germans, scattered live ammunition, fresh graves, unburied forms. There were burying-parties crossing the fields with trudging step, salvage-parties clearing away the battle-wreckage, mending and clearing roads, gathering grenades. There were signal-corps groups laying wires.
>
> Here at a turn in the open countryside we came suddenly on a little pine wood, and in the pine wood a most attractive little bivouac of about 100 men.
>
> We stopt our car and called out, "Any coffee in there?"
>
> "Bet your life! Come in," came the cheery welcome.
>
> They sat us under a tree at a wooden table, and they dished up some clean tin cups of good hot coffee, and more than that, flapjacks, and still more, good old maple-sirup, the like of which I hadn't seen, as one doughboy put it, "since the tiger was a pup."
>
> Then they gave us hot water and soap and a clean towel, and told us to go to it.
>
> This was an advancing signal-corps company that was chasing up after the retreating *Boche.* How they managed their luxury I don't know, for they brought up all their goods on their backs. We looked at their little brown tents and their towels and basins and soap, and at their table and bench and stove and tin dishes, and at their coffee and flapjacks—and we couldn't make it out. They are pretty good campaigners, these lads, and they know how to camp out to the queen's taste, even on a gory battle-field like this.
>
> This camp was pitched at the end of eleven days' fighting and chasing after the Hun.
>
> "Good runner, the Hun," one of them said. "We haven't caught him this time."
>
> You will never read to the end of this if I don't stop soon, and yet I could keep going for hours. On a battle-field like this the things are endless. I could tell you about Quentin Roosevelt's lone grave on the bare hill-slope near Champéry and the little wreath of pink paper-roses laid on it by Commandant Evangeline Booth of the much-cheered Salvation Army. And I could tell you how the plane he fell in has been carried off already, bit by bit, in souvenirs, so that only a few sticks of it still lie by the grave.
>
> I could tell of Ludendorff's headquarters in the eighteen-foot thick tower of the château at Nesle. I could tell you of a

field right near the front where we watched our anti-aircraft gunners in their pits take part in a great air-battle between eight planes, and how the swaying line of observation-balloons came floating hurriedly down to avoid the attack of swooping German hawks. And how a plane came down, and how every spare man raced across the fields to it, tho none knew what moment shells would drop about. And I could tell of batteries of our big and little guns, manned by American gunners, while German shrapnel burst in angry green and yellow splashes overhead. And of how from a high and "shell-swept," as the word goes, observation-post—where somehow no shell arrived during the few moments I was there—I took a long view of the Vesle Valley and of the active doings going on in it now.

But you know about all these things that are now happening in the daily *communiqués*.

What I can tell you, among all the criss-cross tales and contradictory stories and as yet untold history, is that our boys are there, solid and strong, for I have seen them going in, and have seen them in, and have seen them coming out, and it is true what the French soldiers say, "They are real *poilus*."

"HURRY-UP" HURLEY, THE MAN BEHIND THE SHIPS

THE man who drove the first rivet that was put into a steel ship in any other way than by hand has a life-story that explains why he is where he is now. To-day the cry is for ships, ships, and more ships; and we all know the splendid success that America is making of her end of the job. We are told that three brand-new ships a day are sliding down the ways into the water to the dismay of the Buffoons of Berlin. Well, the man back of that is directing the largest and fastest ship-building job in the world; he's known as "Hurry-up" Hurley, and this is the tale *The American Boy* tells about him:

> Born in Galesburg, Ill., he found family finances in such a state when he was fifteen that he decided to leave the public schools and go to work to help out.
>
> "I've got to hurry up and get a job," he said, and he landed a job in a machine-shop before eight o'clock that morning. In a few years he got an opportunity to work for the railroad as a fireman on a freight-locomotive. After a while he sought a job on a passenger-train.
>
> "They go faster," he said. He was fond of hurrying up. He got the job. Before he was twenty there came an opportunity. The engineer did not show up.
>
> "Put Hurley at the throttle," said the boss.
>
> "But he's only a youngster," some of the older men objected.
>
> "He's made good so far," was the only argument, and so he was given the right-hand side of a passenger-locomotive, which means that he was to be, for that trip at least, engineer of a passenger-express.
>
> He merely shifted over from the fireman's seat at the left to the engineer's seat at the right of the cab, another fireman was brought on, and Hurley said, "Hurry up."
>
> Just as the fireman was stoking up and young Hurley was oiling up, an old-timer

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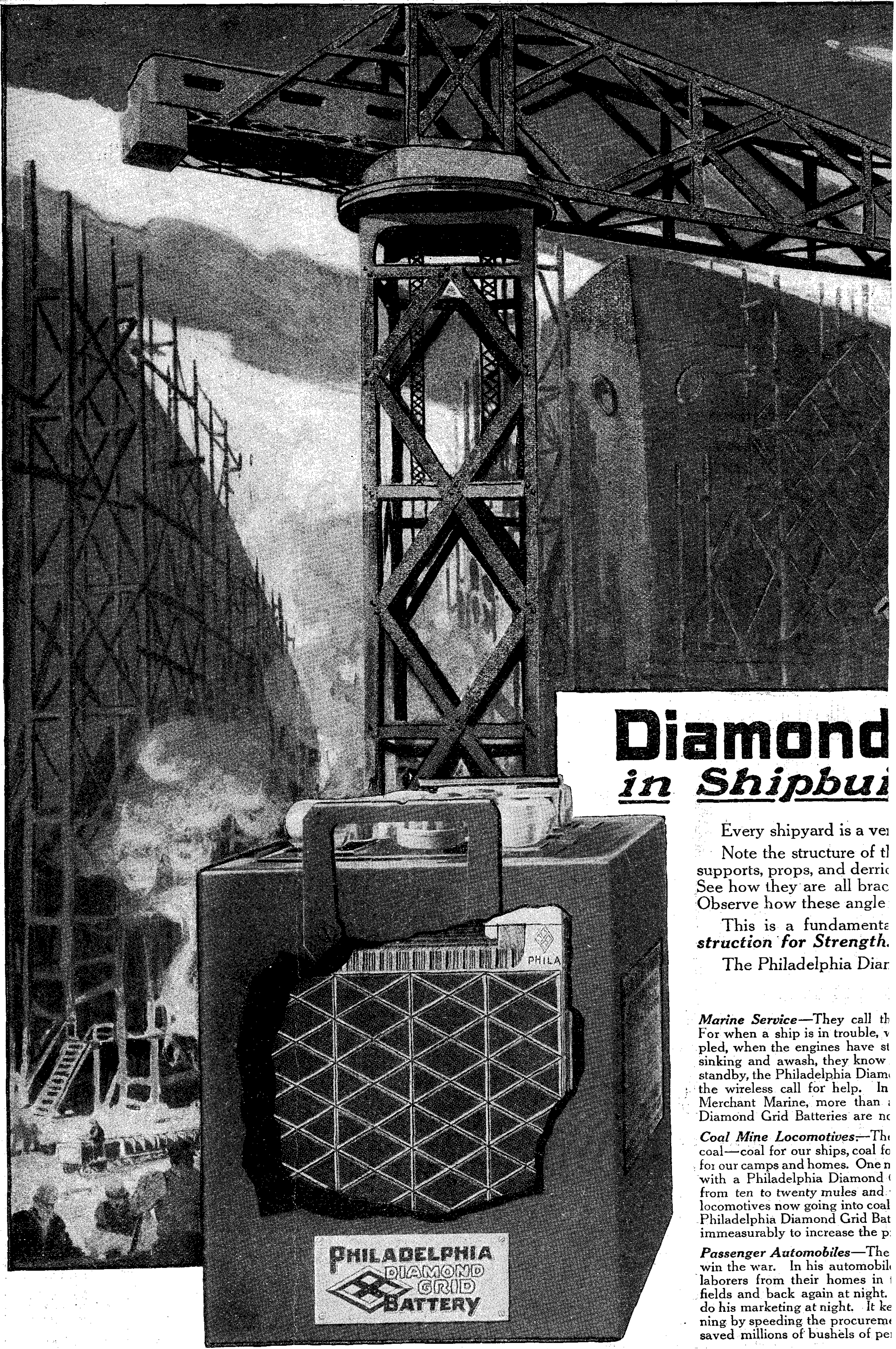

Diamond
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Every shipyard is a ve
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This is a fundamenta
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The Philadelphia Diar

Marine Service—They call th
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the wireless call for help. In
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coal—coal for our ships, coal fo
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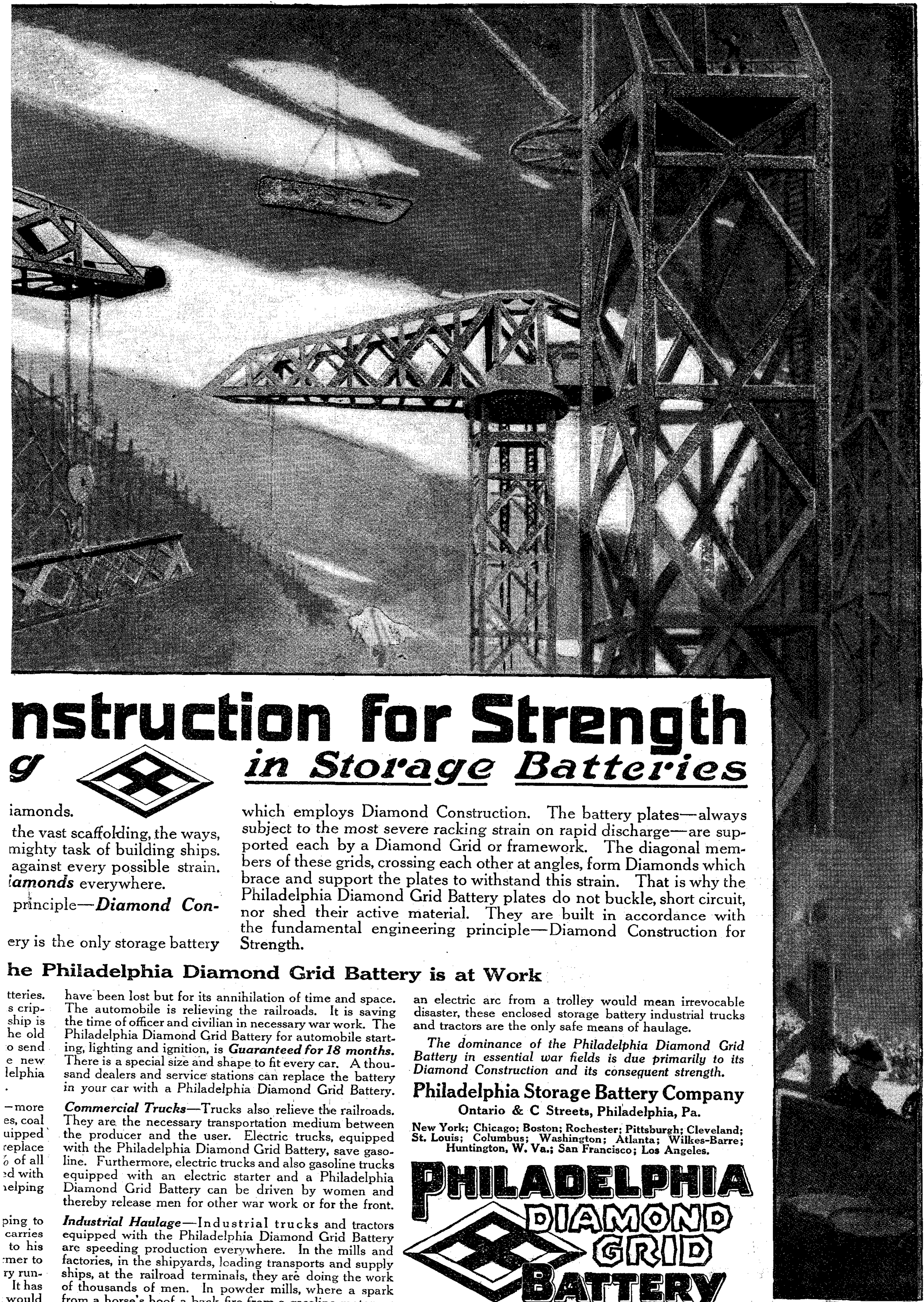

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would

have been lost but for its annihilation of time and space. The automobile is relieving the railroads. It is saving the time of officer and civilian in necessary war work. The Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery for automobile starting, lighting and ignition, is ***Guaranteed for 18 months.*** There is a special size and shape to fit every car. A thousand dealers and service stations can replace the battery in your car with a Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery.

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> mentioned to him that it was a shame to give him that run.
>
> "This train has never been on time. The schedule is all wrong. It is impossible to make the trip on time."
>
> "We'll try. Hey, Bill?" he shouted to his fireman, and for the first time in the history of the road that express went through on schedule. Young Hurley never went back to the fireman's side of a locomotive after that.
>
> Then came a railroad strike. They sent for Hurley on another road. He was about to take the job when he was told that he couldn't, it was against the Union rules.
>
> "That settles it, I'm no quitter, I'll play fair," he told them, "but I won't sit around waiting for this strike to be settled."

The fellow who couldn't wait for the strike to be settled got a job that very day; he became secretary to the man who is known as the "Gladstone of the Labor Movement," P. M. Arthur. This shows the man; he had left school at fifteen and then turned to and worked as machinist, fireman, and engineer, and yet, meanwhile, he had studied hard and so was fit to step upward when the chance came. He didn't care for the work, so he became a traveling salesman for a Pennsylvania steel-plate firm at which he "hurried up" for years. Just then opportunity called and he was shrewd enough to see it. The writer continues:

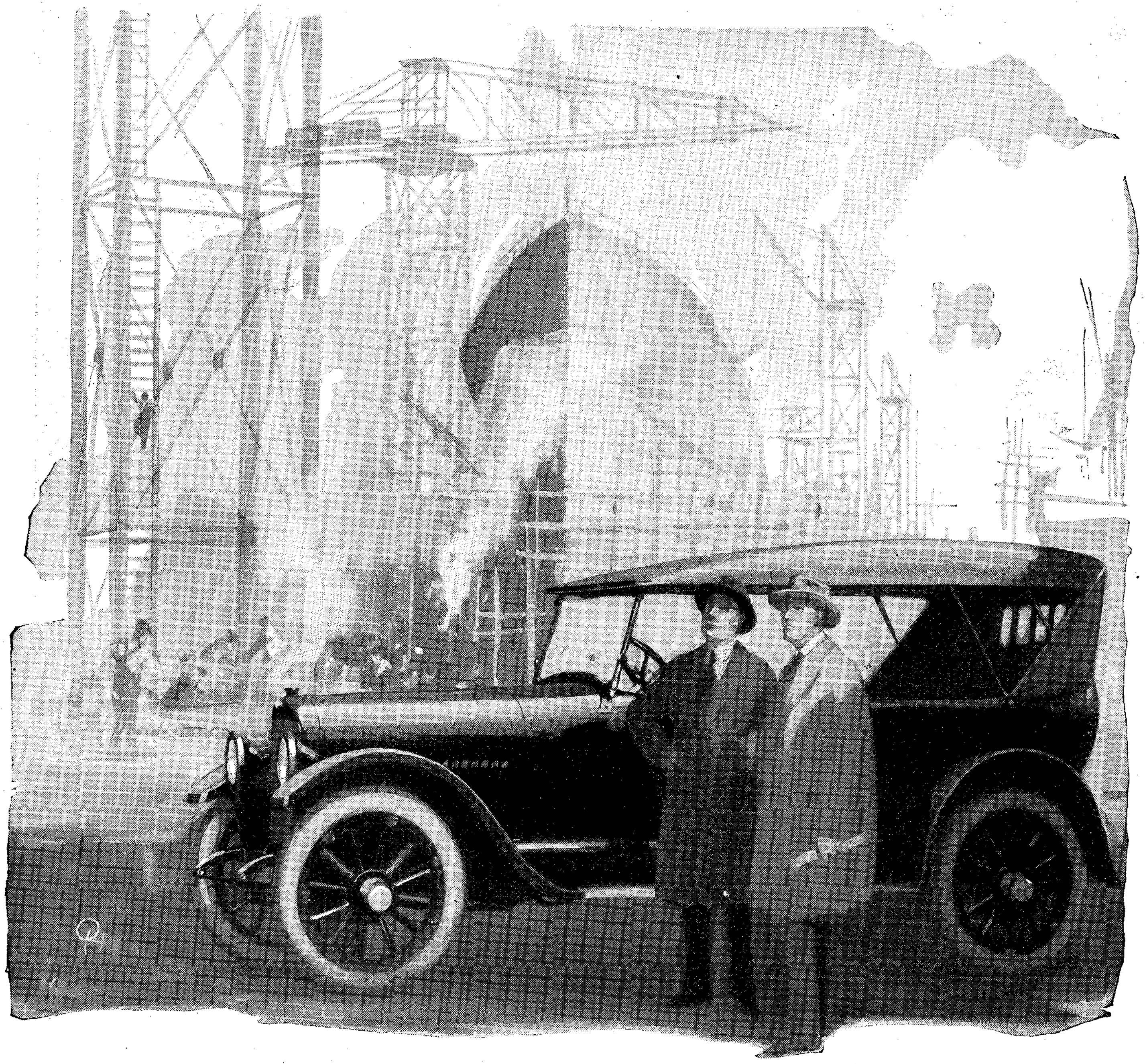
> A machinist of his acquaintance was trying to perfect a pneumatic riveter. Every one who has lived where steel construction is going on has heard the "rat-tat-tat-tat" of the pneumatic or compress-air riveter. Hurley had very little money, but he hired five workmen and started, with his partner, perfecting the riveter. Into overalls and jumper once more, in a tiny, dirty shop, he worked with the men. Then he tried to introduce the riveter here. It was slow work. He decided to go to England with it.
>
> To the great ship-building plants on the Clyde he went. His claims did not seem possible, but they allowed him to try it out. Before a big assembly Mr. Hurley drove the first rivet that was ever put into a steel ship in any other way than by hand. He had no difficulty in getting English rights and with this money he went back to America and started up a big business. Sometimes he went to a company and presented his card as president of his own company. At other times he presented a card which represented him to be only an agent. He carried his outfit, showed what his riveter would do, and thus built up his business here.
>
> Without this pneumatic riveter the big ships of to-day could not be built, as it is necessary to use rivets far too large for man-power to drive.
>
> No one knows how many years he might have been struggling to get his company started here if he had waited. But he knew that his riveter was as important for ship-building as for sky-scraper and bridge-building, so he went where the biggest ships were built.
>
> Finally he sold out his interests for a million dollars, holding some other interests that did not require his presence, and retired to his stock farm at Wheaton, Ill.
>
> But so clever a man was needed. President Wilson had him go to South America to study trade conditions and got from him the first report that really improved our trade relations. Then he asked to help in Red-Cross work, being a master-hand at organization. Then there came trouble in our ship-building, a row between Goethals and Denman over wooden ships. President Wilson asked Hurley to take over the whole job.
>
> They know now in Washington who "Hurry-up" Hurley is. Within six days after he took charge he took over all of the ships and shipyards for Government service. He began building yards until now we have nearly 150 shipyards. He standardized the ships so that 82 per cent. of the ships are built in factories all over the country, hundreds, and some of them thousands, of miles from the ocean. Only 18 per cent. of the ships are actually created at the yards. The standard parts are shipped on and the ships assembled. We must build 5,500,000 tons of ships this year, or 1,200 ships, which is ten times as many ships as were ever before built in this country in a single year. Hurley will do it.

WHAT FRENCH CHILDREN THINK OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS

PROVERBS, the world over, bear witness to the folk-belief that children are keen observers of character, that they have an uncanny way of seeing what's behind the camouflage. Evidently with this in mind a soldier while in southwestern France requested a village schoolmaster with whom he was acquainted to ask his pupils to write, without preparation, compositions upon American soldiers as they knew them. It will be noted that the politeness, the cleanliness, the cheerfulness, and the "sweet tooth" of our boys are among the chief things that struck the kiddies, a quaint touch of the coming woman appearing in Mathilde's epistle.

The authenticity of the following extracts is vouched for by *The Independent*, in whose pages they appear.

> They are all fine men, tall, large shoulders. I know one, a big fellow. He has a scar on his right cheek, which was made by a horsekick. He has a rosy face, long hair, carefully arranged. His feet are small for his size. He has a sweet tooth. He is gay. He is good. He eats chocolate and sweets. There are some who going on an errand near their camp I met him sharing his chocolate with his comrades. Next Sunday I was playing at spinning-top with my comrades. He was looking at us. My small brother had no spinning-top. He gave him two cents to buy one.
>
> The Americans are polite. When they shake hands, they bow down their head a little. Before entering a house they take off their hats, and wait till they are told "sit down."
>
> They have good discipline; no fault is left unpunished. They are more daring than we are; they do not fear expense. JEAN LABERIOTE.
>
> I know one more particularly. He is of ordinary size. He has a fine face, round cheeks, blue eyes. He likes to laugh at others. He is intelligent. He has got the bad habit of smoking and chewing tobacco. He is fond of sweets. He bathes very often.
>
> The Americans have been very good



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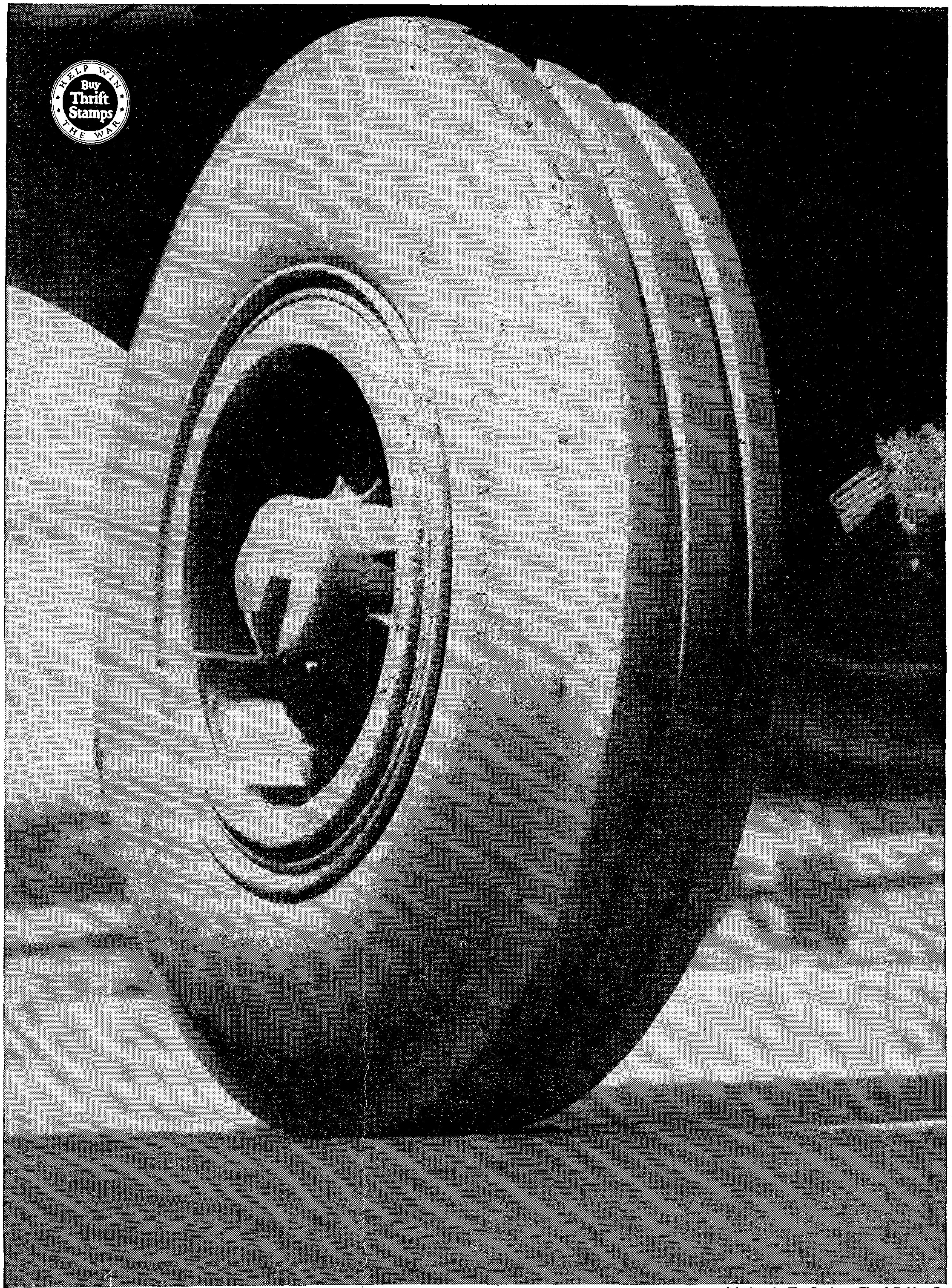
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AKRON

What the Users Say

The most dependable index to the quality and serviceability of a product is the experience of those who have already put it to use.

It should be interesting, then, to truck makers and operators, to hear what a few representative users have to say of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires:

"OUR two-ton truck, which makes the run daily to and from our logging camps, is equipped with your cord casings," writes H. P. Brown, President of the Humptulips Logging Company, of Tacoma, Wash. "Sixty miles of the run is over good gravel roads, but thirty miles of the trip is over roads so rough that the truck was constantly in the repair shop during the period it was equipped with solid tires. We have gotten as high as 14,000 miles on front casings and 10,000 miles on rear casings, which, considering road conditions and the heavy loads carried, is very satisfactory, but we are particularly pleased with the reduction in repair bills the change from solid tires to pneumatic casings has brought about."

A LETTER from B. J. Henner, of the B. J. Henner Carting Company, of Rochester, N. Y., which operates two trucks on these pneumatics, reads: "The tires on both trucks are still in good condition, and those which have gone 15,000 miles we are figuring on having retreaded in the fall. Besides giving such excellent service, these tires reduce to a minimum our repair bills and make it possible for us to cover considerably more territory. In fact, our experience with these tires is so satisfactory that we cannot recommend them too highly."

IN reporting a mileage of 14,400 miles from tires then still in service, W. G. Klett, President of Klett Brothers Company, Inc., of Detroit, says: "We would recommend these tires to anyone handling fragile materials, as we have had practically no broken or marred furniture since using them, furthermore, we are getting a lower cost per tire-mile, use less gasoline, and make more trips per day."

"I HAVE been using your pneumatic tires on my one and a half ton truck, and can say that they have given me complete satisfaction both in mileage and saving of wear and tear on truck," reports Edwin W. Ward, of Troy, N. Y. "Candy and syrup are easily broken in trucking, especially when your truck can travel 45 miles an hour. This is also a great strain on a tire. These tires have been put to a severe test in plowing through long, heavy drifts, and at times with one wheel down in a ditch. My truck is equipped with a 45 horsepower motor, so you see there isn't much let-up on this as far as power is concerned. I cannot speak too highly of your tires. As for service, it has always been satisfactory to me "

IN similar vein is a letter from A. H. Heil, of the Lubric Oil Company, of Cleveland: "We are certainly satisfied with the excellent results secured as against solid equipment, which we were recently compelled to take off, due to the enormous expense caused from the vibration of the solid tires. The pneumatic truck tires have given us a mileage to date of 7,000 miles, in addition to a saving of about 25% in gasoline, and the appearance at present indicates at least 3,000 miles more. We are very enthusiastic over this equipment, and will cheerfully recommend it to owners of trucks who wish to increase speed and eliminate vibration."

AFTER using our pneumatics for ten months, Mr. P. Harney, President of the Joplin Hardware Company, of Joplin, Mo., writes: "In the first place you will be interested to know that we have not been troubled with the tires during all that time—not having had even a puncture. This to us seems pretty remarkable. In the second place they have traveled at least 5,000 miles over all sorts of roads, and we fail to see that the casings are worn very much. We have no speedometer, but our truck travels as much as sixty miles a day. In the third place we are glad to say that the upkeep of our truck has been reduced 75%, which makes the proposition of the change-over from the original solid tires all the more satisfactory. We are frank to admit that we had no idea of securing such satisfaction when we purchased a set of your big pneumatics, but we like them fine and firmly believe they ought to be used on all trucks except possibly the large, slow-moving kind, because they save the mechanism of the truck."

WE hear from Smith's Dairy Farm, of Aberdeen, Wash., as follows: "Since being equipped with your pneumatic truck tires, our truck has been in service 560 days, making a total of 48,603 miles. In that time our only lay-up was due to an accident to the car. Our repairs on the car consist of two wrist pins, one universal joint, two new brake drums and valves ground three times. We ordinarily had this amount of repairs to make every month when our car was equipped with solids. Our mileage on these tires has been very satisfactory, averaging from 10,000 to 17,775 miles. You certainly have a wonderful tire, and we owe to this tire the solution of our hauling problem, for to date nothing we know of in tires compares in economy, low upkeep and certainty of delivery with the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires."

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

BRIGHTON
CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

You'll Appreciate Its Warmth and Comfort

THIS winter you can do your part in saving coal by sleeping as you should always have slept—the healthful, invigorating way—in a heatless bedroom. Wear Brighton-Carlsbad sleeping garments for warmth.

See the new Brighton-Carlsbad fall and winter designs at your dealer's. There is smart, comfortable nightwear in all weights and sizes and all *scientifically scaled to size.* Our 517 styles include Pajunions for men, women and children; one-piece union sleepers; night-gowns; out-door sleeping robes; two-piece pajamas; infants' and children's sleepers, in flannelette and other fabrics.

The Pajunion (pictured at right), is made union suit style. Coat can't creep and bunch up, nor trousers slip down. No binding draw strings. Popular for women and misses as well as for men and boys.

Note fullness of Brighton-Carlsbad contrasted with usual gown skimped in body and simply flared out at feet for walking room.

Brighton-Carlsbad gowns are made to fit actual bust measurements. On yoke styles, yoke is kept high, to prevent binding.

On pajamas and one-piece sleepers a button at ankle keeps garment leg snugly down. No chance for trousers to work up.

Have the clerk *unpin* the garments. See the value hidden in the folds. Look for the Brighton-Carlsbad *blue label*—a guide you can today depend upon when poor night garments cost almost as much as this quality brand.

Send for FREE "Nightie Book" If your dealer hasn't what you want, send for "Nightie Book," showing styles, so he can order what you require.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY, Dept. 6 DUBUQUE, IOWA

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A new book by **George W. Jacoby, M.D.,** *Fellow New York Academy of Medicine; Member American Neurological Association, New York Neurological Society, etc.* He tells things that thousands of people never stop to consider, and shows why parents, physicians and teachers should make it their purpose to thoroughly understand the important relation of the organs of the body to mental functions. "A splendid work that cannot fail to be of great assistance in training children." —*Medical World,* Philadelphia, Pa.

With 15 full-page illustrations.

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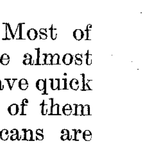
Company
New York



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Witt's
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**THE WITT CORNICE CO.
Dept. D3, Cincinnati, Ohio**

Look for the Yellow Label

to France, to come to help her to fight the Germans. Jean Gaits.

The Americans are generally very clean and very polite. They also like sweets. They are always eating chocolate and sweets. There are some who like raw eggs mixed with chocolate and milk, or with beer. They do not cut their bread as we do. They put it on the table and cut it as with a saw. Every morning they wash thoroughly. They wash their teeth after all meals. They have leather gloves to work. They smoke and like alcohol.

The Americans came to France not for their own interest, but in order to help us. And so we have affection for them. They have at the front one million men who will inflict great casualties on the *Boches;* meanwhile more yet come to join them by the sides of the English and French.

Francis Loupien.

The one that I know is tall, well built. He is very amiable and kind to children. Whenever he meets one on the road, he will stop his horses and take him along. He is a horse-driver. When it is raining he does not care, he will then whistle with all his might. Ernestine Cabannes.

The Americans are very courteous. They came to save France, to save right and liberty. America rose against the despotism of Germany.

Fernand Lacoste.

The American soldiers are always laughing. They are playful and funny. They remember Lafayette and Rochambeau. They shed their blood for France.

Gabriel Ninosque.

They are clean and polite. They often give us good examples and good lessons. They have everything necessary, horse-wagons, automobiles, trucks, bicycles, motor-cycles, and some kind of motor with a sort of "bath-tub."

André Pedemonou.

They like sweets very much. They are clean; they wash all their body with cold water. They are very polite. They do not have the same religion as we have, but it does not matter, they are free to practise the one they choose, or none. I saw them put up their camp when they first came here; some were pitching the tents, some cutting the fern and others leveling the ground. They had soon put up a kitchen. Their tents have floors. They were quick to place a shop and a forge for their 300 horses. Camille DuBos.

It is magnificent to see this country place herself by our side to help us to fight for liberty. Roger Bes.

I have observed them well. Most of them are close-shaved. They are almost all tall and large fellows. They have quick eyes. They are polite, but some of them are great drinkers. The Americans are very smart. They do almost everything with machines and horses. They are up to date in everything.

André Proustey.

Their tents are water-proof, and well closed. They must be quite at home there inside, it must not be cold for them. They made barracks of boards. Over one of them waves the "Star-Spangled Banner." They are polite, pleasant, desirous to serve. But some of them have the bad habit of blowing their noses with their fingers and of drinking too much. It seems to me that they were courageous to cross the seas, running the risk of being sent to the bottom by the submarines, to come to help us. They want to make safe our endangered freedom, and the liberty of the world.

Berthe Subervile.

I have noticed one more particularly. He is lodged in the house of the school with some others. He is small, blond, has a mustache. His face is often cheerful, and has a broad smile frequently. He called my comrade Gaits, "Square-headed *Boche*," because my comrade, he says, has blond hair and wears spectacles like the *Boches*. He told us his father was a Spaniard and his mother French. Having no liking for the Spaniards, he became an American citizen. I saw the American soldiers at their meals. It is very funny. They stand in a long line and laugh aloud. When their meal is over they start singing. Some of them are very fond of Cognac and Champagne, of which they very likely have a great deal in their country.

Pierre Loupien.

The one I have noticed is close-shaved and beardless. He has a fine body. He is tall and slender. He wears nice spectacles. He seems to be energetic. On his coat, very well made, he has a yellow belt which passes around his waist, and another over his shoulder with a case for the automatic pistol. He is an officer. He is called Captain ——. Theresia Labatut.

They all work. Some place the decauville (railway) rails; others drive the horses which haul the big trees to the station; others drive the trucks which bring the supplies. There are some who bring the mail to the post-office, and fetch it on motor-cycles; and still others transmit the orders given by the officers. Some do the cooking and others wash the clothes.

They are fighting at the front by the sides of our dear soldiers. They help to support the hardships of this war and take their share of them. Let us be very grateful to them. Alice Duphil.

The American soldier has a great love for his family. He always speaks of his mother, of his father, brothers and sisters. There is one who comes to my house often. They are jealous among themselves. When one of them goes in a house to learn French, if one day he finds another fellow in that house, an American soldier, he will not come back any more.

Mathilde Lecommeres.

The work of the Americans is certainly a curious one. I saw them raise huge logs with large pliers, as easily as they would have moved a straw. Their furnaces for their kitchens are half in the ground, in order not to waste any heat. What struck me especially about the American soldiers is their cleanliness. All of them are tall, healthy, and strong, owing to their hygiene. Their teeth are very white; and not to soil their hands, they put on gloves, even at work.

Another thing I admired also is their politeness. France had the fame of being the most polite nation in the world. We have often heard and read about the French courtesy. Is France going to lose her rank among the well-bred nations?

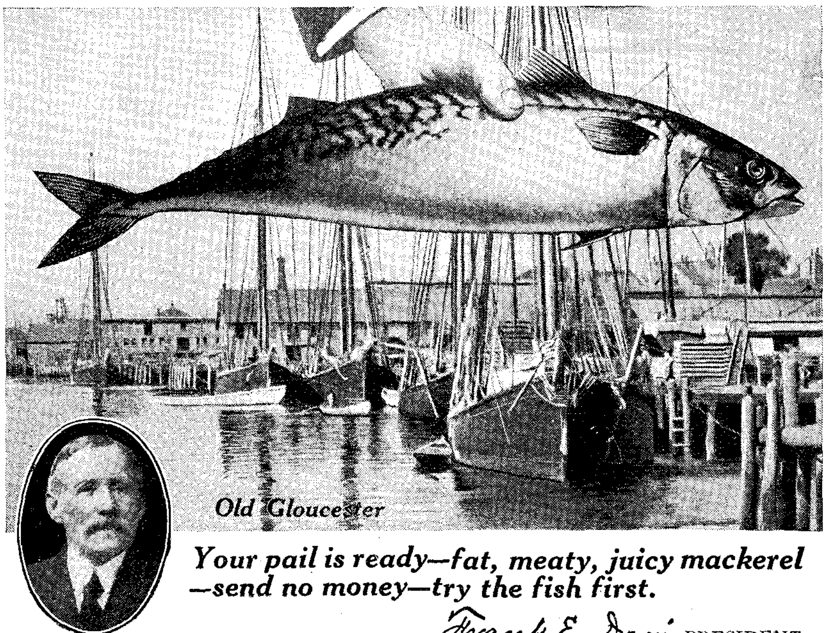
I like the American soldiers who came to help France. I like the Americans who came here to defend justice and right. I admire the Americans who remembered France, and who came to her in spite of the many dangers.

Long live the United States of America!

Renée Bourthe.

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the Fishing Boats to You



Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel —send no money—try the fish first.

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-four years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

Our Own Home Kind

People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 85,000 families are buying from us today.

Fishmen for Generations

You see, I *know* fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishmen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with the "tang of the sea" in them.

Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty, portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Such a *Good* Breakfast!

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown, some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish — how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies! — the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

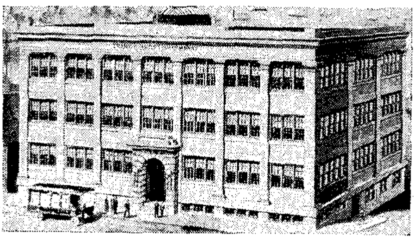
Send No Cash— Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $4.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers. *Remember:* Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.

Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.



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The Frank E. Davis Company is prepared to supply, at interesting prices, its product to boarding schools, hotels, institutions, clubs and hospitals. Write for special list.

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Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail of Davis' Mackerel—to contain **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people. I agree to remit $4.90 in ten days or return the fish.

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LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

OUR soldiers on the Western Front are strongly opposed to all suggestions of "peace without victory." Many of them write home to warn their friends against German peace propaganda, which they expect to increase in power when Germany realizes that utter defeat is inevitable. One of the ablest letters on the topic comes from Louis Molnar, former mayor of Redondo Beach, Cal., who is now with the Expeditionary Forces in France. Nothing could be more immoral than to propose a peace by negotiation, declares Mr. Molnar, because such a peace "would condone all the crimes of Germany and leave outraged humanity open to the next cold-blooded attack. Physical and crushing defeat for the whole German combination is the only hope for the world."

Newspaper clippings from this country have informed him of the great efforts of the people to "aid every war-agency in the interest of our Uncle Sam," and he advises every American citizen to make himself a center of resistance against German propaganda. Every Red-Cross center, every Y. M. C. A., every home, he says, should "fortify itself against this psychological offensive, which will be the last one to be made by Germany before the day of reckoning." Ex-Mayor Molnar then warms up in his argument:

> I do not believe that there is the slightest desire on the part of the German nation for freedom. I do not think that nation is able to understand the meaning of the word. The Germans support their bloodthirsty rulers and rejoice in the loot of nations. When they are utterly destroyed on the field of battle the world will have a just, honorable, and moral peace. It is the relentless war between truth and falsehood that is now being fought out in France. To parley with Germany is to parley with the devil. No man can see what I have seen in France and not realize that this war must be won in the field. America in her wonderful youth and power knows that she can win, that she can win alone if necessary, but are all Americans conscious of the fact that it is America's duty to make the victory complete and beyond all question?
>
> The very honor and life of our beloved country depend on the absolute death of autocracy. Never before in all our history has America fought under circumstances where the goal stood forever outside the realms of diplomacy. We stand there now. Every man and woman at home as well as in the Army should take that obvious situation to heart. President Wilson stated it in his last reply to Germany's hypocrisy.
>
> During four years Germany has made the cities and farms of other nations the scene of battle. All destruction caused by the fire of both sides fell on the property of innocent people. Now when America has come, let the German rulers stick to their gospel that might alone is right. Let them behold the working of might. It is the only thing they can understand. Allied troops must go to Berlin, and the treaty need not be signed at all. Let us remember that Germany has no honor, no chivalry, and no mercy.
>
> Germany is a bad sportsman and a poor loser. The Germans fight like wolves in a pack, and without initiative or resource if compelled to fight singly. Before defeat has quite reached the nation of Germany it will do what its individuals do, cry "*Kamerad*" and plead for the kind of mercy they refuse to give. Every American should know these facts, and guard himself and his country accordingly. Such action is in every way as vital as the many other essential war-activities at home. The consciousness of this deadly struggle with wrong and deceit should be present at every knitting circle and in every war-material factory.
>
> Now that I am so near the actual point of contact where two opposing forces struggle for mastery, I realize that America must not be easy, good-natured, or compromising in any phase of this war whatsoever. To slip in that manner means disaster and disgrace.

Spiritual lessons of the great conflict are elucidated in a letter from Sergeant Hatton D. Towson, formerly a theological student, to his father, Rev. W. E. Towson, of Camilla, Ga. Sergeant Towson, who waived exemption and submitted to the draft, looks at the war from a new angle. He says:

> The essence of Christianity is vicarious love, and surely the men and the women of this generation are in their Gethsemane and Golgotha, sacrificing themselves that the world may see a new birth and resurrection. If I did not have a conception of this war as a struggle between the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Satan, I could not feel as I do. It is only the inspiration of a high conception of the war that makes me resigned and peaceful in facing it. I would not feel that way if I were in some other wars where the issues were not so clear cut. I pity the thoughtless, who have not thought the matter through and do not have the sustaining strength of a high conception of the war.
>
> Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."
>
> My one desire is that all of you at home do your "bit" by not worrying. A person is no real Christian who consciously indulges in the sin of worrying. Let me quote, with adaptation, something I was reading to-day:
>
> "My father, my mother, my sister, and brother, are the father, mother, sister, and brother of a soldier now, and soldiers' fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers don't lie awake at night imagining, they just say a prayer for their loved ones and leave everything in God's hands." I am sure you would far rather I had died than not to have played the man to the fullest of my strength. It isn't when you die that matters, it's how.
>
> But all of this is very serious and sermonic and doleful-sounding. The most of us are going to come back home, happy in having done our duty, and in returning once more to peace and love. How superactive memory is at a time like this. All the happy years of blessing and peace we have had together, and how joyous the reunions were! I look forward to the joyous meeting, after the war is won and settled. Then, I believe, after we have been tried in the fire, we can appreciate why God gave

Applying Win-the-War Policy To the Automobile

A Letter to Overland Dealers:

OUR first consideration, as it is yours—and that of every right thinking citizen—is "win-the-war."

Immediately following the American Declaration of War, we offered our production capacity, and the Government is using a very large part of it.

We are ready if need be to devote it entirely to war work.

The Automobile Industry as a whole is on a similar win-the-war basis.

We are building only a limited quantity of automobiles.

How many cars conditions will permit us to build for any future period is problematical—dependent wholly upon the urgency of war needs.

Any existing transportation must be used to its fullest capacity in order to increase the diminishing man-power of our home forces.

The total output of automobiles is fast becoming insufficient to replace cars wearing out in service.

And fewer cars rather than more, is the production outlook.

With "win-the-war" our first consideration — and yours — this condition places a responsibility upon us which we are bound to fulfill.

★ ★ ★ ★

Because it has assumed its transportation burdens so gradually few realize the extent to which the automobile is performing essential service.

—so essential that the rest of the system, railroads, trolleys and every other means of transportation that could be pressed into service, would be wholly inadequate quickly to assume the load were automobiles suddenly not available for the performance of their usual service.

In even so essential a matter as our food supply the automobile is a most important factor.

MY war-time conception of the automobile is that it is simply a given number of miles of rapid transportation.

It goes into service as a unit of our national transportation system.

In placing our restricted output of these units of our national transportation system in the hands of individuals, I want our distributors and dealers to discern the uses to which they will be put and to place each unit where it will best serve in the winning of the war.

J N Willys

President

Few realize that over half the automobiles now in use are owned by and serve the people of the farms upon whom we and our Allies are dependent for food.

Farm labor is already scarce.

Lack of automobiles to serve the farmers would mean a loss of untold hours of productive farm labor.

Lack of automobiles to serve our loyal industrial workers would seriously hamper our industrial efficiency.

Lack of automobiles for those who direct and serve our essential workers would hamper our national efficiency as a people.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is time for public appreciation of the fact that every mile that an automobile is driven needlessly is a mile of wasted transportation that ultimately may be needed for essential service.

It is time for public understanding that these smaller units of our transportation system should be used and maintained with the same thought for national needs as we demand in the use and maintenance of our larger units of transportation.

Failure on our part to take every means available for us to inform the public concerning the importance of this matter would be neglecting an opportunity to perform a valuable public service and a failure to live up to our win-the-war policy in a vital respect.

Let us, as automobile manufacturers, and you, as automobile dealers, put ourselves on a one-hundred-percent win-the-war basis.

Let us, to the full extent of our influence, put the war-importance of the automobile fully before the public—you in your contact with the public—we in the public print.

Let us to the fullest extent realize that when we sell an automobile we are in reality selling miles of transportation—placing a unit of our national transportation system in the service of an individual.

Let us intelligently discern the uses to which it will be put and place each unit where it will best serve in the winning of the war.

In this spirit of full co-operation we can bring about a fuller understanding and appreciation of the situation and its trend, and perform a service of value to the whole people.

Willys-Overland
TRADE MARK REG.
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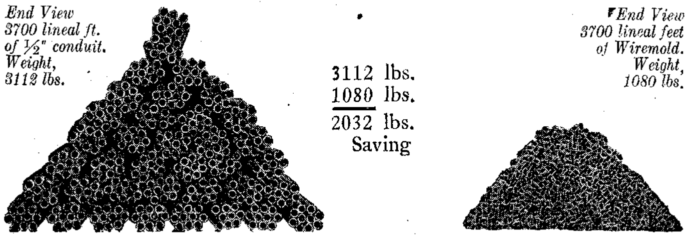
A·C·M·Co

Save a Ton of Steel

By substituting 3700 feet of Wiremold for a like footage of ½" conduit you can not only help to relieve the shortage of conduit for highly essential war uses but you can save a ton of steel.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3700 lineal ft.
of ½" conduit.
Weight,
3112 lbs.
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End View
3700 lineal feet
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You can make this saving at no sacrifice in efficiency, for Wiremold is far superior to conduit in most surface wiring—costs less and is much easier to install.

We will send you an introductory quantity of 100 feet of Wiremold and 15 packages of fittings (covering all requirements for the average job) for $15.88.

Even this little order saves steel enough for 5 shells for the famous French 75's with some to spare.

Send for illustrated Catalogue and Installation Manual that shows many model installations. Free on request.

The American Conduit Mfg. Co.
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us life we can see things in their simple greatness.

God grant that, when the war is over, and I return to my work, I may be as brave and as unselfish in the humdrum details of life as in the excitement of war. I believe, in a certain way, peace and the petty, persistent nagging trials of peace are a severer test of a man's character than the glorious perils of a battle. Expressed epigrammatically, it is far more difficult to "die daily" to Self than once in the supreme moment.

War, of course, may call forth a latent power for self-sacrifice. God grant that some of this heroism and courage, now being so prodigally lavished on the battle-field, may persist in the days of peace and be used in raising up and building anew a broken-down world!

The ready adaptability of our boys to war-conditions is shown by letters from former City Clerk Arthur V. V. Livingston, of Paterson, N. J., who is now stretcher-bearer in the 49th Infantry. We quote from the Paterson *Morning Call:*

We are all in the real soldiering game now. My old hide is getting toughened into the rugged life, and I must say I don't dislike it. I am beginning to learn that many conveniences that are offered in a home can be readily dispensed with, without any injury to a man. Thus, when a brass bedstead is substituted with a fine pine board, the head rests just as comfortably and the slumber is perhaps more refreshing, it having been earned by a day's hard work. To complete the act of shaving one's face with about half a tumbler of water, a cake of Ivory soap, a Gillette, and a tiny steel "looking-glass" is a stunt, but the whiskers disappear, and that is all that is required. To wash clothes at the United States camps is a pleasurable pastime to what one finds himself confronted with here. No plumbing makes tough washing, as it were. There is a small concrete pool in the camp, the dimensions I should judge being about three feet wide and twelve feet long, into which a sluggish spring is permitted to trickle. Kneeling down at the sides of this with a hair brush and a cake of Fairy soap, I washed this morning a suit of underwear, a towel, and a pair of socks. It was tiresome work, but I am proud of the job even if the clothes are still a good bit off color. In the regiment we have, besides Giger and myself, two mandolin-players, a violinist, and a guitar-player. As the Forty-ninth stringed orchestra, we were detailed to the hospital here yesterday afternoon to play for the sick men confined there. We also have a couple of monologists and singers, included in the latter being lusty-lunged Sam Harris.

In a later epistle Mr. Livingston says he is feeling tip-top and "having lots of fun with all the strange adventures which I meet. I want you to feel that I am just as well off as tho I were on a Y. M. C. A. camping-out party." But he adds:

News from home is greatly welcomed here. We have no communication with the outside world; we can not speak their language, and so a little conversation about home is a great treat.

We work hard now and realize that we are soldiers of war. I certainly have to laugh when I think of some of the kicks we used to register back in the States over trivial things. Still, it is not human nature to be satisfied. It is wonderful to note what good home-loving boys they are all going to be when they get back. Oh, you couldn't drive them away from home. I tell you it takes a game of this kind to domesticate our young manhood. We are certainly going to have a better nation. The education is marvelous. You find out things that you could never get out of books.

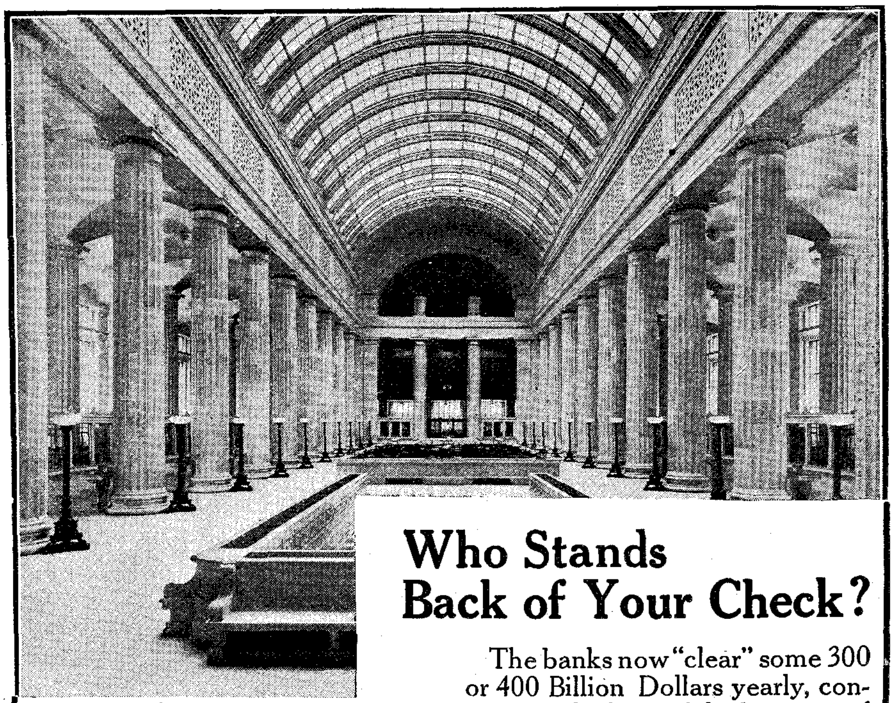
I think always of home and I keep hoping against hope that it will not be very much longer before I can plant my toes under the table at 436 and partake of one of those good old-time family feeds. I feel confident the war will end overnight (the way it started), soon enough, and then you will not be able to hold these fellows in.

A violinist of reputation in his "home town" of Peoria, Ill., where his music was heard weekly in the Universalist Church, Sol Cohen volunteered, went to France, fought—and thought. He writes about his fighting and thinking in the Peoria *Star*, beginning with his discovery that "the Yanks have saved the war":

The tiredness has gone out of the struggle, the world on our side has awakened, the new spirit of our own freedom and democracy has literally thrilled the Allied forces, and we—yes, we of the farms and banks and groceries and bars and streetcars and theaters and—ragtime—we are they who have won. That is what causes me to greet each day with a prayer of thanks that I was born in that country which has chosen to end it and to begin it—to begin the real war that the universe was waiting for. Because after this war is over, we have still to fight that war that still exists in the human mind—we have still to fight the war against war. And the wheels of war are to be the wheels of peace, even as the old prophets told us. And the machine that has won the war will win us peace, and not until that peace is won is our real victory established.

I have watched the gigantic, clumsy wheels of war turn round; and I have wondered what would happen were those wheels suddenly to turn in the direction of peace! What if the same machinery were employed for the exploitation of good news and good will? You have no idea of the intricacies of that machinery! How in Heaven's name do they feed these soldiers? How do they clothe them? How do they house them? I'll tell you how they house them! We march with our heavy packs for hours of a night—march while the mysterious signals of night play on the firmament, and while the dread hum of the German airplane terrorizes us down below—and we enter a deep forest and seek a dugout. No dugouts? All taken? Then let us lie on the ground, comfortably at rest on the good bosom of the nature-mother. No blankets? Well, our overcoats are here! What matter if they do not quite reach our feet? A soldier is never sick, he is never unhappy, he is never uncomfortable. He may be all of these, but he can not be. The war must be won, it must be won by us; and the feeble civilian of a few months ago is a robust worker for a principle, who recognizes no material hindrances.

A lieutenant said to me some days ago that if we did this sort of thing in civil life we should all be sick. I doubt that, but many of us might be. We know when we awake in the morning that a day full of needful activity is before us—we simply



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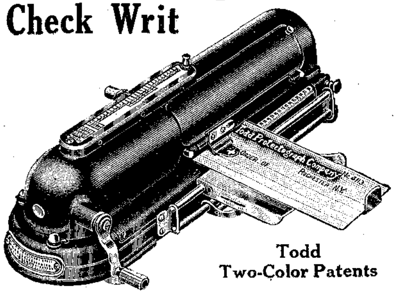

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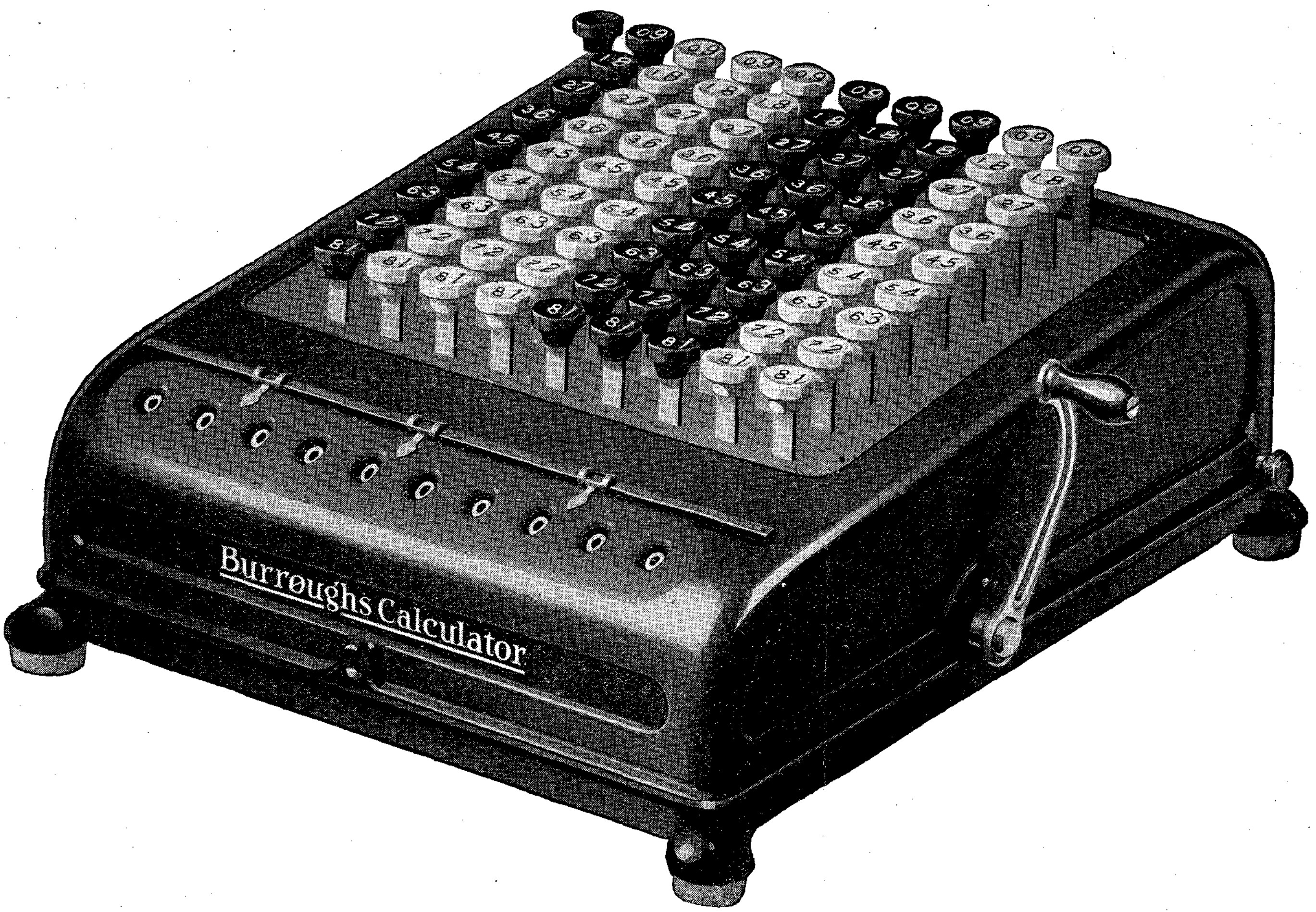

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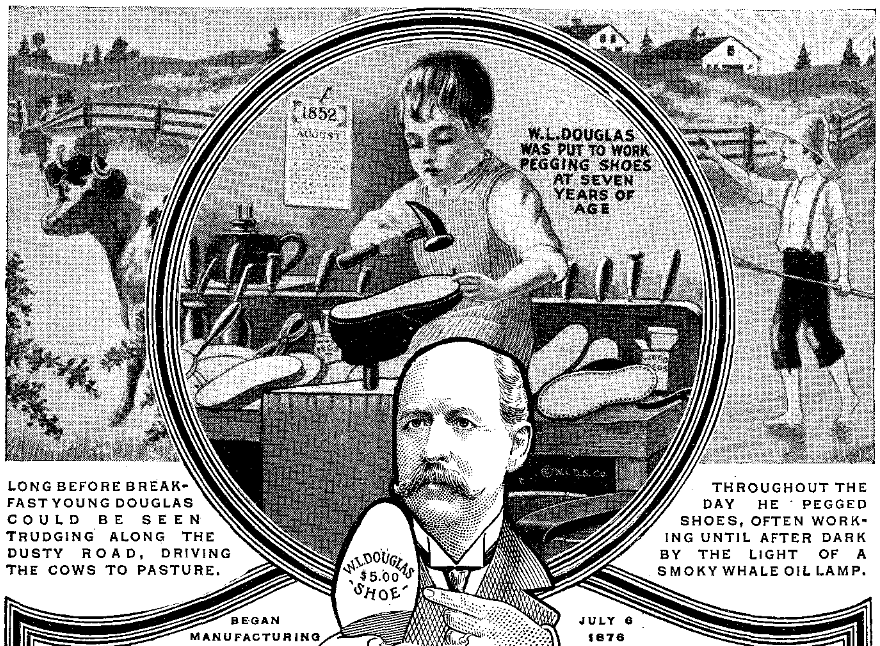
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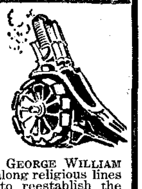

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have no weaknesses of that workaday life back in America.

I have talked much with the marvelous men who have held their ground for four years. I mean especially the French and Australians. They never appear to be sentimental or sad or very homesick; and they never admit defeat. They bore you at times with their stories of triumphs, because they are similar to all others you hear. And deeds of the most splendid heroism are recounted with a vulgarity that would be offensive if it were not refreshing. These men talk very little of religion. It is, I regret to say, a topic which seldom enters into their conversation.

But they know God, for they have seen him face to face. The religion which was platitude to them in their youth they have practised in these past terrible years *without knowing it. No soldier is* consciously religious; he is involuntarily so.

God's handwriting is large in the trenches; it is there for every soldier to read, and we do see it as we pass in long lines down the crooked roads to certain victory.

And that is what I find in every inch of the forward area—every weary "Tommy" knows it, every war-tired Frenchman sees it, every mourning civilian in the shelled villages dreams of it at night—for the principle for which we are all fighting is the universal brotherhood of man and the universal Fatherhood of God. No longer will the world cry because it is ruled by might—no longer will men crouch in a trench because their fellow man is pointing a gun at them, and they fear death; no longer will a boy leave his home to learn how to destroy his cousin across the sea—but the love of God will be showered on earth, as it even now is when we look up and see.

Soon will we throw aside these old clothes, soon will we take up the old, familiar duties; but not again will we speak in low tones that our words may not be heard—not again will we fear to shout the truth that Love rules the world! For the spirit that is ours is winning and will continue to win; it is founded on the highest ideals and the most beautiful conceptions of living that the world has ever known. It is the spirit that has altered the whole trend of the most terrible war in history.

Mechanic Ed. J. Lacey, of the old "Fighting Sixty-ninth" New York regiment, has had some troubles, but is not downhearted. He writes to a friend:

I have been pretty lucky at this game so far. Just now I am in a base-hospital a little gassed, slight wounds, and nerves upset a bit. But, thank the Lord, I will be well soon and back with my own regiment. Have met Fritz bayonet to bayonet and believe me he sure is a cur, "*Kamerad*" when you get him, but kill him, for if you don't he will do it to you, no matter how kind you are to him. Have seen women chained to the machine guns and they fight like mad. Fritz will sit at his gun until it is so hot that he can't hold it any more, and when we get on top of him he then cries for help, "don't kill me *Kamerad.*" Sometimes I think I am wild, for I can hardly sit still here, thinking of the things I have seen at the different fronts I've been fighting on. We have lost some good fellows, but they died game and that is some honor. Can you imagine one of these Hun beasts walloping an Irishman from the old Sixty-ninth and just trying to get away with it? I for one would die before letting Fritz give it to me and

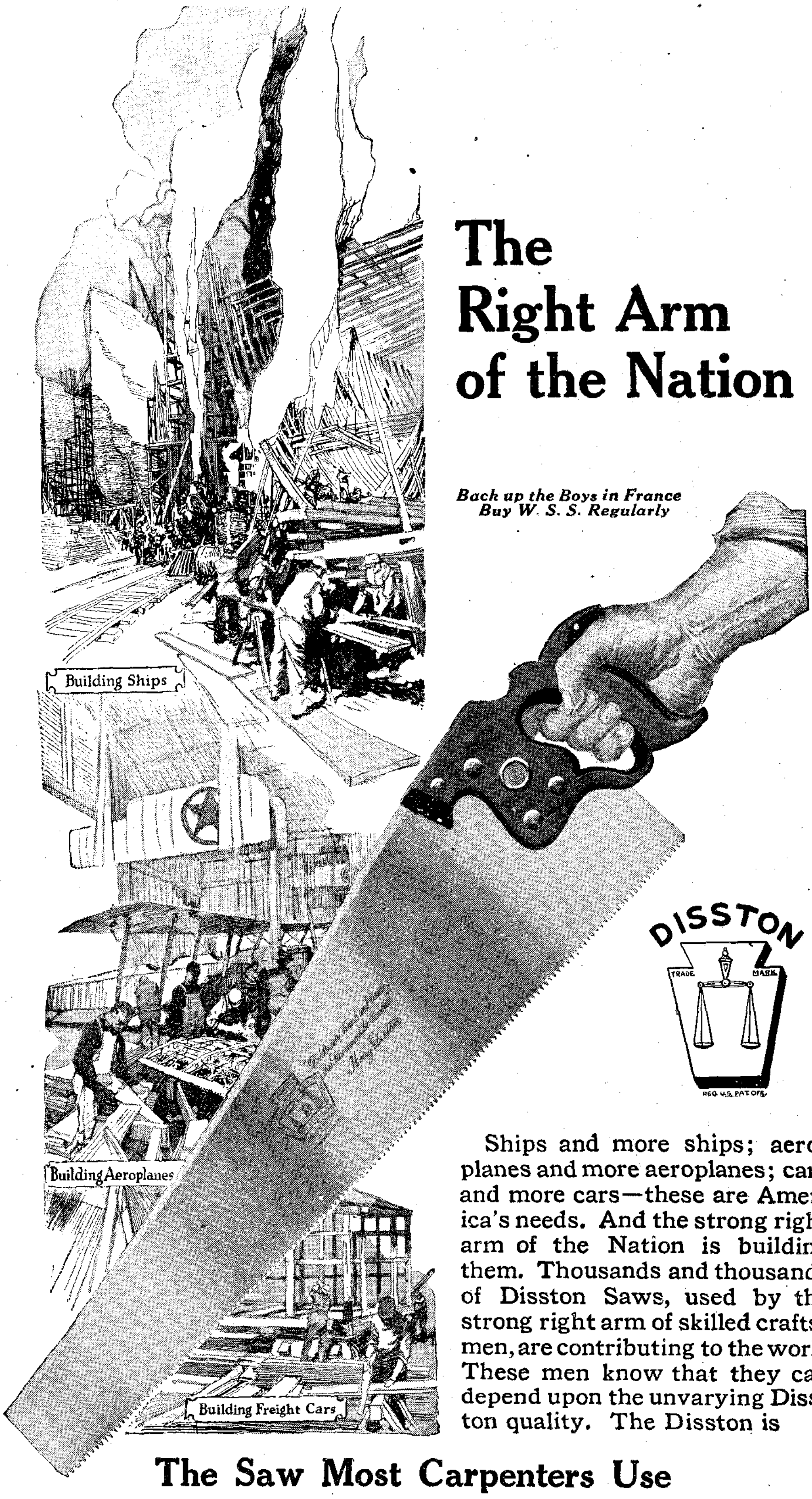
Fritz will have to fight to get away with it, before the last drop of blood leaves my body. When we are in action and *Boche* in sight I am crazy; all I want to do is kill. Have seen dead Germans piled five and six high. But the United States boys still go on, and Fritzes going on the double, it is a running fight. I wonder what they think of the United States Army now in Berlin. We don't retreat until the last man is gone. George, help the Red Cross—as I know you do. They are the greatest people on the face of this earth for wounded soldiers. I'll never forget their kindness or any other soldier here, especially when I was so slightly hurt they were so kind to me, every branch of them. There are not words big enough for me to express my kindness, for what they are doing here in France. Nine months on the go and roughing it in all kinds of weather and barns and up in the trenches, and then to be treated with such kindness! I can't get over it, a nice bed to lie in. The last time I lay in a bed was home over a year ago. Corporal Leo is going to write, and Patsy Shea I did not get time to look up. George, I'll be back in the game soon and going to make up for lost time on some of these *Wienerwursts* and going to fight like h——. If God is good and spares me I'll see you all some day, and if not it is just the same to me, for I am always ready to meet my Maker. The old regiment, Sixty-ninth, never faltered and we are here to the finish.

The great outpouring of French sentiment for Americans is described by Lieut. Frank O. Brigham, of the Air Service, whose home is in Oakland, Cal. He writes to his father, F. E. Brigham:

I was in Paris on the 14th of July. It was a wonderful day in every way. The early morning was very dull and gray, but by the time the parade was started there was not a cloud in the sky. I never expect to see another spectacle like it unless I am fortunate enough to see an Allied entry into Berlin. Half the world—yes, more than that—was represented in line and represented by the best that each nation could bring forward. As the colors of each nation went by, Paris seemed to get more and more excited until I believed that they had reached the absolute heights of enthusiasm.

English, Belgian, Italian, all of them took the city by storm, but away off down the line I heard a hum that steadily grew louder and sounded above all the rest of the noise, a hum that somehow or rather got inside of me and made me stand a little straighter, and then about a block away I saw a flash of color, and oh! how wonderful it looked to me for the color resolved itself into the "Colors"; and then, my dear people I thought the heavens had broken loose. I have never in my life heard such an outburst of noise. It was not the high shouting that one usually hears, but a roar that started away down and gradually increased until when it broke the very windows rattled. It sounded like the organized yell of a million rooters, and then just as quickly as it had started it died down, and amid an absolute silence and with every civilian hat off, every man in uniform, at a stiff salute, the colors of the United States of America went by.

It was awe-inspiring. It seemed to me in every heart there was a blessing for that bit of bunting, and on every lip a prayer for its safety. I can not describe my own



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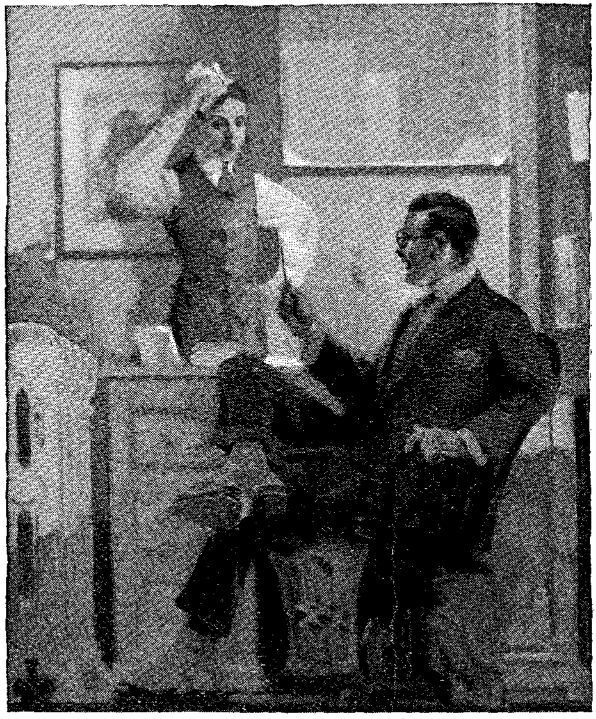

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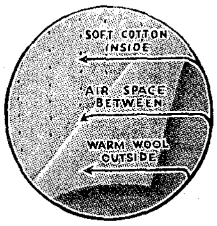

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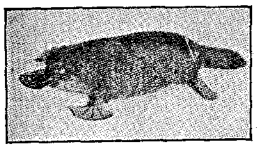

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feelings. I am not ashamed to admit that my eyes were far from dry, and many others were in the same condition. I wonder if that welcome was heard in Berlin, and, if so, whether some of the more prophetic did not understand it for what it was to them—the first mutterings of a storm that will break and destroy them.

It was difficult that day to realize that it was a French fête and not American. Everywhere the American uniform was a signal for a demonstration. I was fortunate to be at the Place de l'Opéra about five that evening when a *camion* train of Americans left for their camps. As you know, the Place is always crowded at that hour, and I believe that every man in that outfit left Paris a great deal richer than when he came in. The crowd was throwing everything to them, money, jewels, cigarets, etc. There is no question in my mind but what France is Americanized; anything American is now decidedly *au fait*.

Lieut. H. M. Ewing, son of George Ewing, chairman of the Ohio Civil Service Commission, shares the general opinion of our boys that the *Boche* is "a detestable creature." "A *Boche* is a *Boche*," he writes, "and the deceitful, treacherous tricks of some of them have deprived them of the privileges and quarter decreed some classes by the rules of warfare." The Lancaster *Daily Eagle* quotes from a recent batch of letters from "Somewhere in France":

Lieutenant Ewing tells of his own experience in finding Germans chained to their guns. He says on this subject that "we have come on *Boches* chained to their guns which are too heavy for one man to carry, a chain fastened by a padlock, passing around their waists. The French say these chained men are men convicted by court martial, thus sentenced for trivial offenses. They are not taken prisoners, for they usually fire until the last. We have found dead *Boches* lying beside their guns with Red-Cross brassards on and have found others, when all hope of stopping us is up and our men coming upon them, run a few paces from their guns and put the Red-Cross armlet on. But our men are wise now, and such tactics receive little consideration and meet with no success."

That the Germans have no idea of the number of Americans in France is indicated by the following incident related by Lieutenant Ewing:

"I was present here at headquarters when some of the *Boche* prisoners, sacrifice troops, were questioned. They all give willing answers, tho most of them know very little of the Germans' intentions and plans. Some are mere boys, others are old men, while some are fine specimens. We are fighting the flower—the crack divisions—of Germany, yet they say that if a stand is to be made against us, new divisions will have to be thrown in, as the morale of those now facing us is very bad. We took prisoner a boy of fifteen years of age, who had been drafted four days before we captured him. Intelligent, weak, and acquainted with the recent internal conditions of Germany, and willing to tell all he knew, intelligence officers said he was the best they ever got.

"The French inhabitants around here say that during this drive a steady, continuous line of ambulances filled with wounded passed to the German rear. I heard a French officer to-day estimate the *Boche* killed and wounded and prisoners at 200,000. They are not all buried around here yet. In the first line, prisoners say, they get one meal of soup, coffee, and black bread a day. Behind the line, they get coffee morning and night, in addition to their noonday 'meal'—and they do things on such rations, too!

"The Allies own the air here—no *Boche* planes attempt the sky like they did where we were, and only French 'sausages' are up. Every day the *Boche* gets an extra kick. Pretty soon he'll get tired of facing it, for as a nation they can't stand continuous setbacks and defeats. They are fine while their machine works, but let some one throw a hammer into the cogs and the whole works 'go up,' as the British say. As we came along on the way here, people at times shouted '*Finis la guerre!*' One house our train passed had a big banner nailed up, upon which in English were the words: 'We thank you for your aid.'"

A stirring account of a battle in which he was wounded is given in a letter from Base Hospital No. 34 in France, written by Howard Huston, of Sweet Springs, Mo. In "a sort of wild, enchanted forest, like one of the spots in Grimm's Fairy-Tales," the foe was first encountered. Germans at machine guns tried to stop their advance, but "it couldn't be done; you can't stop Americans." The story continues in the Sweet Springs *Herald:*

A few men dropt; some dead, some wounded. We kept up a heavy fire as we advanced on the wood. Suddenly the firing ceased, and lo and behold, in single file, one behind the other, they filed out—about five hundred Germans in all and taken in the first twenty minutes!

A moment later and I heard the Colonel's voice behind us, "Is this Company M? Good work, great work. Keep it up."

We charged the woods. A few Germans were found in the trees, dugouts, etc. Then I forgot everything for a few minutes. When I came to I felt something warm on my stomach. I reached up my hand and saw it was blood. My runner was kneeling by me. I saw at once that it was not serious. A first-aid packet strapped tightly around me, a drink of water, and then through the woods after the platoon. We found three Germans in it as we went through. It was either they or ourselves who were to stop, and they will bother no more. When I came up to the company they were in a wheat-field under heavy machine-gun fire. Pop Crane went forward to put them out of business. He did it, but he didn't come back. I sent a runner to the captain; he, too, was wounded. I was in command of the company.

Forward again we went and I came on to Pop Crane. He was hopelessly wounded. He took his revolver from his holster, smiled, handed it to me and said, "Do your best with it, boy. I can not use it any more." I left him there with a man to care for him. Inside of ten minutes the man was back. Pop had smiled to the last and I had to stop and wipe my eyes. There's a wife and three little children back in Summertown, Tenn., who are going to be mighty lonesome. If I wanted to define the word gentleman, I'd say, "Pop Crane."

On we went, ten kilometers I think they say we advanced. We took many prisoners, had some men killed, some wounded.

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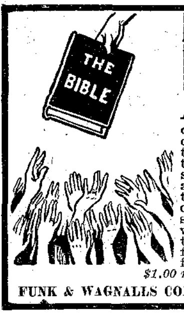

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Brush your Teeth Up ↓↑ and Down ↓↑
Not This Way ⟷

A book wouldn't tell all that happened. One boy of eighteen was gassed. I ordered him back, told him he had done his bit. He cried to stay, but started back; they told me that when he reached the dressing-station he had six *Boche* prisoners. He'd got them out of a dugout on his way in. About ten we captured a major-general. I say we; as a matter of fact, there were men from three regiments mixed up in it. He was very tall and was standing with his great cape drawn about him when we entered the dugout. He rose and went up the steps and out without saying anything. It's funny the little things you notice. Behind us on the roof of a building a signal corps private was stringing a wire, and a pal of his was feeding the wire up to him. When the shell fell it knocked the ground man against the wall, but part of it struck the man on the roof with such force that it knocked off the back of his steel hat. He wasn't hurt, merely dazed. Three minutes later I saw him still sitting on the roof holding the end of the broken wire in his hand. "Well," he called down to his side-kick, "I guess we'd better splice this wire."

About four in the afternoon, I think it was, we were held up again by machine-gun fire. Our ranks had been thinned pretty badly and I was the only officer left. A runner came to me with a note from the major. He was coming up with reenforcements. Thankful, I breathed a little prayer. He was there in fifteen minutes. We were organized in twenty and ready to go forward again.

The major came up to me. "You wounded?"

"Not badly sir."

"Well, you get out. Go on back."

Plead as I would, he wouldn't let me stay, and so the Red Cross got me and I had to leave my boys. I'd have given my right hand to have stayed. I don't remember much after that. I know we went two or three miles to a Red-Cross station and I was trucked here and there in ambulances. Then there was a doctor and a nurse. The nurse was holding my hands and I was all clean and they had taken the shell out and I was all bandaged up. She looked like an angel to me. I kind a think she was one, for she laughed and told me I was not hurt badly. Then I went to Paris to a hospital, and General Pershing visited us there, and then I came to Nantes.

That was about two weeks ago, and I'm almost ready to go back now. My physique was good. I mend rapidly and am anxious to be back again.

I hope the folks at home will remember Pop Crane and the others who have paid the price. So far as I am concerned they can't pay too big a price for him.

The spirit of the American Navy runs through a letter published in the El Paso *Herald*, giving the experience of Acting-Quartermaster Tom Clements when the gunboat *Schurz* was sunk as the result of a collision off the Atlantic coast. The crash occurred in the middle of the night. There was no confusion on board the gunboat and Clements became imprest with the "fact that every man is brave in the face of physical danger." The scene is then described:

> With the exception of a few of the mess attendants every man on board was as cool as tho we were being called for inspection. There was no noise or confusion. There was no shouting of orders. Every boat and raft was put afloat in

Now Uncle Sam begins arming the country's factories to conquer the Hun!

THE minute the United States declared war, the factories of the country became an important element in the struggle. On their output of munitions, food, clothing, airplanes, ships, etc., depended in a great measure victory or defeat.

For a time every effort was centered on production, on speeding up, on increasing output. But in this one year Uncle Sam saw tens of millions of dollars snatched from his war-machine by fire. In one year he saw thousands of irreplaceable fabricating-machines and tools wiped out by fire. In one year he saw fire take from his fighting-men shipload after shipload of vitally needed finished products.

One year was enough!

Uncle Sam learned in a twelvemonth what many business men have not learned in a lifetime. He learned that insurance money could never re-create the victory-winning, Hun-crushing supplies that have gone up in smoke.

He learned more. He learned that such destruction was as foolish as it was dangerous because there is an infallible answer to this challenge of fire. His War Industries Board found out that, more than 35 years ago, Frederick Grinnell had invented a weapon—the automatic sprinkler—by which fire would annihilate itself.

At the beginning of the second year, Uncle Sam acted. To-day sees the entire resources of this industry devoted solely to the work of rushing sprinkler equipments into factories, warehouses, grain-elevators, etc., specified by the Government. This requires the total output of our factories.

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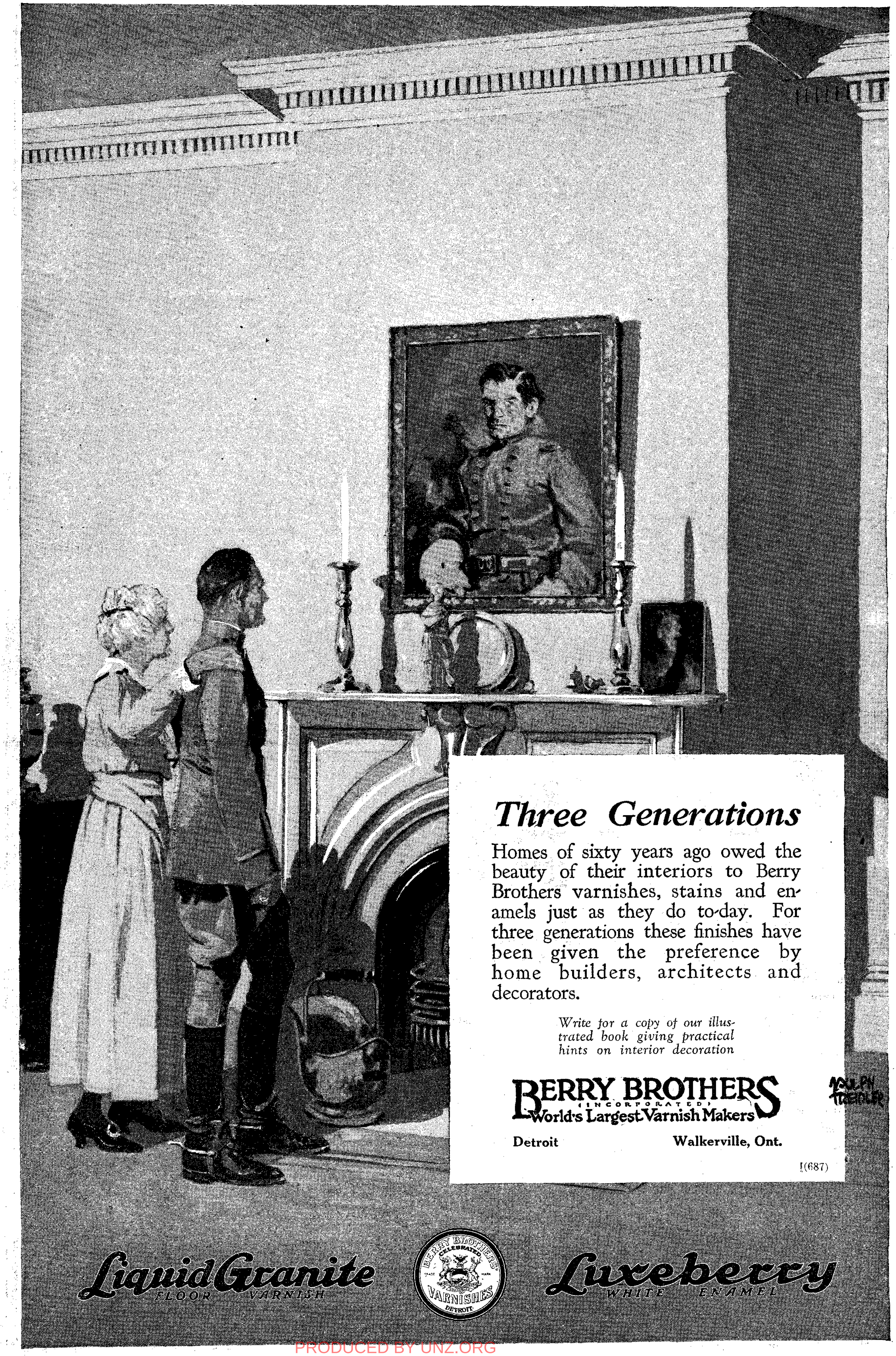
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proper order and not a man was put in jeopardy of life or limb by being compelled to jump from the deck or bulwarks after the order was given to abandon ship, except two or three of the frightened mess-attendants, and they, for the most part, were not Americans.

The men and the officers, of course, were as cool as they would be on parade. When the order to abandon ship was given the men at the boats and rafts began to sing the usual "chanteys" sung by sailormen the world over when doing that kind of work, and which are sung not so much for the purpose of cheering the men as to cause them to move in unison and thus facilitate their work.

When we pulled the boats and rafts from the side of the rapidly settling ship, not only the men at the oars and sweeps sang, but the men in the bodies of the various craft sang with the oarsmen in time to the sweep of the oars.

If there was an excited man in the lot, except the two or three mess-attendants I have already mentioned, I didn't see him. I have begun to think that what we call fear is merely a matter of anticipation and that when we get face to face with the real thing fear rushes to the tall timber. I certainly hope I will never have any more fear than I had while the old *Schurz* was slipping from under me. It may be that the absence of panic in me was due to the fact that there was no panic anywhere. Panic, you know, is catching and in that case there was no panic to catch.

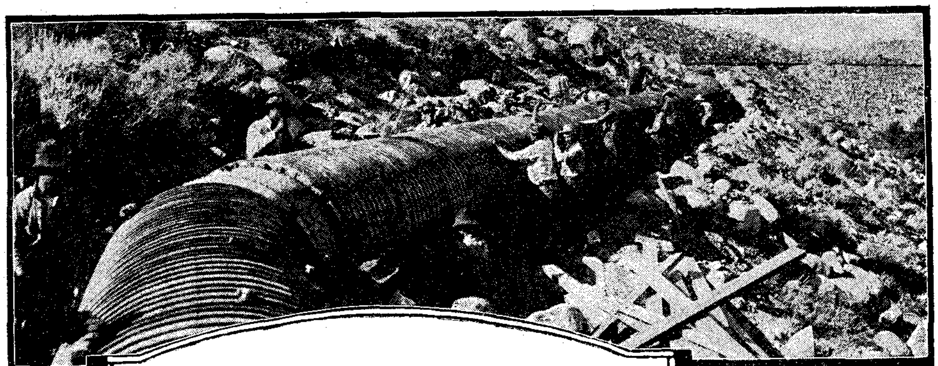
TO WORK IS TO PRAY

THE old Latin saw, "*Laborare est orare*," for many centuries has been a kind of dignified motto, more decorative than practical. A kind of pretty legend to put on carved scrolls over buildings sleeping in monastic calm, or in later days to decorate letter-heads used by semi-religious sociological experimenters. Its unfathomed depths and glorious inner meaning, as exprest by the workingman of Nazareth, seem to have been smothered in the clamor of conflicting sects, or swaddled out of sight in the grave-clothes of exotic liturgies.

In these days of strenuous struggle, when men, that we knew in the days of peace spoke but little, if at all, of God and the soul, now are sending from the trenches, where they daily look into the eyes of Death, strange letters of an altogether different tone, it would seem that the very fountains of the soul's depths were being broken up.

Labor is no longer undignified; it has come into its own. Imagine a scant few years ago a scholarly preacher doing laboring work, and proud of it! Yet so it is. The New York *Evening Mail* makes a feature of such a case, saying:

> Earning three dollars a day as a common laborer in the shipyard of the Ludors Marine Construction Company, Rabbi Wise, of New York, preacher, author, and scholar, is spending his vacation in the service of the Government. Rabbi Wise works ten hours a day at strenuous labor. With the ardor of a schoolboy, his enthusiasm undampened because of his lack of technical training, he is employed in a yard



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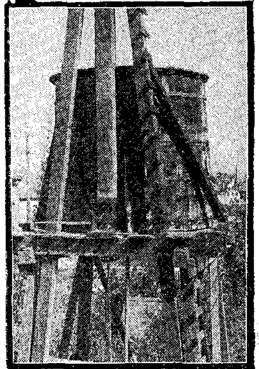

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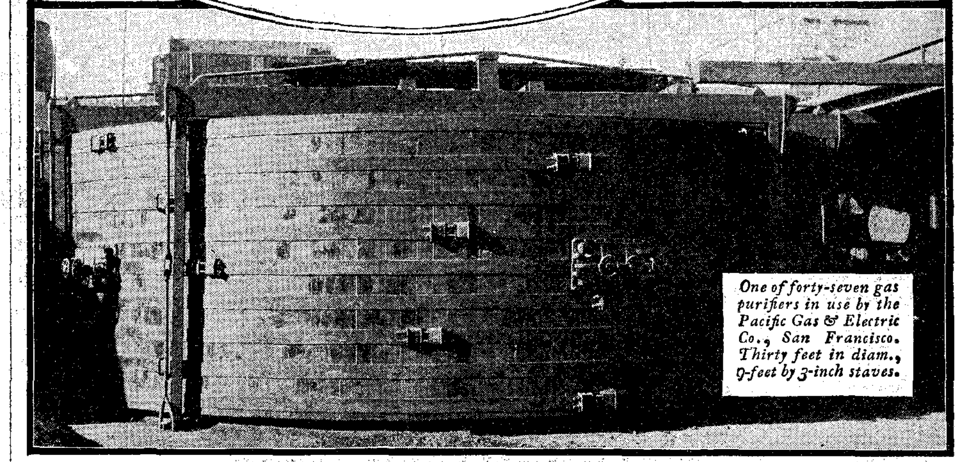

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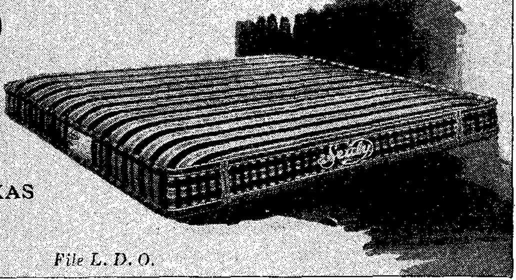

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The New York Evening *Sun* chimes in with a story of Father Duffy, chaplain of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," who has so won the hearts of the men as to be called a "real guy!"—

> When the history of New York's own "Sixty-ninth" in the war has been written, the world will know the full story of the bravery under fire of the regiment's chaplain, Father Francis P. Duffy. Meanwhile it must content itself with the meager details of his wonderful work that come over the cables.
>
> "He's a real guy," was the way Private Rooney, who lived at 557 West 149th Street when he enlisted, summed up the chaplain of the famous Irish regiment.
>
> All through the charge across the Ourcq and the advance of the old Sixty-ninth, the chaplain, Father Duffy, with his coat off, the perspiration streaming down his begrimed face, worked tirelessly, administering the last sacraments and taking last messages for mothers and wives "back home."
>
> Times there were when a stretcher-bearer was shot down in the furious fighting. Then the chaplain halted his work as a priest to take up the fallen end and help bear the wounded behind the lines.
>
> "When you are writing about it," said Private Rooney to a correspondent with whom he was discussing the famous dash across the Ourcq, "don't forget to say a good word for the chaplain. He's a real guy."
>
> Heedless of snipers' bullets Father Duffy "carries on." He is in the fiercest fighting, bearing comfort and cheer. And stories of his bravery, to be told some day, multiply.

When a priestly professor of philosophy attains to the dignity of such a name among the doughboys he has indeed got "under their skin."

Could anything tell more vividly of the breaking down of man-manufactured barriers than their beautiful story told in the New York *Sun:*

> The Rev. Sheridan Zelie, of Plainfield, N. J., is a Red-Cross Chaplain and of the Presbyterian faith. A few days ago, when he was near Château-Thierry, he wanted to hold religious services, and as the Catholic chapel near there was unoccupied, with nobody with authority around, he decided to hold services there. Several Red-Cross nurses and some soldiers and orderlies took seats, and as the services proceeded some French soldiers entered. After the service, as he was going around to put out the candles, one of these approached and, smiling, said he was a priest and told him he had been preaching in his chapel. "This instance shows how war breaks down all barriers between religious denominations," the pastor said, relating the incident.

Contrast that with the fiendish work of the disciples of *Kultur*, which follows:

> Private Harry Meeks, of Washington, Pa., and J. C. Titterington, of Ligonier, Pa., told me that when they entered the town of Poncheres and were fighting

through the streets, much mysterious sniping was going on. Finally, they said, they located three German sharpshooters in the belfry of a church, directly under the shadow of the cross, shooting down on our soldiers. It took only a few shots to bring these defilers of the sanctuary to cries for mercy, and their surrender was accepted.

Private Robert Tibbert of Scranton, Pa., told of sniping from the second floor of houses in Seringes, necessitating fierce combats up narrow stairs. With his corporal he took seven German prisoners, all wearing Red-Cross brassards on their arms.

Private Norman Dicks, of Washington, Wis., says that in the same town the Germans had placed a machine gun in the belfry of a church, and that the crew were dislodged only after a hard fight.

In the same area were found men chained to machine guns in trees, they having been told by their officers that the Americans took no prisoners. Several who had been killed were hanging dead from their chains, forming the most gruesome sight imaginable.

The New York *World* sings the praises of the Salvation lassies who have thrown their tambourines aside and busied themselves with rolling-pins and pie-manufacture as more fitting to the occasion:

They bake real home-made pies and feather-weight crullers that take the edge off a man's homesickness.

Every girl who wears the Salvation Army khaki in France must be a good cook. At one of their huts you bring about six cents and your plate for the evening's "special." These dishes are cakes and puddings, which aren't included in army rations.

One of the kitchens began with a tiny stove which would bake only one pie at a time. Soon a kindly quartermaster supplied the girls with an old field stove that cooked four at once; it looked big to those girls. But now they have a huge one and turn out hundreds of pies a day. At the canteen they sell them to soldiers who wait their turn in long lines. But some of the pies find their way into the trenches.

At night men set out with packs of provisions and crawl up to the boys with them. The enemy sends up star-shells—like arc-lights hung in mid-air—and the bearer ducks, crouching as still as the sand-bags on either side of him. Then he reaches the outposts, where soldiers have lived on "iron rations" for two or three days. As yet, the Army has published no casualty list of pies at the front, but according to unofficial report, they don't last long.

At first there was a hard time finding tins for their pies. France does not appreciate American pastry, and had no dishes suitable for cooking it. A few weeks ago a French ship brought over 1,000 tins for use in the Salvation Army huts.

Pies won the Salvation Army its welcome at headquarters, according to a popular legend in France. They say that General Pershing asked only one question of the officer who arranged for the work there. "Can your girls bake good pies?" According to our soldiers, they can.

The day of a Salvation Army lass is long over there. She bakes and stews, she mends clothes for soldiers, and answers a thousand questions. When she gets up in the cold winter mornings she builds the wood-fire in her room. Once a vigorous captain arranged a schedule by which each of her three workers should build the fire for a month. Her turn would have come

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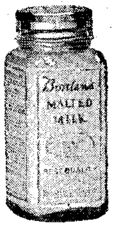

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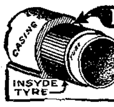

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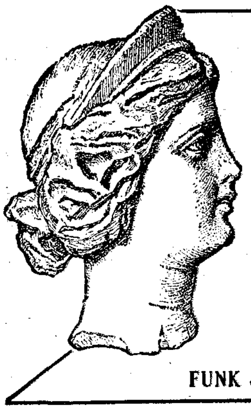

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around in April, but the others protested, so she continued to rise early during February. She discovered that the only water without a coating of ice was that in their hot-water bottles. So every morning she would unscrew the cap of the bottle and pour its contents into her wash-bowl.

During the day the phonograph spins steadily. Every record sent across from the New York headquarters is played until the tune is shaved off. Then there are the reading and writing corners of the huts, where men can be quiet for a time, unless a bombardment interferes.

In the evening there is a religious service in the hut. Every night it is crowded by soldiers who enjoy singing the familiar hymns. The same girls lead these meetings who have worked since dawn. Men preach and pray after driving a heavy motor-truck, or hammering all day at the walls of some new shack. Later, some of them will run a moving-picture machine, or make their night deliveries of food to the trenches. Sometimes the working-day is eighteen hours. One Englishwoman has served four years, without a day of rest, in the British huts.

Pies, doughnuts, hot coffee, and phonographs, are all part and parcel of a great, virile faith, found vigorous and watchful on every battle-front. In bomb raids, where panic-stricken refugees flee in terror, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus proclaim by deeds the faith that is in them. *The World* continues:

> American soldiers in France will always think of the Salvation Army as a dispenser of pies and doughnuts, a store for the sale of everything from chocolate to shoe-strings. But they will also remember the religious work of the Salvation Army, its meetings and songs. Some of these meetings have even been held in the Catholic churches of France, which shows the good feeling between the leaders. Then there are the quiet talks with the men or girls of the units, girls who can cook fudge—just a tiny piece for each—and talk like the girls at home.
>
> So welcome have they made themselves at the front that Army officers are asking for huts at special places. Once, when a Salvation Army lass was ill, a gruff colonel insisted on turning over his comfortable billet to her, while he went into a tent. Often army officers address meetings at the huts.

These men and women are not only soldiers of the faith, but, when need be, stand side by side with the boys before the Hun guns and gases. Such a man the New York *Evening Telegram* tells of:

> John T. Atkins, who was a Salvation Army major in Chicago, but now is serving with a famous battalion of the United States Army as a Salvation Army worker, has been mentioned in battalion and regimental orders and has been several times "over the top" with the battalion. He has been acclaimed the most popular man in the battalion and recommended for a commission as chaplain by the regimental commander.
>
> "Major" Atkins, who is known to the officers and men of the battalion as the "little major" to distinguish him from the real majors of the organization, is said to carry the good luck of the unit with him. The boys believe that when he is with them

in an engagement their casualties are light. On one occasion, when a raid was to be undertaken, the little major's unit suffered only four casualties, while the organization which followed them into action suffered severely.

When pay-day was a long time coming recently the "little major" gave each man in the battalion an order for seven francs on the canteen. Each took advantage of the "jawbone,", as the Army boys call a loan, and when pay-day came not one failed to show up to the "little major" with the return payment.

Creed makes no difference when men want "to do their bit."

Anxious to be of service to his country, and believing his vacation-period this year was no time to loaf, says *The World:*

> The Rev. Chester J. Hoyt of the Vincent Methodist Episcopal Church, Nutley, N. J., is working in the plant of the International Arms and Fuse Company, Bloomfield. He gets 28¼ cents an hour, the same as his seventeen-year-old son Robert. They are inspectors.

IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES BEFORE THE GERMAN STORM BROKE

SOMEWHAT akin to the weather sense of a wise old farmer, it seems, is the fighting sense of a well-seasoned British Tommy in the present stage of the war. As the farmer foretells changes in the weather by signs that would escape the city-dweller completely, so the battle-wise Tommy, by a bit of unusual shelling, or some sign of camouflaging activity, predicts the storms of flying steel and tornadoes of poison-gas that are forever breaking over the fighting-lines.

Whatever was the information of the British higher command about the time set for the beginning of the last great Teutonic storm on the British front, the veteran British soldier had a good deal of definite information on the subject, says Newman Flower, writing in *Cassell's Magazine.*

Mr. Flower met a war-weather-wise Tommy just outside Ypres a few hours before the storm broke. The Tommy ate an orange, and cheerfully mentioned that there was fresh war in the air. The writer comments:

> He was one of a type. He knew the *Boche* was coming, and he knew it would be red murder when he came. The men I met between Ypres and Bapaume were like that. They waited for the *Boche*, they realized and openly said that they might be forced back somewhat by sheer weight of numbers, but they figured out what the *Boche* would pay per inch for the ground he took.
>
> And they knew, what thousands in Britain did not know during the next few days, that battles are not decided with the yard measure.
>
> Ypres was a queer place that day. It was very peaceful and restful in spots and noisy and unhealthy in others. We walked up through what may have been a city till the war made it an abortion, over the canal with the big shell-holes plugged in its banks, through the Menin Gate and

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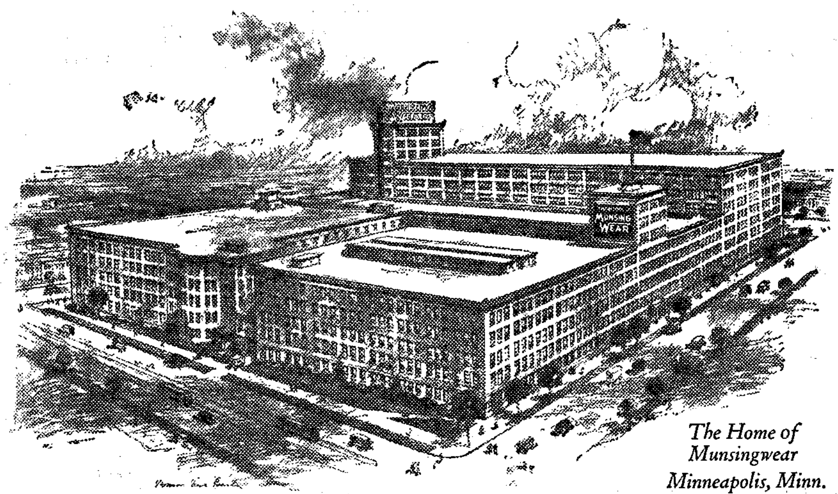

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down the road. Shells were dropping into the cemetery on the right of the street and flung gravestones and the remnants of stones high in the air like white feathers in the sunlight, disturbing nothing save the sanctity of the dead. Some freshly mangled horses were lying here and there. And there were ugly pools of blood that explained a lot.

An officer went up to the sentry.

"Lively here this morning," he said calmly, as if he were a doctor inquiring after the health of his patient.

The sentry smiled.

"The way 'e's bin pasting that cemetery, sir—weeding it, that's wot 'e's doing," he replied.

The nonchalance of the sentry was very typical of the men who waited for the *Boche.* His job was about the unhealthiest in the place just then, but it amused him to see Jerry wasting his powder and shot. He really did not think very far beyond Jerry's silliness in so doing.

Another little picture typical of these men.

It was out toward Zonnebeke. The soft ground was pocked with shell-craters half full and more with water. Stooping down at one was a soldier shaving with a safety razor. He paid not the slightest attention to the aerial disturbance above as German "heavies" swung over. And in the middle of the water which served for his toilet a dead German floated, with the wavelets, made by the dabbling of the Tommy, breaking against the gray ugliness that had been a human face.

One of the greatest mysteries of the holocaust has been the accommodation of the gentler side of the human temperament to the extreme sordidness of war. But for it thousands—it may even have been millions—would have gone down through the sheer uprooting of that mental refinement and comfortable orderliness of life to which they had always been accustomed. No one has yet written an epic about the sufferings of some of these during the readjustment of outlook. It has been a hidden miracle of endurance.

Shortly afterward the writer, after passing a bunch of men who were singing in the midst of the desolation all around them, came upon an American doctor; and the doctor, also, had news of the coming offensive. Much of the doctor's news, as is a very common way in this war, was too horrible to be put into words. Mr. Flower writes:

"I've been here three years," said the doctor, after the exchange of names. "Seen something? Guess so. Come and have a look round. Forty-two casualties in my station already this morning."

I looked at my watch; it was a quarter to eleven.

We followed him to a dark hole in a broken-down wall. We bent our heads and crept through, feeling for steps with our feet. We went on down somewhere into the dark; we crawled along a narrow passage and then into somewhere else. And as we crept cautiously forward the atmosphere grew warmer and came in little gusts at one with a mixture of odors which at first I could not sort out.

We reached the main chamber. Probably before the hell came to Flanders it had been a rat-infested cellar. The air was heavy; one breathed in the smell of anæsthetics and blood and sweat. The wounded were being brought in, and they lay around on stretchers. Men shell-torn,

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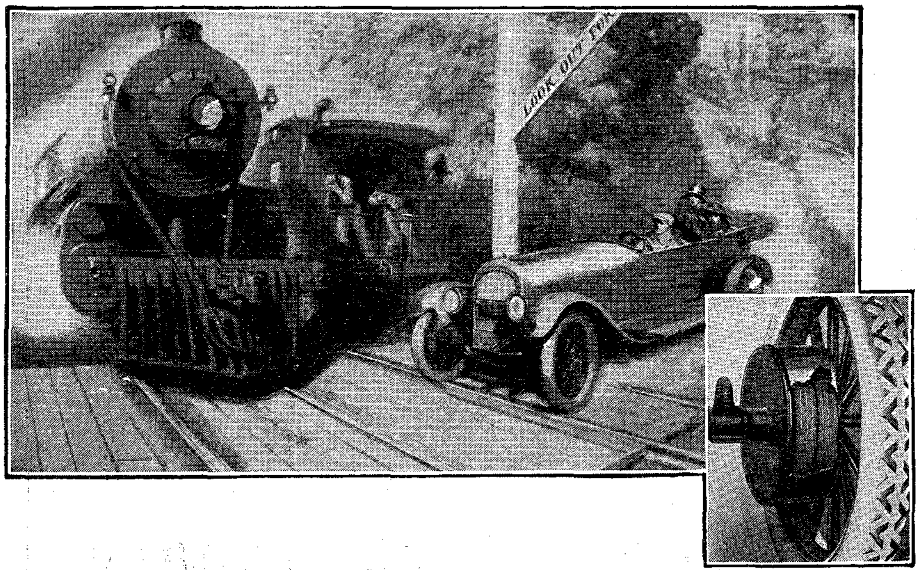

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men hit in all sorts of places that did not show, and in places that did horribly, men who came in with blood dripping from them in little quick puddles as they lay there. As I moved I felt my boots treading in something wet. Just by me a man, as conscious as I—I will not describe his wound, for it was the most awful thing I ever looked upon—was just slipping over the edge to the Great Discovery. . . . A little way on another twitched his lips slightly, and by the time the doctor had reached him and moved his head he had gone.

These men an hour before had waited for the offensive and chuckled at its prospect, like the man with the orange. I felt the sudden catch of a nausea, and remembered with one of those strange flashes of memory that I had only felt like that once before, and that was when as a boy I had watched with some evil fascination some men killing a pig in a Dorset village. Why, I thought now, should they kill these fine specimens of humanity in the same brute and pitiless fashion as those men had killed that pig?

We went out into a farther corridor. There was a string of pigmy lights on the wall, like the Embankment in the old days, seen from afar. In another chamber were more men on stretchers, the less serious cases. You saw their faces before anything else, red with little rivulets of sweat crawling over. And then on into another chamber where there were men who had been gassed, sitting in rows in the half light with dead-white faces, and red half-closed eyes that cried. . . . . .

In one corner was the dim outline of a big oxygen instrument. Beside it a bed-like contrivance that bore a resemblance to an operating-table, and over all a quaint unnatural smell, foreign to anything one has ever met before in a world supposed to be civilized.

We climbed up to the street in time to see a horse's head propel itself like a monstrous football down the street following a close shell-burst.

The Hun was trying to put a warning—to camouflage his movements—into a place he was not going to attack within the next few hours. Looked back upon now, the hideousness of war stands apparent when one remembers those torn men who had been destroyed for a German fake, and dragged in there to be made as comfortable as possible till they panted their lives out.

Later, while walking from Neuve Eglise to Messines, and from there to Wytschaete, the writer saw increasing evidences of the storm whose full fury struck and overwhelmed the British a few miles to southward. Fritz, or Jerry—as the German is variously called on the British front—was trying endless experiments that morning:

He was tilting his guns on to places he seldom if ever fired into, he was forcing his airmen out on all sorts of impossible "stunts," he was pushing gas-shells into villages where there were no troops but only harmless peasants tilling fields, he was groping with his "heavies" for railways a mile or more from where those railways existed, he exploded shrapnel in inconsequent places where only children played at soldiers with salved army badges and wooden swords. I saw him sweep a couple of these tiny warriors into his hideous net. He was very eager and searching. . . . . .

When later that day I walked out to

Neuve Eglise and Messines and from thence to Wytschaete, the big game was still going on overhead. A few stray bullets sprayed up spots of dirt on the road, a couple of guns suddenly emerged with a blast following a blast from a spot almost under one's feet which one thought was an empty pool of water, so cleverly camouflaged were they.

In the advanced dressing-station a major in reply to my question, "Where is the *Boche?*" said, "Come out and look at him. Be careful to follow me exactly."

We wandered over ground cloven with shell-holes, beside which an ancient turnip or two still showed in the broken soil. I pointed to them. "Yes," he said. "Somebody's garden—once." And yet there was no sign of a house ever having been built within miles, so complete was the destruction.

Somewhere at the back of us over the battle-field of Messines some light locomotives rattled along and tootled playfully as if it had been Clapham Junction. When a shell just missed them they tootled louder than ever.

The Major stopt at last and pointed to a thin line of dirty clay and sandbags.

"Plenty of *Boche* field-glasses watching us now," he said cheerfully.

"And what on earth do they make of us?" I asked.

"Working party. If they continue to think so they won't waste a shell on us. If they discover their mistake they may let us know. We won't loiter. Funny beast, the *Boche*. Pounded our stables last night and thought it war. The horse gets a rotten time out here, shell-shock and that. Two bolted this morning, sheer, absolute shell-shock. I'm a horse-lover, and I hate that sort of thing."

"It's beastly," I said, and remembered some mangled things in Ypres.

Just then Jerry pushed up two or three sausages from behind a distant ridge, the first he had shown hereabouts that day. Spots of white fluff arrived as suddenly and hung lovingly around them. They crept up, these sausages, a few hundred feet, dubiously. Very dubiously. They would halt as if to look about them, as a burglar might when he is climbing the drain-pipe, rise a few hundred yards and pause to look again. In these hesitations and halts was all the demonstration of nerves that had crept into the *Boche* system. He may have known that he was going to attack in a few hours, but he was very uncertain about his enemy, and about his own skin.

Journeying on down to Arras, where British officers were willing to give betting odds that the first great attack would come, the writer records a small but significant bit of French romance:

I chanced to see amid a string of broken houses some curtains in the lower window of a building which had been crumpled like a silk hat that has been sat upon.

"Surely," I remarked to the officer, "no one lives there!"

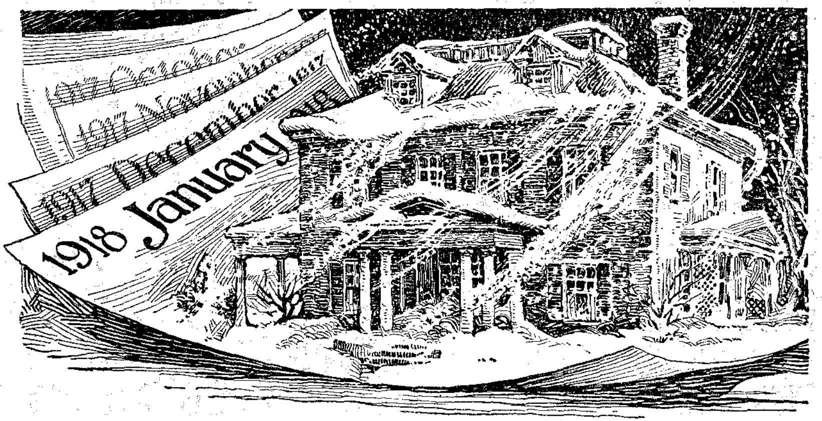
"Come and see," he said, and led the way across the street.

He knocked at the door.

A Frenchwoman of about fifty years of age, obviously of gentle birth and breeding, came to the door. At the sight of our visitors she smiled and insisted on our going in.

"He wouldn't believe," the officer told her, pointing to me, "that any one lived here, so I wanted to prove it to him!"

She took us into a small room on the



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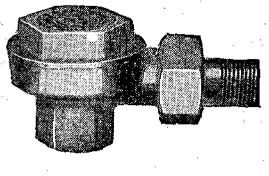

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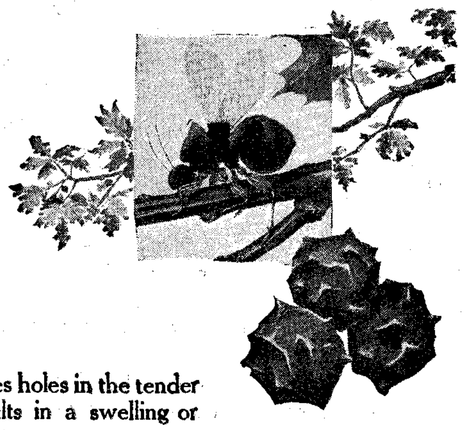

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ground floor facing the main street. It had been turned into a bed-sitting-room. It was the only room in that house, or probably in the street, that had not been smashed to fragments by insistent shell-fire. And in it this woman who had been rich before the war lived alone. All her relatives and the owner of the place had been killed in the house and buried in the garden.

But she was not entirely alone. She had with her a woolly dog of uncertain breed, a green-and-red parrot in a cage on the only unbroken chair, and upon the sill of the window sat a ginger cat looking out at the destruction across the street with that mysterious brooding peculiar to its tribe. Stuffed into this room was the salvage of the furniture of the house. In the ceiling was a shell-hole big enough for a man to let himself down through. And on the mantelpiece, shelves, and cabinet were lumps of shell that Madame had picked up at odd times as they had come into the house, including a splinter which was cut out of her own forehead and is her most cherished possession.

"Madame," the officer explained to me, "has refused to go out of her house all through the war. She has stood the German occupation and the continual bombardment, and she won't budge."

At this Madame shook her head and laughed.

"When I go out they will have to carry me," she answered.

She lives there and spends her whole time writing poetry. She has written reams about the valor of her own soldiers, and now, she explained, she had begun to write about the British and Americans.

"And what do you do when the Germans bombard Arras?" I asked her.

"Come and see, m'sieu'." She took me into the hall and opened a door through which I peered down into darkness. "I go in there—the cellar. And I pull this table against the door—so. And these chairs—so. And I am barricaded in. And if the Germans ever return, I go down with my cat and my parrot and my dog. So we shall live till the English push them out again."

"And how long will you have to endure all this?" I said. A foolish question enough, but one does not speak of their heroism to women like that.

"Oh, m'sieu'," she said, "it will all end some day!"

And that is how "My Lady of Arras" waited for the great offensive.

She was so like France. So sure.

A few hours later the storm began. All night it raged. Of the next morning, the morning of the fateful 21st of March, 1918, Mr. Flower writes:

> The pandemonium was unlike any other pandemonium I have ever heard. The ground moved beneath one's feet—veritably moved. The sun came up in a wide, splendid sky. It seemed the only placid thing above a world that had suddenly gone mad.
>
> The noise—it was not so much a noise as a blast that never stopt—appeared to have a well-defined horizon. Nearer sounds, the rumbling of hurrying lorries, the tread of men's feet were inconsequent—they passed almost unnoticed.
>
> The hour had struck. Germany had come over the top to buy certain stretches of soil for a price that has never been paid for ground in the whole history of the human race.

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It All Depends.—"How late shall you remain at your summer cottage this year?"

"Ask the cook."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mannerly Conservation. — Mama — "Willie, you have no manners."

Willie—"Well, if I waste them now I won't have any when company comes."—*Judge.*

Advice to a Soldier.—"Remember, my son," said his mother as she bade him good-by, "when you get to camp try to be punctual in the mornings, so as not to keep breakfast waiting."—*Life.*

Fashion Notes from the Front.—"Where are you going?" asked one rookie of another.

"Going to the blacksmith shop to get my tin hat reblocked."—*Pittsburg Sun.*

Word from Br'er Williams.—When you think you is at de end o' de road, don't fling up bekaze you find dar's one mo' river ter cross. Dat's a big compliment from Providence ter de grit an' git dar what's in you.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Commercially Speaking. — "I understand you have several speeches ready for delivery."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "They are ready for delivery; but they remain uncalled for."—*Washington Star.*

Showing Them What Was What.—New Curate—"What did you think of the sermon on Sunday, Mrs. Jones?"

Parishioner—"Very good indeed, sir. So instructive. We really didn't know what sin was till you came here."—*Tit-Bits.*

Might Be Too Much for Him.—Southern Parson (to convert)—"Does yo' think yo' kin keep in de straight an' narrer path now, Sam?"

Sam—"I reckon I kin, pahson, ef dey ain't no watahmillion patches erlong de road."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fixing Up the House.—"Have you no potted geraniums."

"No. We have some very nice chrysanthemums."

"I must have geraniums. They are for my wife."

"I'm sure she'd like these chrysanthemums."

"You don't understand. The geraniums are to replace some I promised to care for while she was away."—*Pittsburg Sun.*

What Saved the Baby.—The family were entertaining callers one afternoon, and while the grown-ups were talking, the baby crept on the floor. Suddenly there was a loud bump and wild wail. It came from the direction of the piano.

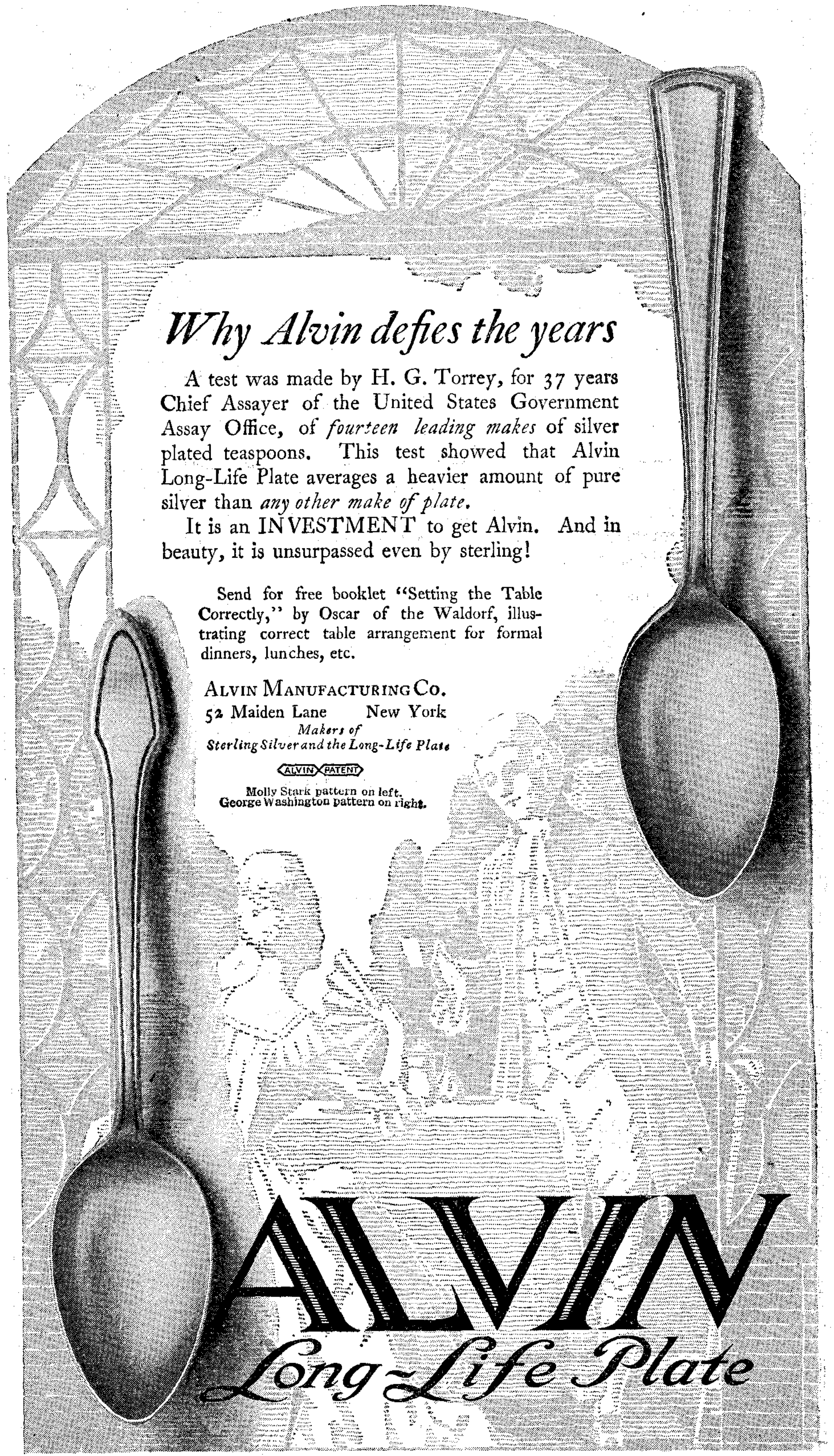
"Oh, the baby has hurt himself!" cried the mother. "Run quick, dear!"

The young father had already dashed toward the piano. He dropt on his knees and groped under the piano for his injured offspring. Presently he returned.

"He fell down and bumped his head on one of the pedals," he reported.

"Oh, the poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" asked one of the guests.

"No," he answered. "Fortunately, his head hit the soft pedal!"—*Tit-Bits.*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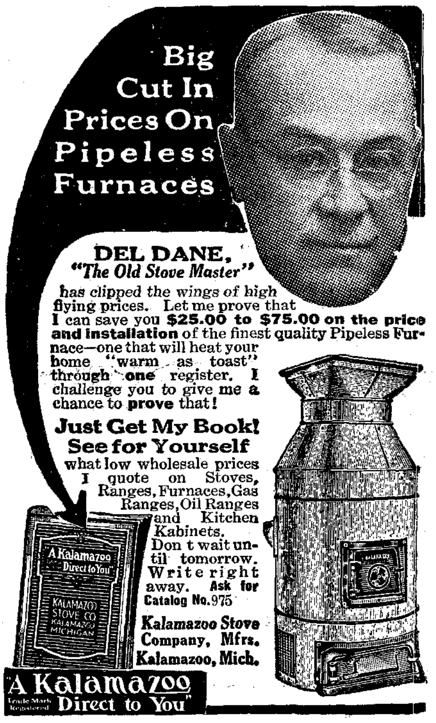

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Little Weakness of Chris.—Sam—"Ah done heerd dat dey fin' Columbus's bones."

Ezra—"Lawd! Ah never knew dat he wuz a gamblin' man."—*Panther.*

Well Seasoned.—"Are they seasoned troops?"

"They ought to be. They were first mustered in by their officers and then peppered by the enemy."—*Baltimore American.*

Thoughts Encouraged by Nation-wide Prohibition.—The modern germ-crank can not understand how the boy who drank out of the old oaken bucket ever lived to write the verses. And there have been times when the verses struck others as having been written during a long illness.—*Kansas City Star.*

Easy Money for Maggie.—"My sister Maggie is a very fortunate girl."

"Yes? Why?"

"Dunno. But she went to a party last night, and played blind man's buff all the evening. The gentlemen hunt around and find a girl, and then they must either kiss her or give her a shilling.

"Yes?"

"Maggie came home with thirty shillings and a war-bond."—*Tit-Bits.*

Cheerful News from "Over There."

It's a shame to do it, but public safety impels us to expose the sergeant who is palming off his Mexican border service-ribbon as an American *croix de guerre*, thereby raising his own holdings of "amourique Amerique" stock in the eyes of *petite* Madélon.

Even so, sleeping on the rocks has its advantages, for in the rosy days of the future when friend wife turns the lock on our late nocturnal home-coming, we can curl up on the front porch with sleepful abandon.

And when we are in the parlor with our best girl telling her of the great rôle we played in the world-safe-for-democracy drama, we'll not mind it a bit if the passing guard orders, "Camouflage those lights!"

So many Yanks are over here now that there is scarcely room to house them, thereby creating the necessity of extending the eastern frontier of this domain of Foch, Pershing, *et al.*

To our exchange-desk has recently come a copy of the *Kriegszeitung*, the official organ of the Seventh German Army. The most we can say for the sheet is that it is *Boche* and bosh.

What gets us guessing is how this daylight-savings plan works out in the land of Eskimos, but we suppose all they have to do is to get up six months earlier each morning.

Elsie Janis danced so gracefully that, after she had alighted from a perfectly stunning flip-flop, a doughboy in the third row was heard to remark: "Just like a wheelbarrow I saw in the air after a high explosive hit near it."

Our staff correspondent who made the trip to Paris is recovering from a rather severe headache.

Cursed be the mule whose braying is like unto the whistling of a shell.—*The Ohio Rainbow Reveille*, Official Organ, 166th Infantry, Somewhere in France.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE WEST FRONT

September 25—British forces capture Selency, two miles west of St. Quentin, taking 1,000 prisoners and many machine guns.

Owing to the American long-range bombardment of Metz, states a dispatch from Berlin, preparations are afoot for the expeditious removal of civilians and property from the city.

September 26.—General Pershing cables that the First American Army has delivered an attack between the Meuse and Aisne rivers on a front of twenty miles, smashing through the Hindenburg line for an average gain of seven miles and capturing 5,000 prisoners.

The British War Office announces that two divisions have taken the German trenches and strong points northwest of St. Quentin and 1,500 prisoners.

September 27.—French troops in the battle-line east of Reims gain five miles and take over 10,000 prisoners.

The British advance on a fourteen-mile front across the Canal du Nord and pierce the Hindenburg line at several points.

General Haig carries Cambrai defenses, Americans aiding, and takes 6,000 prisoners. Operating on the extreme right, American troops capture a series of trenches and fortified farms forming the outer defenses of the Hindenburg system southwest of Le Catelet.

September 28.—A dispatch from the front states that the Americans have reached the Kreimhilde line at Brieulles and advanced to Exermount, making three miles in one day. More prisoners were taken.

The French and Americans push onward in Champagne and take the German railway base. Americans north of Verdun are bringing up artillery for another big offensive.

Belgian and British troops attack on a front running from Dixmude to a point ten miles north of Ypres, capturing Poelcappelle and 4,000 prisoners.

Allied war-ships bombard Zeebrugge and Ostend, the German batteries replying with vigor.

The French War Office announces the capture of Fort Malmaison, one of the strongholds southeast of Laon.

British forces continue sweeping forward toward Cambrai. General Haig reports the capture of more than 10,000 prisoners, 200 guns, and ten villages.

eptember 29.—Newspaper correspondents report that General Pershing's Army is sweeping all barriers aside. In three days our men cut through defenses that had stood four years.

London reports the capture of Dixmude by the Belgians, who have also advanced to within less than two miles of Roulers. Over 5,500 prisoners and 100 guns were captured.

The forces under General Haig, including Americans, make a notable advance and are now at the edge of Cambrai. American troops capture Bellicourt and Nauroy.

A dispatch from Paris notes that the Americans on the Champagne front have captured Brieulles-sur-Meuse and Romagne on the Kreimhilde line.

eptember 30.—London reports the outskirts of Cambrai and two villages near St. Quentin won by the British. A considerable number of prisoners were taken.

Another dispatch states that the Belgians

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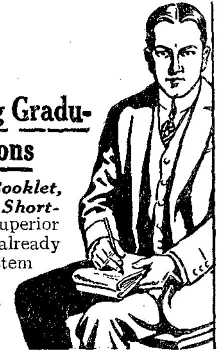

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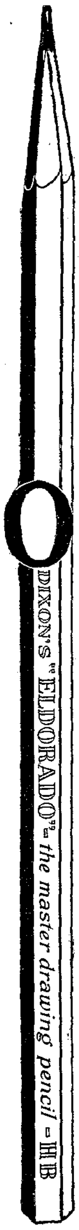
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40 large bulbs, many kinds mixed, p'paid $1.00

Water Flowering **FRENCH NARCISSUS** Exquisite, fragrant, white indoor bloomers in gravel and water or earth.
12 large bulbs, p'paid for 60c.
The above two offers for $1.50.

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WINTER ONION SETS for the back yard, plant now. 3 lbs., $1.00. prepaid.
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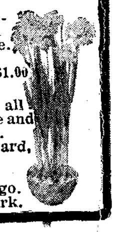

have entered Roulers, and that the British to the south are close to Menin. The whole of the enemy's communications in Belgium and Flanders are threatened.

General Pershing notifies the War Department that American troops had held their own in the face of heavy attacks from the Aisne to the Meuse.

Paris reports French troops making important progress between the Aisne and the Vesle rivers on a front of about seven and a half miles. Sixteen hundred prisoners were taken in an advance which won three villages.

October 1.—The British are in possession of the northern and western suburbs of Cambrai. The Germans set the town on fire.

During August and September the British captured 123,618 Germans and 1,400 guns.

THE BALKAN SITUATION

September 25.—London reports the Bulgarians retreating on a total front of 130 miles and that a British invasion of Bulgaria seems likely.

September 26.—Capture of Veles (Köprülü) by the Servians is announced. British and Greek troops invade Bulgaria from the Doiran region and are forcing their way over the Belashitza mountain range.

Cables from Paris state that martial law has been proclaimed in Sofia and that a complete change in Bulgaria's foreign policy is impending. It is believed that Crown Prince Boris will be made regent and a separate peace negotiated.

September 27.—Paris and London receive a proposal from the Bulgarian Government for an armistice of forty-eight hours with a view to making peace. The offer causes intense excitement in Germany.

British forces on the Macedonian front capture Strumnitza.

September 28.—Worried by the armistice proposal, state dispatches from London, Vienna and Berlin are rushing troops to their ally.

Replying to the Bulgarian request for an armistice, Great Britain insists upon unequivocal submission, and adds that if the terms laid down are not acceptable to the Malinoff Government, the Allied Powers have no further conditions to propose.

September 29.—According to information received in Swiss political circles, the German forces of occupation are retiring from Roumania, where, it is rumored, the population has revolted.

Rome reports that Italian troops are vigorously pushing their way over the mountains northwest of Monastir, and that the Bulgarians are retiring rapidly in the direction of Kichevo.

September 30.—Paris and London report that Bulgaria has surrendered unconditionally to the Allies, hostilities ceasing officially at noon. It is said the armistice was signed with the full consent of King Ferdinand.

The defection of Bulgaria causes a panic in Germany, and Vienna is reported to be dismayed by the new situation.

October 1.—A dispatch from Paris states that the French look for the deliverance of Roumania as one result of Bulgaria's collapse.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

September 25.—British airplanes drop bombs on Frankfort and shot down five enemy machines. Airdromes at Bühl and Kaiserslautern, between Metz and Mannheim, were also bombed and

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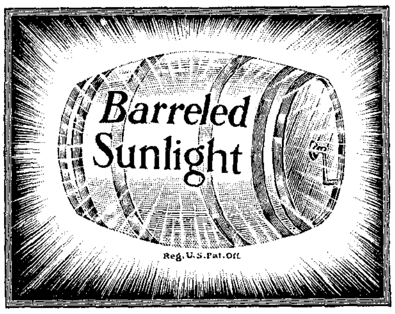

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The original "Mill White." It increases your daylight 19% to 36% by actual tests. Reflects every ray of natural and artificial light. Reduces your lighting bills. Resists dirt. Is sanitary and can be washed clean when other paints need recoating. Remains white long after other paints have turned yellow under the same conditions. This we guarantee.

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29 Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

two enemy machines destroyed. Eight British machines are missing.

Paris reports that copies of orders found on prisoners show that the Austrians have given instructions for the hanging of captive aviators known to have distributed proclamations within their lines.

September 27.—Geneva reports that the Kaiser and his staff took refuge in a cellar when British airmen raided Mannheim. Several bombs fell in the vicinity of their hiding-place.

September 28.—Reports received by the War Department at Washington show that fifty enemy airplanes and seven balloons were brought down by American aviators with the British forces in the period from July 1 to August 25.

Low-flying airplanes have been used by the Americans northwest of Verdun to cover the forward movement of the infantry by laying down what amounted to a barrage. Often the aviators flew as low as 150 feet.

September 29.—General Haig reports that the air force cooperated in every phase of the operations on Saturday. Enemy troops were bombed and machine-gunned from extremely low heights and heavy casualties were inflicted. Twenty-two hostile machines were destroyed and three were driven out of control. Twenty-four British machines are missing.

It is reported that General Pershing's airmen are now all American. In three days, despite the prevailing bad weather, they downed sixty German airplanes and twelve observation-balloons.

September 30.—General Haig reports that fifteen hostile balloons were destroyed, twenty-six planes brought down, and nine others driven out of control. Co-operating with the Navy, the air force bombed enemy destroyers and raided Zeebrugge, Ostend, and Bruges. Twelve hostile machines were destroyed and fifteen driven out of control. Ten British machines are missing.

IN PALESTINE

September 25.—London announces that more than 45,000 prisoners and 265 guns have been taken by the British in Palestine. The British are in a favorable position for cutting off the retreating Turks.

A dispatch from Constantinople states that the retreat of the Turks is being successfully carried out in conformity with War Office plans.

September 26.—London reports that the British are extending their occupation about the Sea of Galilee and that the Fourth Turkish Army is virtually surrounded.

September 28.—In the region between Jerusalem and the Sea of Galilee, General Allenby has taken 5,000 more Turkish prisoners and captured 350 guns. Up to date 50,000 prisoners have been taken by the British.

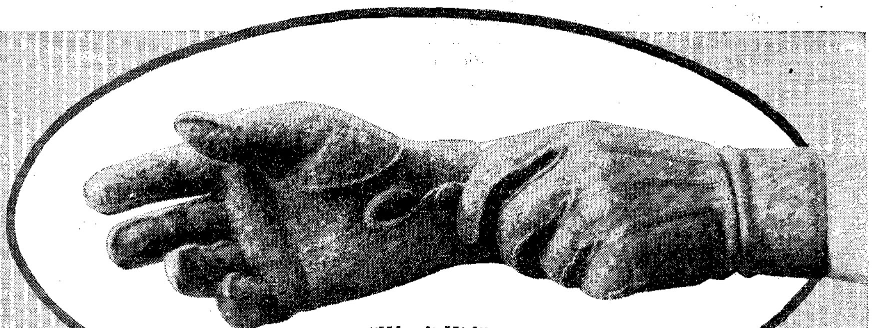
September 29.—A Turkish official communication admits that the British are continuing to advance on the Palestine front, and that the other fronts are quiet.

September 30.—London reports that a Turkish force of 10,000 men has surrendered to the British in Palestine.

October 1.—British forces have surrounded the City of Damascus and French mounted troops are speeding to capture Beirut.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

September 25.—Admiral von Hintze assures the Main Committee of the Reichstag that, despite repeated re-



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THIS introduces the Grinnell "WOOLI-KID" Glove, the new All-American glove for dress and street wear. The "WOOLI-KID" comes in response to the need for conservation of leather, as a serious shortage exists.

It is a dressy, classy, all-wool glove, combining warmth, comfort, economy and quality.

The "WOOLI-KID" fits to perfection and *looks* as fine as it *feels.*

Full outside seams, one-button tops, embroidered backs—in Gray, Khaki or Winterfield shades.

The "WOOLI-KID" saves leather. Wear a pair and do your share.

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"Best for every purpose"

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LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

"X" Liquid will repair over 24,000 Radiator Leaks in 10 minutes

CAN you imagine 24,000 leaks in *one* radiator? It is entirely possible. The average radiator has more than 24,000 corners—each one liable to leak.

Suppose all the corners *did* leak at once—would you throw the radiator away and buy a new one? Or would you use "X" Liquid to repair every single leak and make the radiator *as good as new*—without taking it down?

What would a *thrifty* car owner do?

MOTORISTS often ask, "How can I repair my leaky radiator *better* and *cheaper* than by soldering it—and without choking the cooling system with cements, flaxseed meals or other 'dopes'?"

Investigation proves that "X" Liquid is the *only scientific way* to repair leaks without solder or welding—and without injury to the cooling system.

"X" is simply poured into the radiator. It mixes with the water—circulates freely throughout the cooling system—and finds every leak or crack. Then it flows through and turns to a solid *right in the hole.*

Whether you have *one* leak or a *hundred*—whether these leaks are in the radiator, the pump, around the motor head gaskets, the connections or elsewhere—"X" Liquid makes a *permanent repair.*

The surest way to *prevent future leaks* from bothering you is to keep "X" Liquid *constantly* in the water.

"X" Prevents Rust and Scale

The *easiest* and *most scientific* method of keeping the cooling system free from Rust and Scale is to use "X" Liquid. The same "X" that repairs and prevents leaks also *loosens* Rust and Scale. And with "X" in the water no *new* Rust or Scale can form.

The result is a RUSTPROOF, SCALEPROOF cooling system—a cooler, better-working engine—a saving of oil and gasoline—plus a reduction in upkeep costs.

"X" Liquid is guaranteed to make good—*or your money back.*

Large Size, $1.50 *does $25 in repair work*

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"X" LABORATORIES
646 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

jection of peace offers from the Central Powers, Germany maintains her readiness for peace.

News gathered on the German frontiers, cables an American correspondent, shows increasing restlessness, discontent, and rebelliousness, not only among the civil population, but also among the troops. General Ludendorff admits the impaired morale of the fighting men.

September 27.—Captain von Mantey, of the German Admiralty, tells the German Navy League at Dortmund that "we are losing about five submarines and 125 officers and men monthly."

September 28.—Rumors persist in Vienna political circles, states a dispatch from Paris, that Foreign Minister Burian will soon send a second peace note to the belligerents.

The Berlin *Vorwärts* declares that the hour has arrived to speak plainly, and that the question is no longer one of conquest, but of attaining peace in an orderly way and without unbearable burdens.

Amsterdam reports that the Bulgarian crisis produced a panic on the Berlin Stock Exchange, several stocks dropping 30 points and over. Roumania oil stocks dropt over 60 points.

A Berlin dispatch claims that west of Cambrai, in Champagne, and west of the Meuse heavy Allied attacks failed.

September 29.—Berlin admits retirement on a seventeen-mile front before Cambrai and the loss of some positions, including artillery lines, between Dixmude and Wulverghem. The dispatch adds that American attacks gained local successes.

The *Lokal Anzeiger*, of Berlin, in discussing the Bulgarian situation, declares that "Germany's most serious hour seems to have struck."

September 30.—Amsterdam reports that Chancellor von Hertling, Foreign Secretary von Hintze, and Dr. von Payer, Imperial Vice-Chancellor, have tendered their resignations to the Kaiser, who has accepted them.

Amsterdam reports that a proposal that the presidents and vice-presidents of the parliaments of belligerent and neutral states be invited to meet for an unbinding discussion of the basis of peace has been introduced in the Lower House of the Austrian Parliament.

According to advices received at Basel, Switzerland, cholera has broken out in Berlin.

October 1.—A dispatch from Amsterdam quotes the German Governor of Belgium as stating that plans are ready for the early evacuation of Belgium, should it become necessary.

Berlin reports that enemy attacks in Flanders, Champagne, and on both sides of Cambrai have been repulsed.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

September 24.—Archangel reports that American troops have captured several villages in a combined advance up the Dvina River.

September 26.—Amsterdam circulates a newspaper report that the Bolshevik Government has issued a decree rescinding its reign of terror.

On arriving at Stockholm from Moscow, United States Consul Poole stated that the British Acting Consul General and other Entente officials and civilians are imprisoned in the Kremlin.

September 27.—Martial law has been declared at Vladivostok. The measure is directed against enemy agents, traffickers in arms, and any one attempting interference with the military operations, and is expected to keep the Bolsheviki in check.

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"RIM-KLINCH"
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This Rim-Klinch Patch Beats Blowout Troubles

There are times when a man would gladly give $50 to get a Miller Rim-Klinch Patch—that is when he's miles from nowhere, or when service stations are closed as they are so much of the time nowadays. Anyone can insert this patch easily and quickly between the tube and casing when a blowout occurs. It enables a car to continue its trip without further injury to casing, tube or rim.

So take precaution today against being stranded by blowouts by putting the Miller Rim-Klinch Patch in your tool kit.

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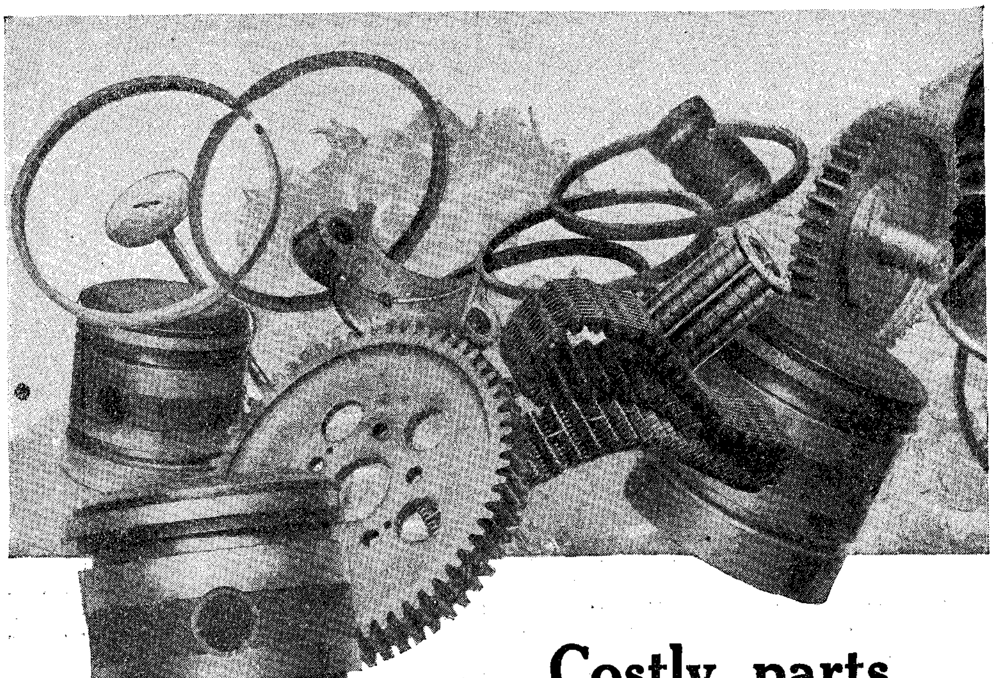

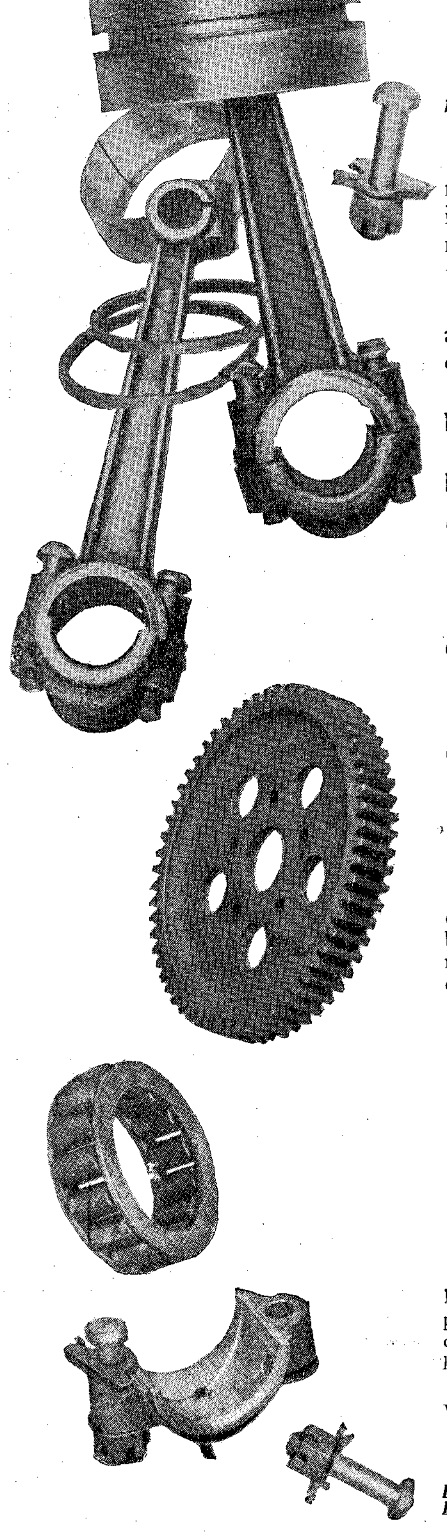

Costly parts

War times demand that you protect them from undue wear. Three suggestions.

There is a serious shortage of automobile repair men. You are going to find more and more difficulty in getting repairs made. And you are going to pay more for repair service. Labor charges are up; prices of parts are higher and still on the rise.

Meanwhile many motorists are as unconcerned as ever about their cars. The needless wearing out of engine parts goes on.

Why? Incorrect oil—incorrect use of oil—or both.

Here are three points which should be observed by every motorist:

(1) ***Get the correct oil.*** You should use an oil of high quality and of the correct body to suit the lubricating requirements of your car. The use of such an oil is the first and most important step in the protection of your engine parts.

(2) ***Maintain at all times an adequate supply of oil in the oil reservoir.*** Lack of attention to this may result in insufficient lubrication, premature wear, and in extreme cases—burned-out bearings.

(3) ***Drain old oil and replenish at proper intervals.*** If your instruction book advises fresh oil every 1,000 miles, do not run 1,500 or 2,000 miles before replacing. Oil gathers impurities and thins down in use through condensation of the fuel mixture. Running on such "oil" means premature wear to parts.

It will pay you to send for the booklet, "Correct Lubrication," and read the article beginning on page 3. This book treats this and other subjects with authority and clearness in articles prepared by our Board of Engineers. Address our nearest branch.

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A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

How to read the Chart

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc.	Arc.								
Abbott-Detroit			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (8 cyl)					A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cyl)					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-38 & 6-39)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (6-39B)(Teetor H)	A	Arc.								
" (6-39B)(Cont'l)	Arc.	Arc.								
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Briscoe	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Case	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	A	A			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Arc.				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (F A)	A	Arc.								
Cole					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dart	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (Mod. C)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (2 & 3½ ton)	A	A								
Detroiter	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	E	E		
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Federal	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Mod. S-X)	A	A	A	A						
" (Special)	Arc.	Arc.								
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hal-Twelve			A	A	A	A				
Haynes	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hollier (6 cyl)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Super Six)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Jackson			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc						
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King							A	Arc.	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.		
" (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " (Mod. 48)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Liberty (Detroit)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc						
Lippard Stewart	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" " (Mod. M)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" " (Mod. MW)			A	Arc.						
Locomobile	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
McFarlan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A
Madison	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (22-70)							Arc.	Arc.		
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Owen Magnetic	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" " (Mod. M25)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Packard							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Paige (4 cyl)							A	Arc.	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (6-36)					A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" (6-38-39)			A	Arc.						
" (6-40)	A	Arc.								
Paterson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Pathfinder			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Regal	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl)					A	A	Arc.	Arc.		
Renault (French)					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Riker	A	E	E	E						
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (¾ ton)			A	Arc.						
Simplex			A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" " (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.								
" (¾ ton)	A	Arc.								
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (16 valve)	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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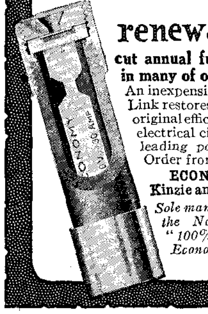

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September 28.—A London dispatch states that Japanese troops have effected a junction at Rufulov, 306 miles northwest of Blagovyeshchensk.

September 29.—A writer in the Berlin *Tageblatt* says he learns from authentic sources that if the Bolsheviki are compelled to leave Moscow they will attempt to destroy the city and slaughter the *bourgeoisie.*

FOREIGN

September 25.—Ottawa announces that the net losses in the Overseas Military Forces of Canada up to August 1 were 115,000.

The engine-drivers' strike in south Wales collapses when troops arrive to maintain essential war-service.

The monthly statement of the British Admiralty shows total sinkings by submarines during August were 327,676 gross tonnage, of which 176,401 was British and 151,275 Allied and neutral.

September 26.—The Finance Minister of France states that of the $23,200,000,000 raised by the French Government since the beginning of 1915, $3,600,000,000 came from normal sources and $19,600,000,000 from loans. Of the total amount of loans $14,600,000,000 was raised by the French people themselves.

The American-German war-prisoner's conference begins at Bern under the presidency of Paul Dimchert, Swiss minister plenipotentiary.

Washington is informed that the Brazilian minister at Vienna has closed his legation and departed for Berlin and that the Austrian minister at Rio de Janeiro will return to his country soon.

Amsterdam reports that meatless weeks are to continue in Germany through November, December, and January.

September 30.—London reports that 30,000 Czechs, Poles, and Silesians gathered near Troppau, Austria, and declared in favor of the foundation of a Czecho-Slovak state and Czecho-Polish solidarity.

DOMESTIC

September 25.—Federal officials report that Spanish influenza has appeared on the Pacific coast and that it continues to spread in army-camps.

The New York Department of Health announces that the disease is really an epidemic of pneumonia.

Citizens of Magyar origin in New York organize the Committee for Magyar democracy. They charge that the Hungarian-American Loyalty League was working against the Czecho-Slovak movement.

At the National Exposition of Chemical Industries in New York the establishment of a national research laboratory for chemists is urged.

September 27.—The War Department Committee on Education urges colleges under contract with the Government to conduct military-training courses to refuse young men who enter those courses permission to join secret fraternities because they should have no time for activities outside their regular college work.

President Wilson opens the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign with a speech in the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York in which he outlines a plan for a league of nations to be formed at the peace conference.

September 28.—Pittsburg decides upon an eight-hour day for all steel-mills in the district.

Washington reports Fourth Liberty Bond sales large all over the country, many cities and towns giving their quotas before noon of the first day.

Congress passes a resolution appropriating $1,000,000 to fight influenza.

September 29.—Eighty-five thousand cases of influenza are reported in Massachusetts. Health Commissioner Copeland thinks the epidemic is under control in New York.

A dispatch from Washington states that the Administration does not favor the proposition exempting army, navy, and marine officers serving abroad from the payment of income tax.

September 30.—Fuel Administrator Garfield launches a drive for coal-production to continue until April 1. He wants 12,234,000 tons of bituminous and 2,030,000 of anthracite a week.

President Wilson delivers an address to the Senate urging the passage of the Woman Suffrage Amendment.

Replying to the German threat of reprisal against American soldiers found using sawed-off repeating shotguns, Secretary Lansing notifies Germany that the United States will retaliate to protect our men. He denies that the weapon violates the Hague Convention and says its use will not be abandoned by the American Army.

October 1.—The United States Senate fails to ratify the Susan B. Anthony Woman Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution. The vote is 53 for to 31 against, a two-thirds vote being required.

During the month of August, 35,447 machine guns, 263,989 rifles, and 337,732,000 cartridges were made for the United States Army.

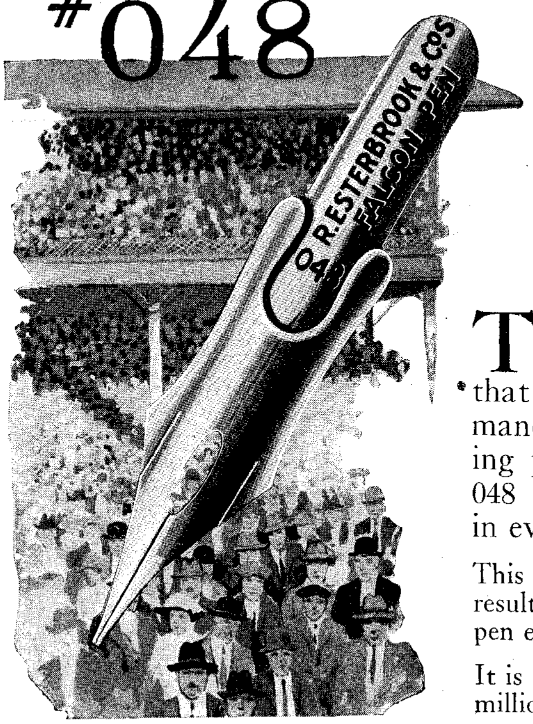
TWO TERRIBLE JOKES OF THE FROLICSOME "DUD"

A "DUD," if you don't know it, is an enemy shell that, through some defect in the fuse or the bursting-charge, fails to explode. Instead of scattering death and destruction, it harms only the object with which it comes in contact.

A captain of artillery tells, in a recent Y. M. C. A. *Bulletin*, of two experiences that his men have had with the frolicsome "dud."

"Not long ago," said the captain, inhaling a puff from his first cigaret in several days, "one of my men heard a 'whiz-bang' coming. He darted head first into a dugout like a jack-rabbit. At the same moment, the shell entered and lodged right alongside him in the soft earth. For a fraction of a second the soldier thought that he was going to be an unusually complete casualty, but the shell just stayed there, rested quietly and didn't explode. That soldier is now firmly convinced that he was born to be hanged.

"Another time, one of the men in the battery was in a deep dugout when one of the big German shells came through the roof and lodged right at his feet. It was a huge shell and it looked as big around as a washtub to him. He fainted dead away when he saw it, for in a flash he figured that it had one of those delayed action-fuses and was all ready to blow up. When he came to, and they told him that he had been scared into insensibility by a 'dud,' he was the maddest man you ever saw. He seemed to take it as a personal insult that the shell hadn't exploded and scattered him over five acres of France."



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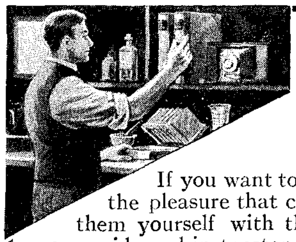

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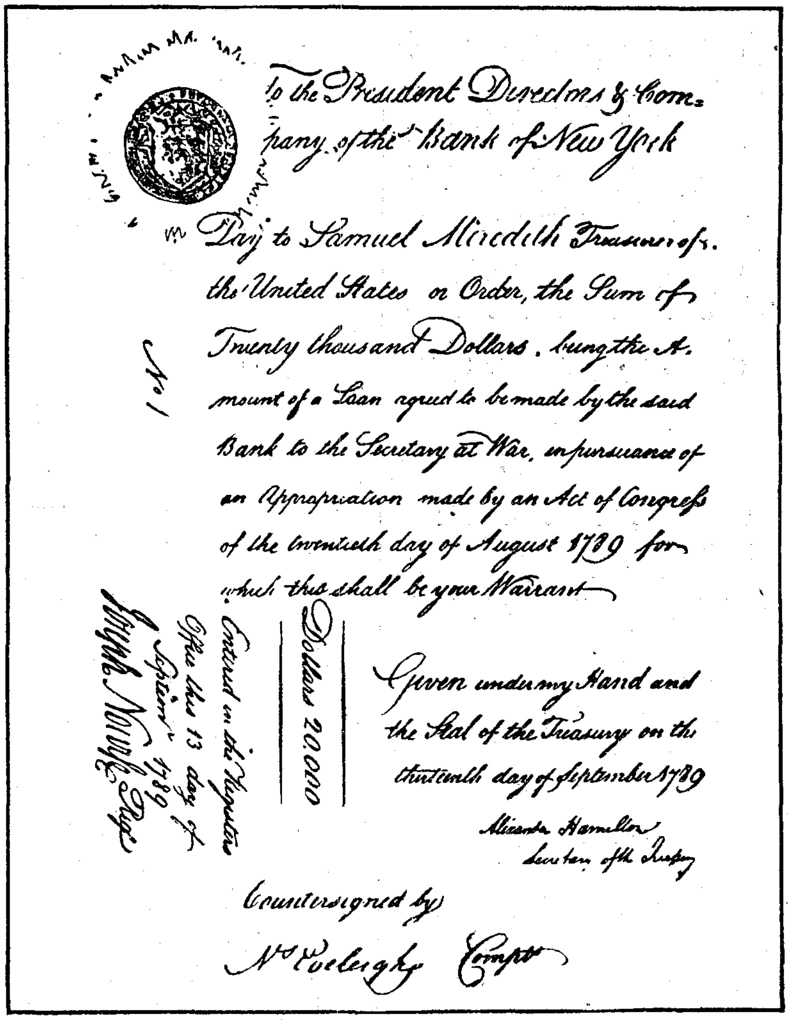

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the Seal of the Treasury on the
thirteenth day of September 1789

Alexander Hamilton
Secretary of the Treasury

Countersigned by
Ns Eveleigh Comptr

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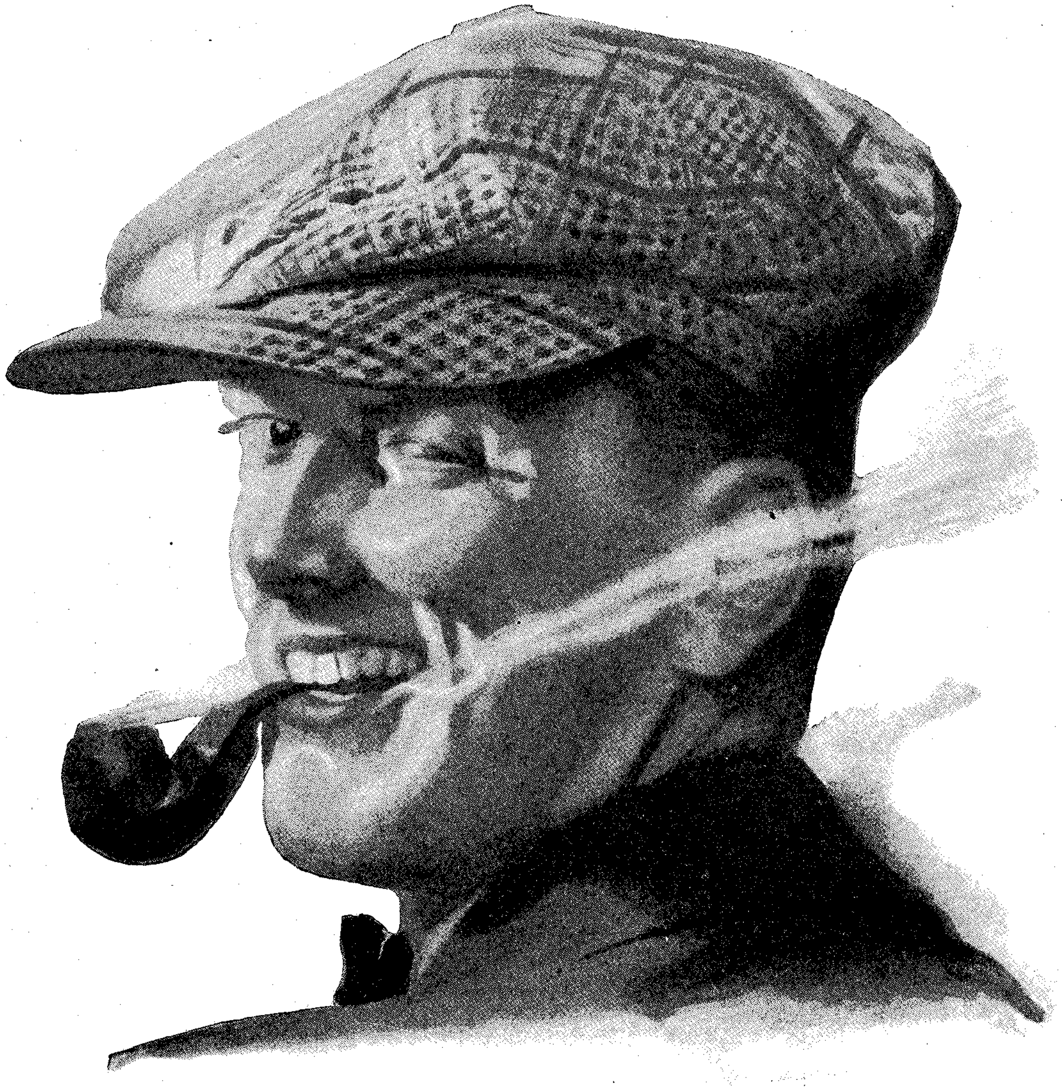
While the deposits in New York savings-banks do not corroborate, as they have been wont to do, the substantial evidences that abound in regard to wide-spread employment and record wages, "war-times," says a writer in *Bradstreet's*, "have divested many statistical barometers of their value," and too much stress, he says, should not be put upon this fact now. Altho for the first time in history the resources of these savings-banks failed to reflect an increase over the preceding year, this probably was "ascribable to charging off for depreciation in securities held." Their resources on July 1, 1918, aggregated $2,169,877,364, a



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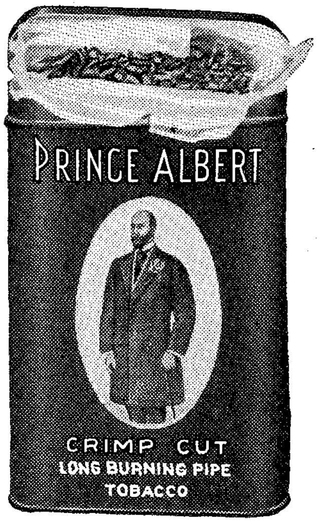

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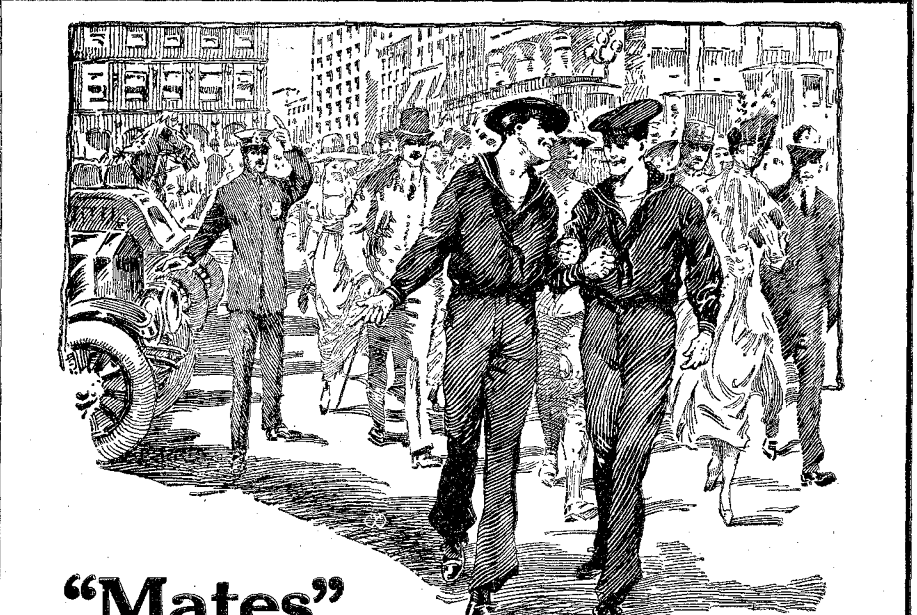

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decrease of $3,039,050 from the corresponding date in 1917, but the volume of deposits, "wholly as a result of crediting dividends," expanded to $1,991,720,349, thus indicating a slight increase, only $251,203, over July 1, 1917. The most noteworthy feature of the statistics was the remarkably heavy withdrawals, $521,298,363 having been taken out of the savings-banks in the year ending on June 30, 1918. This sum was an advance of $55,448,000, or 11 per cent., over 1917, in which year withdrawals also were of large proportions. Withdrawals last year, in fact, exceeded those of any previous fiscal year. At the same time, the sum deposited, *viz.*, $448,768,201, fell just about as much as withdrawals increased, deposits in 1918 having decreased approximately $55,000,000, or 10.9 per cent., from 1917. Barring the record year 1917, deposits, however, exceeded those of any other twelve months. "As we have been accustomed to associate savings-bank deposits with prosperity," the first impressions created by these figures seem to indicate that they suggest other impressions than those of prosperity. The writer observes that in seeking explanations for the heavy withdrawals "one does not have to go far afield," adding:

"First of all, subscriptions to the Liberty Loans concededly caused depositors to withdraw large sums from the banks, and, moreover, the draft took off many thrifty young men who undoubtedly withdrew some, if not all, of their savings. While the sum deposited last year fell below that for 1917, the showing is not altogether unfavorable, for here again subscriptions to Liberty Loans played an important rôle in keeping down deposits, and, in addition, the sales of war-savings stamps exerted a similar influence. Incidentally, the Postal Savings Department of the Government directly competes for deposits with the savings-banks, probably attracting foreigners in larger numbers, and, needless to say, the restricted movement of immigration has cut off many potential savers.

"In short, while the war continues it is quite futile to expect savings-bank deposits to exhibit any noteworthy increment. But the volume of deposits, especially if viewed in the light of Liberty Loan and thrift-stamp campaigns and pledged subscriptions to the various war-working societies, can not be deemed otherwise than favorable. Indeed, the data do not show that the high cost of living has inured to the disadvantage of the provident, high wages, no doubt, having provided nest eggs in the form of money savings. As a matter of fact, heavy subscriptions to the Liberty Loans, sales of thrift stamps, building and loan savings, and the deposits made in the banks, all stamp the American people as pretty thrifty. No longer can Americans be charged with being improvident and extravagant. In truth, as a class we can adapt ourselves to the most exacting conditions."

Family Troubles.—The tramp came to the back door and unfolded a long tale of wo. His wife and six little children had, it appeared, fallen victims to a *Gotha* bomb, and the shock had so unnerved him, etc.

The woman of the house heard him patiently, but she fixt him all the time with a cold, searching eye.

"My man," she said, when at last she could get an innings, "are you telling me the truth? I have a very good memory for faces, and if I am not mistaken you called here some years ago and told me you had lost your wife and six children in the sinking of the *Titanic*."

"Yes, marm, that was me," agreed the tramp unblushingly. "I'm the most unfortunate man ever born. Never could keep a family anyhow."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"F. W. St.," Pawtucket, R. I.—"Kindly give me the ages of the longest-lived people of (1) Bible times, (2) of our times, and (3) of people of the earliest times?"

(1) According to Genesis v, 21, Methuselah lived 969 years. Many theories have been advanced as regards the exact meaning of the word *year* in such cases, the general opinion being that a much shorter period than our year is denoted, but we have no proof of this. (2) In modern times, Thomas Parr, of England, lived from 1483–1635 A.D., or 152 years, and there are other instances, more or less authenticated, of similar ages. Recently attention has been called to the number of centenarians in Bulgaria and neighboring territories (which Metchnikoff suggested was due to their use of sour milk), but it is difficult to prove the ages, tho about 140 has been given as one. (3) The length of human life in the earliest times is also a matter of controversy, but most authorities agree that at least the average age is increasing with civilization.

"B. M. V.," New York, N. Y.—"What do the words *oppidan* and *tug* mean in English public-school life?"

An *oppidan* at Eton College, England, is a student not on the foundation who boards in town. He is distinguished from a *tug* (see below). The word came into English through the old French *oppidain*, from the Latin *oppidanus*, from *oppidum*, a walled town. A *tug* is a scholar on the King's Foundation; he is a colleger. The *tuggery* is the examination that a student must pass to become a King's scholar. It also designates the King's scholars as a group. The word is said to be derived from a corruption of the Latin *toga*, the gown worn by King's scholars who were sometimes referred to as the *togati*.

"Unknown Correspondent."—The maxim "*Tace* is Latin for candle" is an old phrase used humorously in requesting or promising silence. It is equivalent of "Mum's the word," *tace* being Latin for "Be silent."

"A. P. C.," New York, N. Y.—"(1) What is the meaning and history of the word *dictionary?* (2) Could you tell me the definition of *acromagely?*"

(1) The word *dictionary* is defined as "A book containing the words of any language, sometimes together with their equivalents in another language, or the words employed in any science or art, or special branch of knowledge, arranged alphabetically, and usually also with the spelling, pronunciation, etymology, and definitions of the words, together with other explanatory or illustrative features." The word is derived from the late Latin *dictionarium*, which is itself derived from the Latin *dictio*, word, from *dico*, to say. The word *dictionarius* was used about 1225 A. D. as the title of a book arranged somewhat like a dictionary. The first English dictionary was issued in 1552. (2) Perhaps the term *acromegaly* is meant. This is defined as "A disorder characterized by an enlargement of the extremities, thorax, and face." The term is used in pathology.

"E. S.," New Rochelle, N. Y.—"Please give me the meaning of the word *syndicalism.*"

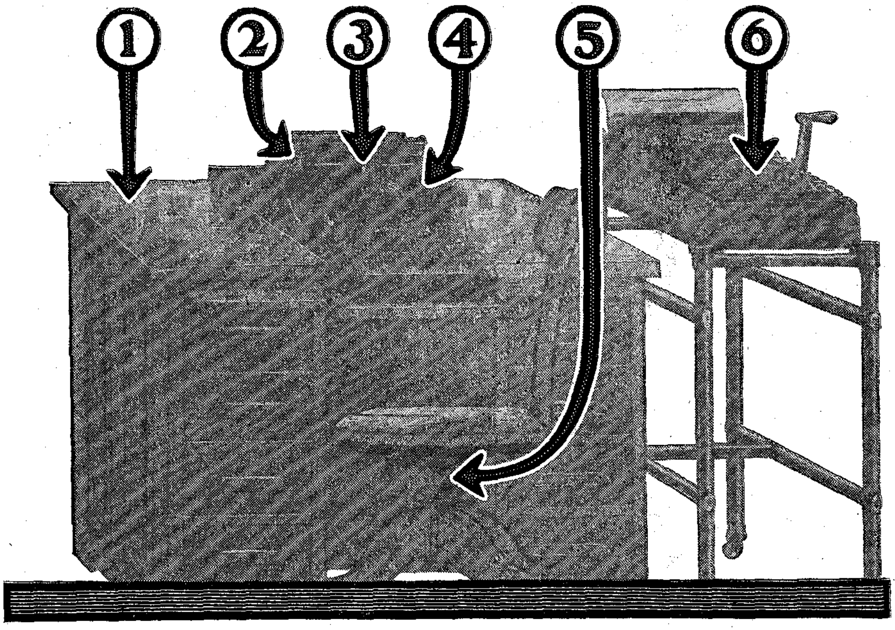
Syndicalism is defined as: "(1) An economic movement originating in France, but now widespread, which aims at the federation of workers in all trades into an effective unity for the purpose of enforcing the demands of labor by means of sympathetic strikes. (2) The principle underlying this movement."

"T. L.," Chicago, Ill.—"Which is the correct preposition to use following the word *gratified* in 'We were highly gratified *by, with,* or *for* your action.'"

At is correct—"We were highly gratified *at* your action"

"O. J. A.," Camp Fort Bliss, Tex.—"From what poem is the following taken—'Had we never met, then we'd have never parted'?"

The line you give is from Robert Burns's "A Farewell to Nancy."



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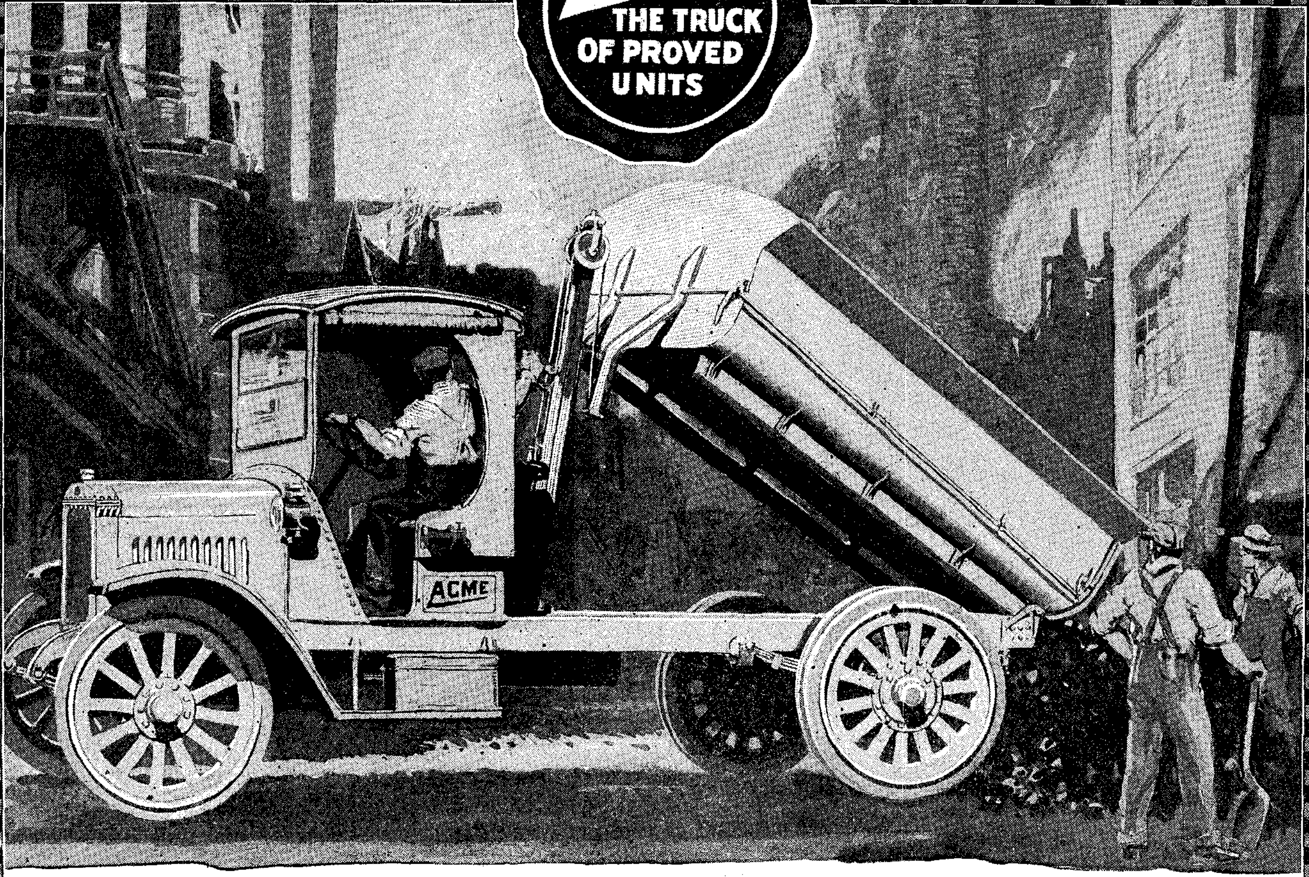

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